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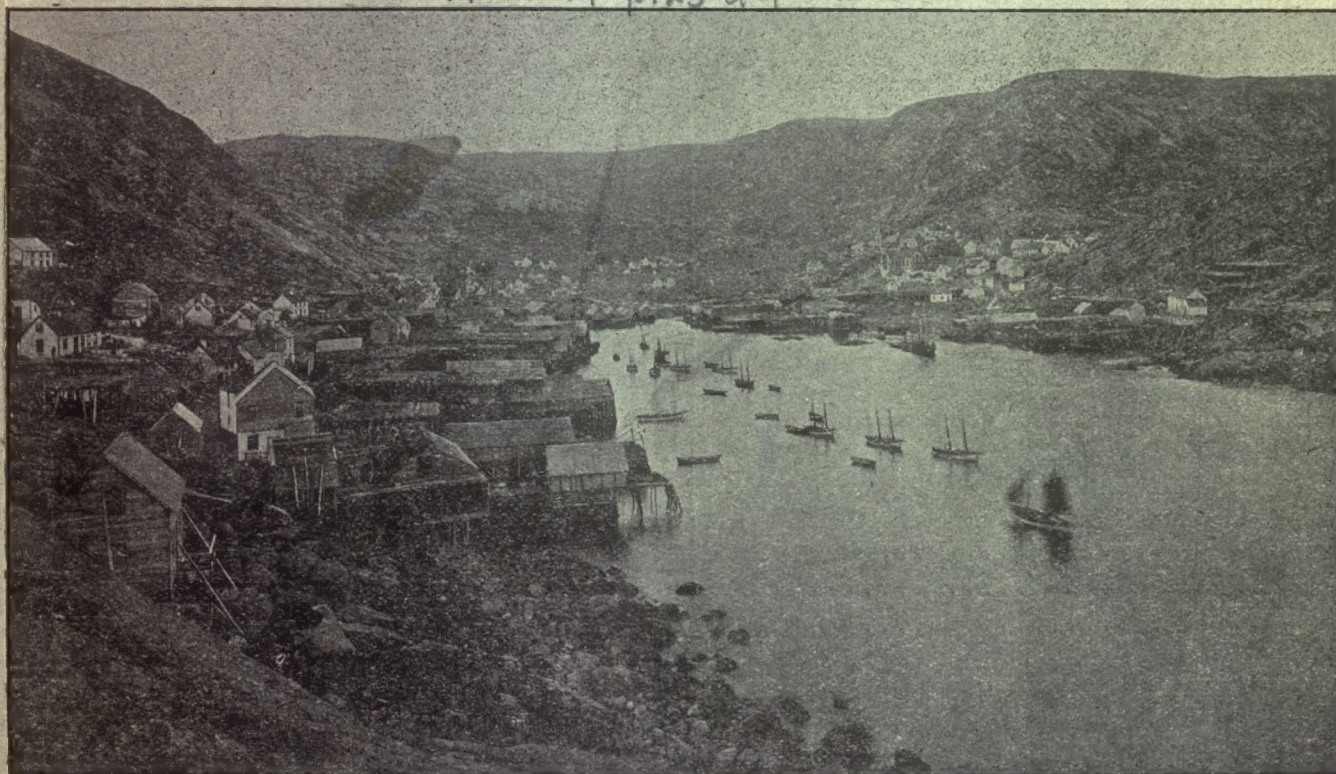
JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VII. (No. 1.)

JULY, 1907.—*SPRING 1910*

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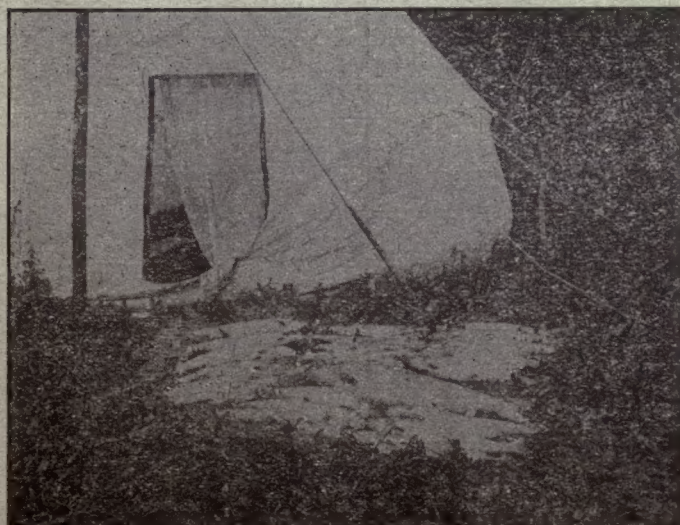


Vey's Photo.

A TYPICAL FISHING VILLAGE—PETTY HARBOR, DISTRICT ST. JOHN'S WEST.

NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON. A DAY'S CATCH.

Photo. by A. S. English.



ALONG the silver streams * * *
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon
springs,
And the line whistles through
the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current
high,
Till watchful eye and cautious
hand
Have led his wasted strength to
land.

—Scott.

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STUDDING, all sizes.

JOISTING, 2 & 3 in. thick,
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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

.... AGENTS FOR

*Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd.,
Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co.,
Wabana Iron Mines, Bell Island, Nfld.,
Scotia Line of Steamers--from Montreal via Gulf Ports*

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL. ❁ ❁

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last preceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of imprisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or carcass of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of said section.

W. B. PAYN,
Deputy Minister Marine and Fisheries.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1907.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$0.85**
 } **To 1.00**

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$1.10**
 } **To 1.50**

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1907.

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Storage and Wharf facilities.

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All orders for same promptly filled at very lowest rates.

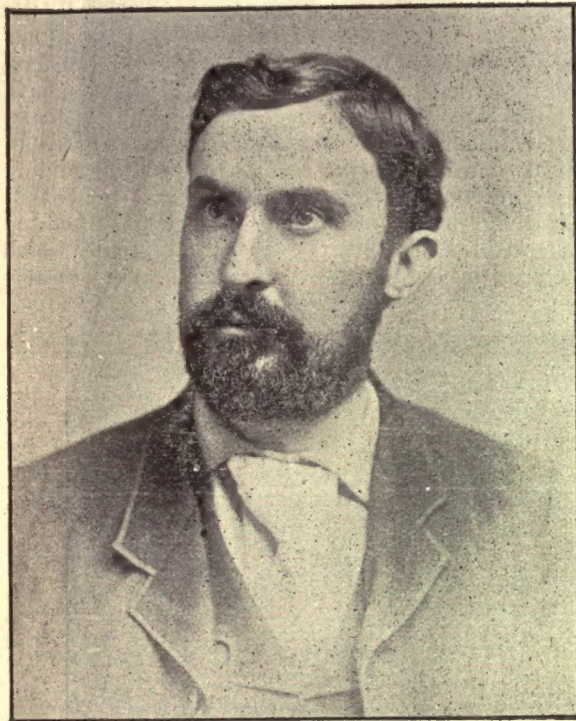
Opening of New Cable Route to South

America, "Via Commercial-Azores-St. Vincent."

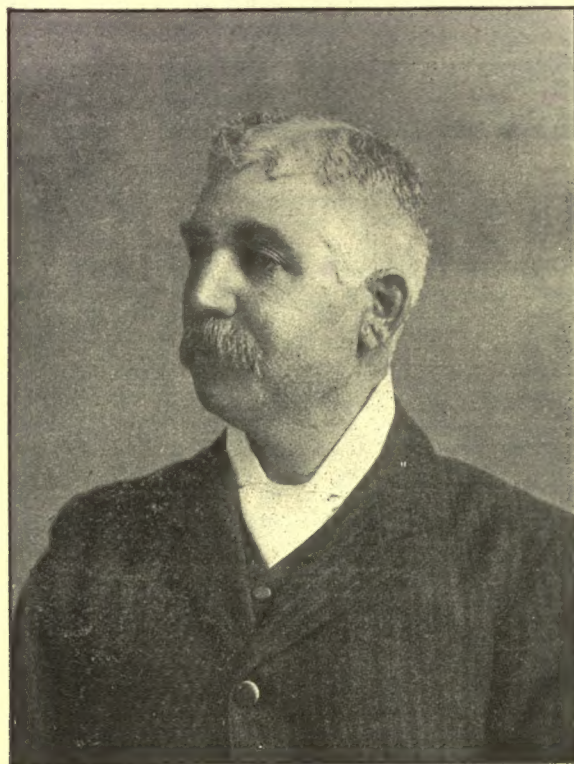
ACCCELERATED Service. Most direct line to Pernambuco, Para, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and other places in South America. All cable route to Uruguay and Argentine. To insure messages being sent by this route they must be filed at Postal Telegraph Offices.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

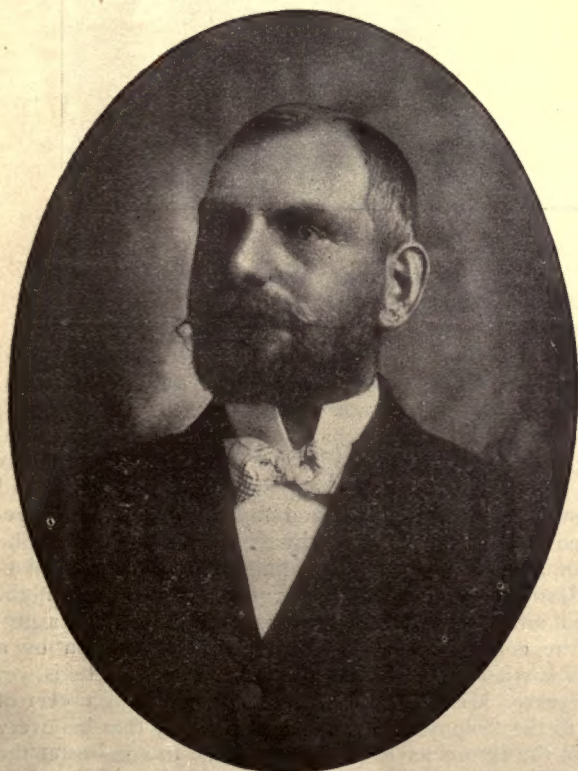
Officers of St. Bonaventure's Association.



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Vice-President.



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Assist. Vice-President.



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ST. BONAVENTURE'S ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE.



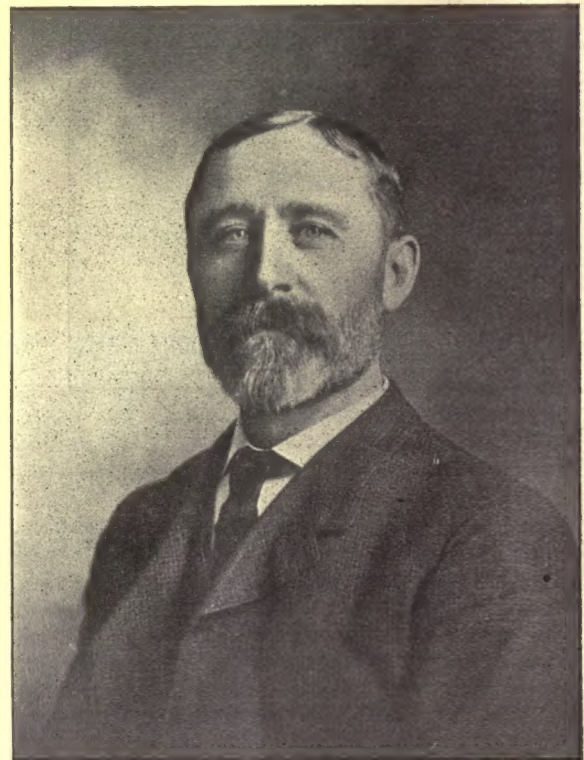
OLD ST. BONAVENTURE'S.

been present at the laying of the Corner Stone of Old Bonaventure's. He was one of the very first students of the College; on July 4 (D.V.) he will lay the Corner Stone of the New College. It will be seen that his connection with the Institution has been a long and close one, and the interest that he has always taken in everything pertaining to the welfare of the College and its students is almost proverbial. We regret that we could not procure in time, the photo of the Honorary President of the Association—the Rev. Bro. Culhane, President of the College. At no period of its existence has the College been more successful; not to mention the number of passes and honours the College has earned since the beginning of his term, the fact that two of the Rhodes Scholars, at present at Oxford, are pupils of his, speaks volumes for him and his methods. On page 5 is the picture of the President of the Association—the Hon. Sir E. P. Morris, K.C., Kt., LL.D. Next to His Grace the Archbishop, Sir Edward is perhaps the most successful student the Old College has produced. He stands at the very top of his profession, and his connection with the Association spells success for its future management. On our first page will be seen the photos of M. W. Furlong, K.C., F. J. Morris, K.C., W. J. Carroll, and J. J. McGrath, all well known names in the Island. Mr. Furlong was one of the very first students in Newfoundland who passed the Matriculation Exams. of the London University. He is also a leader in his profession. The other gentlemen are well and favourably known in their respective professions. On the whole the Association has good reason to feel proud of the personnel of the first Executive. When any measures for the promotion of the interests of the College are initiated, the Executive of the Association will be found to be the right men in the right place.

JOHN S. KEATING.

MR. JOHN S. KEATING, the Deputy Minister of Finance of the Colony, is the youngest (and now the only surviving) of the seven sons of the late Captain Thomas Keating, master mariner of this city. Born in 1858, the subject of this sketch, after receiving his education at preparatory schools and at St. Bonaventure's College, entered the office of Messrs. W. H. Mare & Son in 1876, where he acquired a thorough mastery of the general trade of the Colony, as the firm did a large brokerage, commission and general mercantile business. He remained in this employ eleven years, being gradually promoted from junior clerk to chief book-keeper, winning the complete confidence of his employers. He retired from this firm in 1887, but soon was appointed to the important duty of compiling the lists of voters for the whole Island in preparation for the first election under the Ballot Act, which was rendered necessary by the passage of that measure. This undertaking was carried out by him to the fullest satisfaction of the Government, and on its completion, in 1889, he was appointed Second Clerk in the Treasury Department, being subsequently promoted to First Clerk, then to Accountant of Contingencies for the Colony, and more recently to Deputy Minister of Finance, for which position, it is generally admitted, no better selection could be made in our Island Home. It is no small tribute to Mr.

Keating's ability and merits, that in an active career of 31 years he has been in but two employs; and his qualifications for, and admirable performance of, the duties of his present appointment have elicited the warmest endorsement of our public men of all shades of politics. Mr. Keating is regarded as a man of sterling probity and rare financial ability; with a single-mindedness in the matter of carefully guarding the economic disbursements of the public monies and an invincible determination to oppose anything that savors in the smallest degree of suspicion, which has come to be a recognised factor and testifies conclusively to the power which an upright and honest official may wield in the faithful performance of the Colony's business. Mr. Keating has served under five administrations and ten Finance Ministers, and the several Cabinets, regardless of party affiliations, have all united in admitting that the safeguarding of the Colonial Funds and the enforcing of the most drastic measures to insure the proper disbursement of them, constitute his first and guiding principle. The occurrences of the past few years have caused him to be tried as if by fire, and he has come through unscathed and with an enhancement of his reputation for sterling probity which found its best proof in his promotion to his present responsible

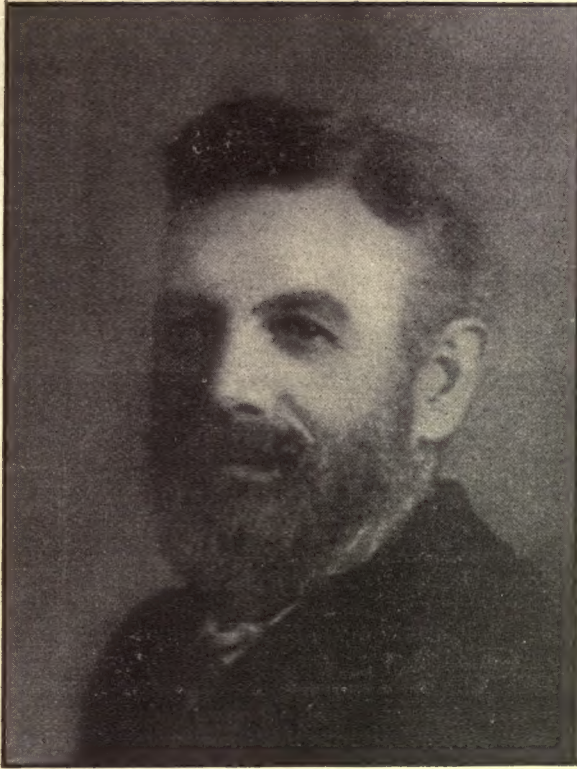


JOHN S. KEATING,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

office. Apart from his official duties his interests are centred chiefly in the Benevolent Irish Society and its educational work. He is sixth on its roll in length of membership, having joined its ranks in August 1881, and he has twice held office for several years—once as 1st Assistant Vice President, and, again, as Treasurer, besides being an active member of standing and special committees. His undisputed financial talents have frequently been called into requisition by the Society, notably in the inauguration of projects by which its financial burdens occasioned by the destruction of its Hall in the great Fire of 1892, might be lightened, and it was largely through his efforts that a proposal for the conversion of its debt and its reduction by a bazaar, was carried to a successful issue. Being, as he is, yet under fifty years, Mr. Keating has before him a long career of usefulness to the Colony, and it is needless to say that his every endeavor, in the future as in the past, will be to administer the affairs of the Department of which he is the permanent head, in such a manner as will be productive of the greatest benefit to the Colony and its people.

A Prospecting Trip.

By W. A. B. Sclater.



W. A. B. SCLATER.



In reply to your request for a short article, on Fishing and Shooting, I think that perhaps a description of one of my many prospecting trips, might be of interest to some of your readers.

Early in the nineties, I left St. John's on the good ship *Winsor Lake*, for Port-au-Port, to look up some asbestos out-crops which I remembered having seen on one of my (hunting) trips some years before. "Asbestos," at that time, was at its highest price; as no substitute for it had then been found. Well! we found the asbestos, but some one else found the substitute, so our find went for nothing.

After a very pleasant trip we landed at "Sandy Point," Bay St. George. Remaining there one day, to pick up some men, we started next morning for Kippen's Brook, on the other side of Bay St. George, (distant, some thirteen miles) in a small boat, under the command of an old Scotchman, McIsaac by name. We made the passage in six hours, and as time was no object (to him) he said that we had a good run over. Here I found some friends to whom I am indebted for many kindnesses on former trips. I often wonder why St. John's people do not visit this place oftener.

At Romain's farm the visitor would have a very pleasant time, good food and lodging, a clean, and well-kept table with plenty of fruit in the season, and best of all, trout fishing, within two hundred yards of the house, that I have never seen the equal of anywhere else. The fish run from one to three pounds, and larger at times. The fishing is done from a sandy beach, quite clear of bush, and flies, which gives the fisher no reason to swear, and thereby increasing his catch. Good horses and good roads. What, more can a tired city man want?

A little steamer took us down the coast from the "Gravels," and landed us at "Big Cove," Port-au-Port, where we made our first camp, and right here our troubles began; for, after a good supper by a roaring fire (the night was cool) we turned in, tired after the long journey, but not as we fondly hoped, to sleep. Suddenly we all thought that we had pitched our camp, on the

tail-end of one of Egypt's plagues, or else had struck an ant-hill. Every one was on his feet in a second, swearing, scratching, and asking his neighbour what had happened, or what the trouble was. An Irishman, in the party advised the Scotchman, who was having rather a hard time of it; to try some sulphur, but he did not see it. However, we found out pretty soon that "fleas" had taken possession of the camp, and that the sand on the beach was alive with them. We could smoke out the flies, but the fleas stayed with us till daylight, when we gladly left for the Lewis Hills. We had first to climb "Big Head," locally called "Hell Hill," and with good reason. It is one of the stiffest climbs on the coast, being 1,400 feet high, and that inside a distance of less than half a mile. On the highest point of this hill, I picked up a beautifully formed arrow-head, made of white flint, which no doubt cost some Beothic many hours of hard work. Our way now took us over a level tableland, broken here and there by deep gulches, out of one of which (as we passed) came two caribou stags, a doe, and a very small fawn. As usual the men wanted one killed, but as we had plenty of other food, I let them go. We saw many coveys of grouse, both rock and willow; they were so tame, that we could not get them to go to wing.

The camping ground was reached in a downpour of rain and wind, which lasted through the night, making things rather uncomfortable. On the next day, after setting the men to work cleaning up the lode, I started to look over another part of the claims, two miles away, taking no one with me, as I expected to be back by tea time (It was after noon when I left), but the best laid plans, &c. The fog came down, and I made up my mind to just stay where I was till it lifted, which it did next morning. I had, just after the fog set in, shot a young stag, and having axe and matches I made a side camp, with a good fire in front, cooked the tongue and marrow bones and after a good supper turned in. I awoke at daylight feeling pretty cold, but as the fog had gone, I walked into camp, to find that some of the men had gone off to look me up, being rather uneasy, on finding that my tent was empty, and the bed not used. We got the deer into camp and hung it in the smoke house for future use.

Bears we often saw, and could have shot several, but as the fur was out of season, we let them go.

One day we had a number of holes bored in the rock for blasting, which we intended to set off simultaneously, and while the men were loading up, John McIsaac called my attention to five bears, feeding on berries on the hillside opposite, about five hundred yards from where we stood, two old ones and three cubs. I watched them through the glass for some time and there seemed to be a little family coolness on between the old couple. One of the cubs kept playing with the old fellow, biting at his legs and jumping at his ears, till he lost patience, and sat upon his haunches to get clear of the little pest. However, the cub kept on till the old fellow could stand it no longer and rolled the youngster down the hill with a well directed cuff on the ear. Another then took up the game, but the old fellow's monkey was up and he followed his little brother. We now thought that we were in for some fun, as the lady made a rush at her spouse, no doubt with fire in her eyes, but off went eight blasts, and so did the bears, the old gentleman well in the lead, the mother driving the cubs before her. John said "Just like any other man. Pi Gosh!" Why? I wonder.

A few days after I took the small tent, and one man, our object being to visit one of the other claims on the other side of Fox Island River, expecting to be back in two days, but here again the best laid, &c., the rain came down in torrents so that we could not cross the river on our way back for five days, and as we had only fitted out for two days we would have been hard up for food had not an old stag come our way.

We were passing through a deep gorge in the hills, near the south side of the claim, when looking down the valley, I saw what I took to be a dozen small bell tents pitched round the base of a high green serpentine hill. In fact we went out of our way to find out who our neighbours might be. On getting down to

them, however, we found that they were formed of carbonate of lime, and on tapping one of them with a hammer, the thin shell broke away, revealing, what looked like a lot of branches of beautiful snow-white coral, very like that found in the West Indies. They were formed by water charged with carbonic acid gas, passing through a lime-stone formation dissolving the lime, and carrying it to the springs under the little limestone tents. As each little bubble of the gas was set free it deposited a drop of water on the nearest twig, or grass, which on evaporation deposited the lime. Professor Hyat explained the process to me since. He was much interested, and went from this to go over the ground himself.

Our next short trip was over to the head of Kippen's Brook; here we found traces of asbestos in the small stones of the river, but none in the bed-rock. On our way down the brook we found two small brooks dammed by the beavers, forming in each case a small pond, on the banks of which we found a number of their houses, some of which were four feet high. Many large birch trees were cut down near the river, and some of them were thrown across it, these strengthened by sticks, stones and mud formed the barrier which caused the water to form a level surface just above the entrance to each house, and which in dry or wet season is kept at the same depth. Were no such provision made the fox or wolf would soon clean the interesting little animals out.

We promised ourselves that we would take most of those beaver skins out with us later on. *But, we did not*, as one of our men let it out at a Sandy Point liquor store, and before the week was out every beaver was killed. I found out after, that

the hunter got seventeen old and young. Later on, we found, on our way out, that he had staked the entrances, and cut the houses open, taking every one of them. That night we camped on a path used by bears, who come down from the hills to the river at night. Expecting two men to meet us here, to help carry out our camp duffle, we had just finished supper, and I had told John to close the camp for the night thinking that the men would not come in till next day. One flap of the tent was open and set back, when John, who was looking out towards the river, said, "Ah, I knew they would come," and was going to say, the distance would be too great to come in, and go out the same day, but what he did say was—"Pi Cosh, a bear," and jumping up rushed after the frightened animal. When we arrived at the side of the brook the bear was on the other bank and going for the woods. I said to John, "where is the salt?"

"Salt far phat?"

"Why, to put on his tail."

"Now, you say that to me, you put the gun and cartridges on the caribou skin and forgot all about them; no all my fault, you no get him, *Pi Cosh*."

And that is really what happened. I never for one moment thought of the gun, the fact being that, I seldom take a gun out of camp, except we are short of meat.

Our men did come along shortly after, and next morning after a good breakfast of delicious sea trout started down the river for, "Romains." Drove over next day to the "Gravels" paid off the men (eight of them) and got back to Romains early enough to get some fine fishing in the Brook. Rested here a day, after one month's hard, if interesting work.



Vey's Photo.

METHODIST GUARDS FOOTBALL TEAM—BRIGADE CHAMPIONS 1906.

Top Row—Sgt. Major Mews, Pte. A. Thompson, Pte. S. Storey, Pte. C. Bond, Sgt. Burden.

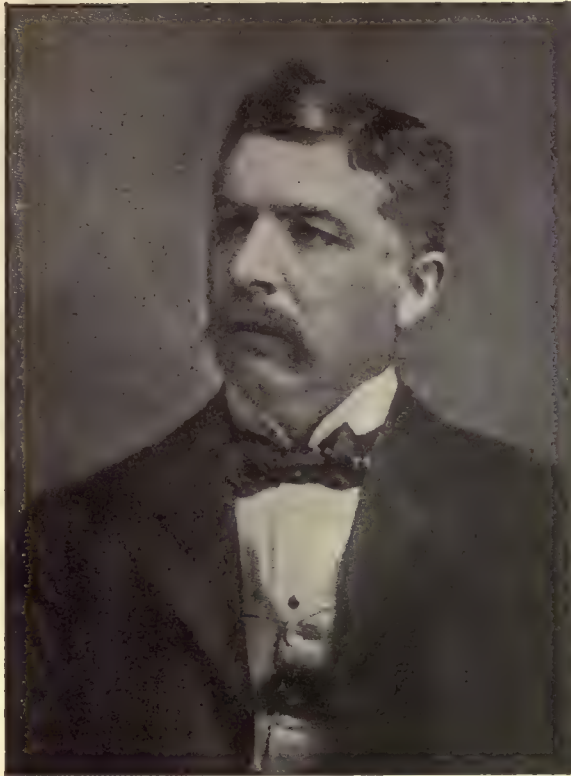
Second Row—Sgt. Major Rabbits, Capt. Blackwood, Lieut. Col. Pitts, Capt. March.

Third Row—Pte. J. Evans, Pte. C. Penney, Lance Corp. Quick, Lance Corp. Aitken, Pte. G. Storey, Pte. A. Campbell, Lieut. Jackson.

Fourth Row—Pte. C. Dutot, Sgt. Godden.

The Growth of Municipal Government in St. John's.

By Sir Edward Morris.



HON. SIR EDWARD MORRIS, K.C., KT., LL.D.,
Attorney General. President St. Bonaventure's Association.



AM afraid, Mr. Editor, that my engagements just now make it impossible for me to find time to write, as you suggest, "an article on the Growth of the City of St. John's," and you shall have to be content for the present issue with a few recollections which I shall jot down at random.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since I first represented St. John's in the Legislative Assembly—a long period in the life of an individual, a very short one in the life of a town. During that period I have seen St. John's make rapid strides in its growth and advancement, and

in the material improvement and prosperity of its people. This is particularly true of its civic government. There is no better way to test the advanced state of a people than by the inspection and consideration of its civic affairs. In all times and in all lands citizenship was regarded as next to nationality; next to the love of one's country was the love of one's town; hence the well-known Irish expression "a towney," one from the same town, what *civis Romanus sum* was to the Romans in the days of old.

Previous to the year 1888, there was no form of civic government in St. John's and when in that year the first Municipal Act was introduced some wise-acres, those who are always afraid to trust the people, shook their heads and prophesied a revolution, but those of us who fought for the measure in the legislature that year knew differently. In the very first election, in the year 1888, the people, by the selection of the Council, showed themselves well worthy of the franchise. The first Municipal Council consisted of the following citizens:—Hon. M. Monroe, W. D. Morison, Esq., John Carnell, Esq., Frank St. John, Esq., and M. Power, Esq., and the government appointees—Jas. P. Fox, Esq., and Jas. Goodfellow, Esq. The Councillors were elected on a household suffrage or franchise—one vote for every householder. In 1891 I myself had the pleasure of introducing an amendment of the Act, which gave the present larger franchise, which practically means that every man over twenty-one years of age, and who has paid any tax under the Municipal Act, has a vote. The justice of this must be readily seen on consideration of the sources of taxation by which the Council receives nearly half its income, namely, indirect taxation, such as the coal tax, legislative grants, &c., through which the poorest man in the community contributes his quota of taxation whether he be a householder or not.

Until the year 1902 there was Government representation of two, out of the seven members who composed the Board, but that year witnessed the election of a Mayor and six Councillors practically on a manhood suffrage vote, and we had for the first time a civic government without any Government representation or control; and now, after five years of government with a Mayor and Council, the people of St. John's have shown themselves well worthy of a full measure of civic government, should they desire the same, in other words, a full incorporation.

Writing to the present Mayor on March 23rd last, in relation to municipal matters, I was enabled to say:—

"It seems to me that the City of St. John's should no longer continue in its present garb of city government. Since 1888 when the first measure of municipal government was intro-



Vey's Photo.

RUINS OF KILBRIDE CHAPEL, DISTRICT ST. JOHN'S WEST.

"duced up to the present time the citizens of St. John's—the rate-payers—the voters—have shown themselves fully alive to the duties and responsibilities of rate-payers, and they have exercised their rights under municipal legislation in such a conservative manner as must recommend itself to everyone. This has been especially shown by their selection of those who, from time to time, have filled the positions of municipal representatives. I may say that I have brought this matter of a Charter of Incorporation before the Government, and they entirely concur with my views in this respect. If you and the Municipal Council then are of the opinion that the time has arrived when it is in the interests of the city to cut clear entirely from Government control, I shall be glad to introduce at the opening of the next session a full Charter of Incorporation."

There are some who think that we are not yet ripe for such a measure. However, it is a satisfaction to those who have been identified with the growth of municipal government since its inception to know that the feeling of mistrust in the people, as regards their power of governing themselves, which at first existed, has entirely passed away, and that the citizens of St. John's may now at any time they so desire it, have complete control of their affairs handed over to them.

Previous to 1888, as I have said, we had no civic government. The control and management of the civic affairs of St. John's were managed by the Water Company and the Board of Works. We had practically none of the civic services enjoyed by other towns, and which, in a limited way, we enjoy to day. We had but a very limited sewerage system, the most important of all civic services; we had no side-walks on our principal street; we had but a limited supply of water; we had a Fire Department that went to pieces the first time that it had to grapple with a serious conflagration; we had no parks or gardens, which in other cities are the lungs of the people; we had no light, save a few old-fashioned gas lamps that tended only to illuminate the darkness; we had no street car service; no sprinkling car service; no permanent health officer; no telephone service and no pavement on our principal street. Now all this is changed, and after twenty years of municipal government we have many of the above services as up-to-date as in any of the neighboring towns. Many of our present civic services are at present, it is



JOHN R. BENNETT,
Member for St. John's West.



Vey's Photo.

A SHAM-BATTLE AT WATERFORD BRIDGE BY OUR THREE BRIGADES.



JOHN P. SCOTT,
Member for St. John's West.

true, a little antediluvian, but we have them, and time will improve them. We are still, however, only on the threshold of civic government, and there is a work ahead of the present Council and their successors of great present need to our citizens, and of pressing necessity and importance. I refer to the sewerage and water service of the city, as well as the public health. Until we do away with our present night-service or largely reduce it we can never hope to have a healthy city. It is, in my opinion, a most serious state of affairs. We have laid down a most expensive and splendid sewerage service, and yet we keep alive in many streets the night-service, because certain people will not connect. It is quite true that many of the poorer people in small and cheap houses will not for some time be able to connect with the service, but there are hundreds of well-to-do people in the city, and on streets where property is valuable by reason of city improvements, who can and ought to connect immediately with the main sewers. The Council themselves have at present in contemplation a scheme partially dealing with this matter, and if it can be worked out to a satisfactory conclusion, must be of great benefit to the poorer classes. It will be money well spent, even if the richer classes of the community have to pay for it. Owing to our defective sewerage system valuable lives are yearly lost, every one of which is an asset of the city and the country. I know of no reason why the poorest home in St. John's should not have water and sewerage advantages. I am told that a water closet, properly equipped, can be constructed in a house for \$50.00. The interest on this sum at 4 per cent. would be \$2.00 per year. I am confident that there is no family in St. John's, no matter how poor, that would hesitate to pay \$2.00 a year for the privilege of having good water and a good water closet in their home. From the standpoint of the health of the city, from the sanitary standpoint, from the standpoint of decency, from every standpoint, it would be better for those in the community who can afford to pay a little taxation, to pay the costs of such a service, if the occupiers of the

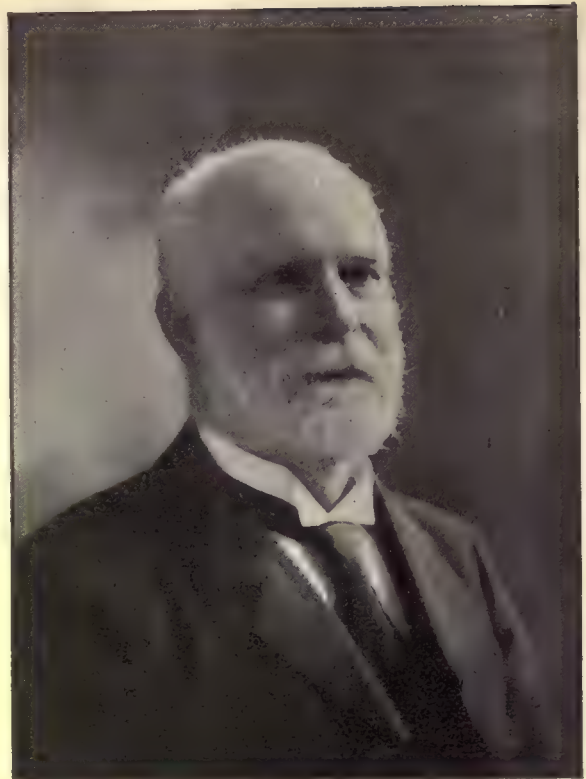


Vey's Photo.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF ANGLICAN CHURCH AT THE GOULDS, ST. JOHN'S WEST.



HON. JAMES BAIRD,
President Boot & Shoe Manufacturing Co., &c., &c.



JAMES H. MONROE,
Managing Director of the Colonial Cordage Co.

property were too poor to pay for it. It would be money well spent, and the City and Government would be saved the thousands of dollars that have to be spent in stamping out epidemics.

Then, again, we want more parks, more breathing spaces for the working classes, for those who toil in the factory, and in the store, and on the wharf. We want large, spacious parks; and we want an immediate extension of our street railway service to the back of the town and out into the country, with cheap fares for the people, so that the bread earner can get to their work from the higher levels for a cent, or two cents, and get out in the country in the summer months at an equally cheap rate. Such extension would be money well spent by the Street Railway Company. At present we have two parks, but they are mere toys. They are better than nothing, it is true, but the Parade Ground should be immediately taken in charge and fitted up. It is the lungs of that densely populated portion of the town from Long's Hill to Barter's Hill. All these improvements may

be had without taxation to the working classes—the poorer classes. In all countries it is the wealthy, the property owners, that pay for civic improvements, because it is their property that is improved by civic expenditure. A well-lit street, a park, a street car service, a paved street, all civic improvements of this nature improve the property in their neighborhood, and it is only reasonable that the property should pay for such expenditure. I have never yet known our people to grumble at a reasonable tax, where it was shown to them that they were getting good returns for their money. One of the most pressing needs at the present time is a good market, or it may be two markets, one for either end of the city. At present those who have wares or produce to sell, and those who require to purchase them, have no means of coming together, or knowing when and where they can obtain the same.

From the standpoint of advancement and growth the town of St. John's was never in such a healthy condition as at present. Houses are going up in all directions. In 1902 there were twenty new dwelling houses erected in St. John's West; last year there were over eighty. In 1902 in St. John's East there were eight new dwelling houses erected, and last year there were nearly thirty. I find, on an examination of the statistics in the Municipal Office, a gradual growth in this respect.

What we really want, however, is for citizens as a whole to take a deeper and more lively individual interest in civic affairs.

"The Quarterly's" Birthday.—This issue marks the anniversary of our Seventh birthday. So far we have escaped all the infantile ailments that brought so many of our predecessors to an early grave. Our friends tell us that the *QUARTERLY* is a lusty, promising youngster, and they flatter us by the expression of the opinion that we are come to stay. We have been growing steadily in size, appearance, in literary merit, and in the appropriateness and beauty of our illustrations. We have succeeded in attracting to our columns the best writers in the Country. The daily press has been unanimous in its praise of our later issues. We are now enlarging our office in order that we may install a larger press. The growth of the *QUARTERLY* has made this necessary. With a larger press and greater facilities for printing and publishing, we promise that the *QUARTERLY* will increase in merit, and that it will not only be a credit to us, but also will be of such quality that our friends need not be ashamed to send it abroad, as a creditable specimen of Newfoundland journalism.



THE HARBOUR HEAD, ST. JOHN'S,
Showing part of the Reid Newfoundland Co's. Freight Sheds
and Machine Shops at the Dry Dock Premises.

HIS FIRST SALMON.

By Dan Carroll.

FAR up the river the cascades leap,
The shallow rapids in tumult sweep,
The deep brown tints where the waters sleep
Are lit by the glint and gleaming
Of sun-flecked foam that weaves in glee;
But this shadow holdeth a charm, and he
Must stay to find of what mystery
The still deep pool is dreaming.

The flies with an artful hand he's hung!
The line is long and the cast is flung,
And drawn close up where the rattle plays,
With expectant hand and steady:
Graceful it sweeps o'er the waters clear,
When presto!—a thrill akin to fear—
A roll—a plunge—a strike! a cheer;
Then the captor's instincts his spirit sways,
And his staunch canoe stands ready. •

The rod is raised and the reel awakes;
Oh ye who've fished over teeming lakes;
Who know how the "Silver Doctor" takes,
Know, too, of the joy that thrilled him
As melts the line from the reel away:
Will he never pause, will he never stay?
Is the pent-up thought that fills him.

Oh the screaming reel and the wild career
Of the racing fish, and the straining
For victory;
The repeatedly
Recovered line, and the gaining
Of advantage grand,
As they near the strand,
Where the glitt'ring sand is drifted;



DANIEL J. CARROLL.

Till I ween that he,
In his ecstasy
Thought the green-brown rocks were lifted
With sparkling heads o'er the waters clear,
And the deeper currents swelling,
The song of the crystal spray to hear,
For he knew that the river far and near
The tale of the chase was telling.

That full fulfilment of promised joy.
He travelled a thousand miles to know;
Now oft comes a whisper, "Rise and go
There are greater gods than Mammon."
And he dreams of that river far away,
Lit by a halo of silv'ry spray,
Where he caught a wondrous fish one day,
His first, his brave first salmon.

Over the city's ceaseless roar,—
The scream of traffic's relentless war;—
The noise of the million restless feet
On the hot parched pavement falling;—
There comes a song to him evermore
From the wooded bowers of the shore:
"Come from the dust of the city,
Here is the sportsman's true retreat.
Come where the lakes are beauteous, come.
This land of mine is the hunter's home
Where antlered monarchs in freedom roam
Thro' vistas of scenes enthralling."
Ever o'er Gotham's ceaseless beat
Of monster works, and the furnace heat;
"Finances frenzy"; the "set's" deceit;
To the heart of his longings in accents sweet,
The voice of the Humber is calling.



Photo. by James Vey.

A NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON THIRTY-NINE INCHES LONG.

An Averted Tragedy.

By J. F. Downey.



JOSEPH F. DOWNEY.



WITH marine tragedies we, as a sea-faring people, are only too familiar; their sad and harrowing features are accepted in a matter-of-fact spirit as part of the toll we pay for the maritime genius begotten in our people by their constant fight with the elements in the quest for their daily bread.

Almost every locality tells of catastrophes by sea, and of would-be catastrophes, but for the splendid courage and daring of some humble member of a crew, whose exploit is allowed to go unheralded, being considered only commonplace where such are of occurrence periodic with the seasons.

So accustomed have we become to consider the sea as our only source of danger that we belittle the newer sources of risk incidental to the industries developed of late years. Railroad construction and operation, mining and lumbering are all more or less hazardous employments, and though we have not been free from fatalities in such, they have mercifully been slight.

The railroader, miner and lumberman are all subject to the particular risks incidental to their callings, but the latter in addition to his special risks, is frequently liable to the greatest danger from forest fires.

With the material destructiveness of forest fires we have been for generations familiar, but in those days our people's avocations confined them to the seaboard and consequently such fires were not a menace to human life. Now, however, we have a class of men who are employed throughout the year in lumbering and milling and who, with their families, have located at one or other of the large mills, and in the event of a forest fire in their section, are sure to be sufferers to a greater or less extent.

In the great forest fires of 1904, the employees of several of the big saw mills met severe losses, and in the case of the Notre Dame Junction Mill, of the New Land Lumber and Pulp Co., a holocaust of appalling magnitude was barely averted. Having unfortunately been a participant in the risks and incidents of that fire it may interest readers of the *QUARTERLY* to have some particulars thereof.

Previous to the fateful 29th of June, 1904, the locality around

Notre Dame Junction was one of the most beautiful and interesting in the Island. It was densely covered with a virgin forest of both evergreen and deciduous trees, the sward beneath which was literally carpeted with a wealth of exquisite ferns and fragrant wild flowers. In quick succession a chain of sylvan embowered lakes presented themselves to the view, whose mirrored surfaces reflected with enhanced charms the crimson and green of the matchless foliage of maple, birch and pine.

It was withal the scene of active industry—being the seat of logging operations of the Reid Newfoundland Co., and of the New Land Lumber and Pulp Co.,—all in all it was an ideal spot, and everything was going “merry as a marriage bell” until noon on the 27th of June, when the smoke of a forest fire in the direction of Eel Brook was first perceived at a distance of 12 to 14 miles. As the intervening country was closely wooded this, at once, occasioned uneasiness. The fire rapidly increased but the wind fortunately continued light, and from the west, for that and the following day. By the evening of the 28th the fire had burnt diagonally towards and beyond us to a distance of over three miles leaving a belt of green timber about two miles in width between us and the burnt area. We had now begun to breathe freely again as, had the wind continued from the West, we were then comparatively safe, but about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, the wind suddenly changed to the South and increased to a moderate gale. We at once saw that the place, with its entire mill plant, dwellings, stores, stables, workshops, stocks of lumber, the growing timber and the thousand and one appurtenances which go to constitute a lumbering outfit, was doomed. Work was immediately stopped and some of the more easily removable parts of the mill machinery hastily dismantled and dumped into the mill dam. Goods were hurriedly removed from the stores and piled at the mill railway siding, ready to load on a train that had been wired for to take us to safety. The horses were galloped at top speed beyond the fire zone and in to Lewisporte. By 10 o'clock the fire had reached the mill and lumber yards and as the relief train had not arrived we were forced to leave the mill siding, abandoning the property, and seek temporary safety at the Railway Station. On reaching there we found the telegraphic instruments had been removed, but that the latest word from Lewisporte was, that an untoward accident had delayed the train's starting, but that it would get away in a few minutes. By then, 10.30 o'clock, the fire had almost surrounded us, and the smoke and dust-laden atmosphere and intense heat were rapidly telling on the women and some one or two of the men. Every ear was strained to the severest tension listening for the whistle of the longed for train. Suddenly the timber on both sides of the Lewisporte branch railway burst into flame, so that all hope of the train reaching us was dispelled. The Railway Station and adjacent buildings also suddenly went ablaze, and as the fire was now up to, and rushing along the railway track, west of the station, and leading to Norris's Arm, eleven miles distant, and now our only avenue of escape, it was imperative that we leave at once. To do so afoot, and escape was impossible for the women, so, as a last resource, a trolley was hastily decked over with long deals and the women and children placed thereon and the entire party started in their race with the fire which had almost entirely surrounded us and was no where more than 60 yards distant and would envelop us in a very few minutes. It was impossible to see further than a dozen yards in any direction as the air was actually thick with the flying debris and drifting shrivelled leaves of the birches, and the dense smoke and heat and terrifying roar of the on-rushing fire taxed the nerve power of the men to the utmost. The writer stopped for a moment or two, when the start was made to see that none were left behind, and when he tried to overtake the trolley which had become hidden in the smoke he found the fire had reached the track, on both sides ahead of him; luckily the distance thus on fire was short, as he was compelled to pass through it. His clothing went afire in several places and being somewhat blinded by the smoke he failed to notice a

small culvert in the track into which he fell, breaking some of the minor bones in a bad way, but so acute was the mental strain that mere physical ills could not assert themselves and he was totally unaware of the accident until a place of safety had been reached three hours later. So small indeed to the writer at this moment, appeared the possibility that even a single life would be spared that, when he picked himself out of the culvert he tore off the burning coat and thrust it away utterly regardless of the fact that it contained money and other valuables hastily placed therein on leaving the mill office.

The distance to Norris's Arm was eleven miles, the entire way being closely wooded except at a spot seven miles distant where at the head-waters of the Arm a farm, then abandoned, had been cleared by the late Mr. Constable of Edinburgh; this farm providentially it appeared to us, was ultimately the means of saving the lives of the fifty odd persons in the outfit.

A few minutes after leaving Notre Dame, and when about a half mile therefrom, we heard the whistle of the relief train which, at great risk, had run to within a mile of the station, but then it meant instant death to delay even for a moment, much less to think of returning, as a veritable sea of fire two miles in width was rushing relentlessly on behind us, only a few yards distant, with paralyzing aspect and leaving no living thing in its wake.

Every man was making the effort of his life, but as the trolley with its human load weighed over a ton and a half and had to be pushed by the men—the gangs relieving each other at this work every few minutes—we could not, strive as we would, increase our distance from the fire. When nearly three miles from Notre Dame we overtook an elderly man, named Osborne, his wife and little boy, fleeing like ourselves in the endeavour to save their lives—the woman and boy were loaded on the trolley and the man fell in with ours, but the pace must have already told on him as he shortly afterwards fell behind unperceived, but before the fire actually caught him he managed to reach and crawl into a wet railway culvert where he was later found, shockingly burned; he endured months of terrible suffering and has never fully recovered.

When about three miles from the Junction a tongue of fire suddenly leaped ahead and actually enveloped us but fortunately only for an instant yet in this time many of us had hands and faces scorched and the women suffered badly. This was the crises of the ordeal for shortly after, and just when it appeared as if the pace requisite to keep us ahead of the fire could not be maintained much longer we reached a strip of marsh which ran for a distance along each side of the track, thus thrusting back the timber and the fire and giving us a much needed breathing spell.

There now appeared to be a good prospect of reaching Norris's Arm, but suddenly, again, and this time with heart-breaking effect on the men, we saw as we emerged from the smoke of the fire we were just outstripping, that a fresh and fierce fire of great extent, covering both sides of the railway track, was tearing towards us from ahead—Norris's Arm locality—where it had started. Though we were about four miles from the face of this fire its huge billows of flame and smoke, leaping skyward, could be seen, and as the wind had again shifted to the West, and was blowing half a gale, this fire was rushing on us at a terrific rate and unless Constable's clearing, still nearly two miles distant, could be reached, there was no possibility of escape for a single member of the party. A few brief words to the men convinced them that there was still hope, that a supreme effort would enable them to reach Constable's ahead of this second fire, and they gallantly responded. The last mile was an up-grade climb and as we were pushing further each moment into the dense volumes of smoke blown towards us, it added a corresponding degree of mental depression to the physical burden already being borne by the men. The horrifying roar of this second fire was now also upon us and a very few minutes would decide the unequal contest.

Just as hope was about deserting us, the dilapidated fences of the Constable's property were seen immediately in front and in a minute more we were abreast of the clearing. One audible "thank God" was heard, and I am sure it met a responsive echo in the heart of every one present. The women and children

were taken from the trolley and hurried down the fields to the water where though still quite near the fire they were safe.

Just seven minutes after reaching Constable's the fire reached the point where we had left the railway track and it swept past at a speed of over five miles an hour. The entire party sheltered in the disused farm houses and when the fire had died down proceeded to Norris's Arm.

Had we been even one minute later in leaving Notre Dame Junction, and had we not reached Constable's just when we did, not one of the entire party could by any possibility have escaped.

The party had lost all their worldly possessions, but were grateful to Providence for the preservation of their lives. The men behaved splendidly; not one showing the least inclination to attempt to save himself at the cost of abandoning the women and children, though for quite a time it appeared a forlorn hope to keep up the effort to save them.

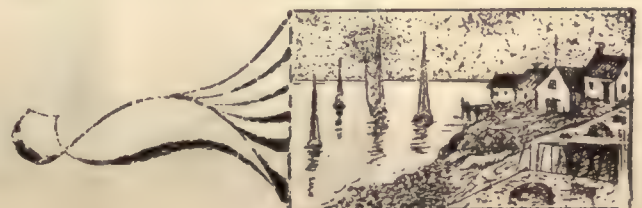
A truly remarkable instance of preservation from apparently a hopeless situation was furnished in the case of railway foreman Conran and his family in this fire. Conran, like the writer, had had previous unfortunate experience of forest fires, and fully realizing the danger, hastily buried some few articles and abandoning the rest, placed his family on his hand-car and left for Norris's Arm a half hour earlier than the mill crew, thus escaping the imminent danger of the Notre Dame fire. He passed Constable's hoping to reach Norris's Arm but when almost there, ran into the second fire which later menaced us. They dared not attempt to return, as the first fire they thought, had by then reached Constable's, and in a last despairing effort to save their lives they jumped from the car and ran as best they could across the face of the advancing fire to reach the shore of the Bay which at this point was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. As the fire-swept timber extended to the water's edge this afforded at best but a choice of deaths. Their joyful surprise then can be imagined when at last, they sprang from the burning timber to the rocks of the shore to find a boat tied thereto into which they barely had time to jump and pull towards a small Island in the Arm before the fire swept over the very spot they escaped from. Conran and his family remained on the Island until the fire was spent, and then proceeded to Norris's Arm reaching there but a short time before us.

Had it not been for the opportune and most unexpected finding of this boat at the very spot where they emerged from the burning timber, Conran and his family must have perished.

Another singularly lucky escape after all hope had been given up was that of Mr. William Miller, the esteemed foreman of logging operations of the Reid Newfoundland Company. He was away at the Camp of some of his employees when the change of wind menaced his own sphere of operations, and at very great risk he returned thereto with the hope of saving some of the Company's property. When he had done so he found himself surrounded by the fire. After vainly rushing in many directions to escape from the fiery cordon, and always finding himself shut in by the fire, he calmly selected a spot on which to die where he judged his body would be discovered. A momentary rift in the dense pall of smoke, however, showed him a small stretch of marsh towards which he ran, to suddenly find himself at the side of Munroe's Lake at a point where the timber did not extend quite to its margin. Here he sheltered under the bank, immersed in the lake, until the fire had passed. The lives of some of Mr. Miller's men also were saved by immersing themselves in another lake. Evidently—

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack"

in that day extended his guardianship ministrations to other than his special proteges.



The Newfoundland Rhodes Scholar--1907.

HARRY A. WINTER,
The Rhodes Scholar—1907.



W. W. BLACKALL, B.A.,
Head Master Bishop Feild College.

THE Rhodes Scholar for Newfoundland this year is Harry A. Winter, the third son of Sir Jas. S. Winter, K.C.M.G. He is just eighteen years of age, and for the past ten years has been a student of Bishop Feild College.

We learn upon enquiry that his school career has been remarkable, for not only has he been in turn the top boy of every form in his College, but has likewise been the highest boy in the Colony in all the public examinations for which schools generally present candidates, winning the Jubilee University Scholarship in 1906 by virtue of his position as first in the London University Matriculation Pass List, and crowning his school life by being elected in January last the Rhodes Scholar of his native land.

We understand that he has won prizes enough during the past ten years to fill a small book-case and that there have been

awarded to him medals of gold, silver and bronze that in their aggregate would cover the square top of an academic cap.

It might be supposed that he is a mere book-worm, but such we find is not the case. He has represented his College in the Inter-Collegiate contests in football, ice-hockey and cricket, proving himself to be one of the most successful cricket captains that the College has ever had. He is likewise a corporal in the College Cadet Corps.

But the best is yet to be told: he bears his honours with modesty. With all his successes he is most unassuming, and is beloved by all who know him. Manly and upright, generous and unselfish, courteous and chivalrous, a good fellow and a good sport—he deserves the congratulations of his fellows and the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY joins the chorus: *Well done, thou son of ours!*



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—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

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The Colonial Policy of the Liberal Party.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.



REV. M. J. RYAN, PH. D.

In the year 1873, when Lord Dufferin was appointed Governor-General of Canada, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Liberal Government, meeting him at their club, said to him:—"Well, I hope that when you come back you will bring us the news that we have got rid of British America." "If you think," said Dufferin, "that I am going to have my name handed down to history as that of the man who broke up the Empire, you are very much mistaken."

Why did the American Govern-

ment demand from the Liberals, in our fishery question, that which it had declined to ask from the Conservatives? Because the American Government knew that the Liberals would give in where the Conservatives would not. The Liberal Party have ascribed so many virtues to themselves that we are tempted to look into their history a little. The great principles of civil and religious liberty are none the less true, none the less beneficent, none the less sacred, if those who preach them are found to be hypocrites and violators of their own professions.

Lord Acton, who thought the liberal philosophy and the revolution of 1688 "the greatest achievement of Englishmen and their bequest to the nations," nevertheless was one of the very few Liberals honest enough to confess the sins of his own party, and to say that "the patriarchs of the doctrine were the most infamous of mankind. They proclaimed that the Prince of Wales came in a warming pan; they invented the Black Box and the marriage of Lucy Walters; they were associated with the Rye-house assassins; they set up the monument to perpetuate the belief that the Catholics set fire to London, they prompted, encouraged, and rewarded the murderer Oates." Acton, though he has no pity for Laud or Charles I., says of Cromwell: "His admirers have certain conspicuous flaws to contemplate. Cromwell by his approval of Pride's Purge was an accomplice after the fact. Colonel Pride expelled the majority of the parliament in order that the minority might be able to take the life of the King. It was a flagrant breach of the law and act of violence, committed with a homicidal intent. In ordinary circumstances, such a thing would have to bear a very ugly name. Nor was it an act of far-sighted policy, for the outraged Presbyterians restored Charles II. without making terms. Then, again the Protector professed to see the hand of God, a special intervention, whenever he succeeded: 'it was not the arm of the flesh that had done these things; they were remarkable Providences,' and so on. There is not a more perilous or more immoral habit of mind than the sanctifying of success. Thirdly he was the constant enemy of freedom. Scarcely any Englishman has so bad a name in history." "The oppression of Ireland and of the Colonies," he says, "was the work of the modern school, of the men who executed one King and expelled another. It was

the work of the parliaments of Cromwell and of William the Third." Just now, I am glad that the Liberals are reforming the government of Ireland; but will they tell us that they are undoing wrongs wrought by their own party? No more than they will confess that it was the Liberals, who in spite of Conservative opposition, waged the two opium wars against China, and the Afghan war of 1839, and the Crimean war, which originated in the anger of European liberalism against the Russian autocracy for putting down the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, and in the friendship of Liberals for Turkey, which had refused to surrender the Hungarian refugees. Nor have the Liberals yet fulfilled their pledges to Ireland. They have not, yet come up to the measure of Home Rule which Mr. Chamberlain twenty-two years ago tried to force upon the Liberal Party. But having given Home Rule to the Transvaal, having (as some say) gerrymandered the Colony so that the Boer minority could get a majority in the legislature and govern the British Colonists; and having preached for twenty years the duty of giving Ireland a parliament (and the English people not being hostile to it) they cannot now expect but that the Irish should make them toe the mark; and for my part I hope the Irish party will never rest until they have extorted from the Liberals a local legislature. Parnell who knew the Liberals, said in 1881 after Majuba; "The Liberals have surrendered to the Boers; and they will surrender to us if we only are determined to make them surrender." And in five years they were sending to offer to capitulate to him. It is not merely in old times that the Liberals wronged Ireland. When the income-tax was established by a Conservative government, to enable them to lower the tariff, in 1842, Ireland was exempted from the tax, (as in 1901 the Conservatives exempted Ireland from some of the war taxes). But a Liberal government extended the income tax to Ireland to pay the interest on the money lent to Ireland during the famine; a piece of economy worthy of Liberals. And this was the government which afterwards could throw away four hundred million dollars, in the Crimean war, fighting the battles of European liberalism against Russia, and making itself the catspaw of the Napoleonic party in France, who were avenging the defeat of Napoleon I. by Russia; and while the Liberals were pouring out English blood and treasure like water, the French newspapers, with the connivance of the censor of the press, were charging our soldiers with killing women and children; (the continental newspapers keep these charges in stereotype ready for every occasion), and the French government was betraying us by making advances to Russia. The Liberal government which sent an army to perish in the Crimea had previously cancelled the annexation of the Orange River State because there was needed a garrison of two thousand men.—Such was the value they set upon the Colonies. Had one hundredth part of the money wasted in that war been spent in settling Irish farmers, after the famine, in South Africa, the Irish would have asked no better fun than teaching the Dutch not to dare to rebel against the Crown. But the Liberals sent the Irish from under the flag, into exile, in a land where they were despised for their race, despised for their religion, until in the dark days of 1861 when the American Armies were defeated, those generous hearts could not bear to see the flag go down, and in spite of dissuasion, they sprang to arms, and they set their green banner "high on all hills and in the signs of heaven."

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanished
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banished
That a degenerate lord might count his sheep.
Come foreign raid,—let discord burst in slaughter,
Oh, then, for clansmen true and stern Claymore,
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily, beyond the Atlantic roar.
Fair these broad meads; these hoary woods are grand
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

All of that valour might have been ours if the Liberals had had one grain of statesmanship or if the Irish landlords had had one grain of public spirit.

Yet the Irish Regiments in the British army have done braver deeds than ever the Irish soldiers in the American Army did, though I doubt whether the British newspapers have ever given as much praise to their own Irish as to the Irish who became foreigners. When the author of the history of Meagher's Brigade wanted hearty praise for the Irish valour displayed in the service of the United States, he had to go to the English newspapers. It was the *London Times*, which in speaking of an American defeat, said with reference to the failure of Meagher's Brigade to take Marie Heights: "Yet the nearness of the corpses to the enemy's entrenchments showed of what race were the men who composed that brigade." Did the *Times* give such praise to their own Irish regiments that took Pieter's Hill? Yet the taking of Pieter's Hill was a tougher job than the taking of Marie Heights would have been; for Marie Heights were not guarded by magazine rifles in the hands of Boer sharpshooters. If any other army had accomplished what the British army did in South Africa, it would have such a reputation that no foreign army would dare to face it for a century, but the vile pro-Boer Liberals set themselves to destroy our prestige. "The oppression of the Colonies was the work of the whigs." It has been asserted so often by Liberal politicians and historians that the Stamp Act and the Tea Duty were enacted by the "Tories" that, I suppose, many like me have believed it. It is only three years ago that coming on the documents I found the brazen falsity of this statement. Grenville and Townshend and Grafton and North were all Whigs. The Whig party was very large and consequently split into factions, and one faction was in opposition. The Tory party, having been excluded from office and from all favour of the Crown during two reigns, had shrunk into a small party in parliament. The Newcastle or Rockingham Whigs who were the opposition, voted for the Stamp Act of the Whig Grenville government; and when they came into office, though they repealed the act from a sense of expediency, they re-asserted its principle in the act declaring the competence of the imperial parliament to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. This was the Whig principle of "the Omnipotence of Parliament." The Tory principle, then as now, was the really liberal one—that the Crown is the link between the Colonies and the centre of the Empire; that as the Colonies had received their charters from the Crown so they should be governed by the Crown in conjunction with their Colonial Legislatures; that if the British Parliament controlled the foreign affairs of the Colonies, this was not from constitutional omnipotence and supremacy,

but because he who pays the piper has a right to choose the tune. The Tory party originated neither the Stamp Act nor the Tea Duty, but they were opposed on principle to rebellion, and when the Americans declared their secession, the Tories like Chatham stood by their country and the unity of the Empire, or like the American "War Democrats" in 1861, who joined the Republicans in the war to maintain the unity of the American Empire. On the question of the Middlesex election the Tories remained neutral; they would neither touch Wilkes, nor support the Whig Ministry in its aggression on the rights of constituencies and its attempt to usurp for the House of Commons powers only exercisable by the three branches of the legislature. Chatham declared that the only plan of parliamentary reform that offered any hope of improvement in the quality of members and of ministers was that of increasing the number of county members by giving to each county a third representative, for that the county members, or country gentlemen were the honestest and least subject to ministerial influence; now the great majority of these were Tories. It is obvious then that their position must have been practically identical with Chatham's. When the coalition of Fox and North was made, the Tories followed Chatham's son: North's Whig following in the House stuck to him; and so the coalition was not an amalgamation of Whig and Tory but a reunion of two Whig factions divided into *Ins* and *Outs* during the American war. For Fox no American has any respect: the most that a bold Anglophile will ever claim for him is that Fox and his faction were *not altogether* influenced by faction in supporting the Americans against his own country.

John Stuart Mill, good Liberal and a very pacific man, remarked that the United Kingdom is "the power that has attained to more of conscience and of moral principle in its dealings with foreigners than any other great power seems either to conceive as possible or regard as desirable," and yet that there are more people in Great Britain than in *any other* country "in the habit of distrusting and criticising their own country in its conduct to foreigners," (he refers to his own party, though he does not like to say so), so that the country which shows most justice is the one most censured, and that, by its own people. Is this a virtue? Yet he adds (and the information will be useful to us) that they will side with their Colonists against either the British Government or foreigners. That is the disposition which the English Colony in Ireland has practised so often, to lead England into supporting or doing wrong. It may prove useful to enable us to compel the Liberals (or American party) to do us right.



Photo by James Vey.

THE TUG "JOHN GREEN" WITH SOME AMATEUR SEAL KILLERS OFF CAPE ST. FRANCIS.

Memories of a Hunting Trip.

By W. T. Scully, M.D.



W. T. SCULLY, M.D.

"For the young men's feet are turning To the camps of proved desire and known delight."
—*Kipling*.

WHILST THE pleasures of a hunting trip up country are as brief and evanescent as most things of the kind, the memories of it remain green and distinct—memories that are mellowed and softened by the hand of time.

To the lover of nature, the pleasure seeker, the hard worked professional or business man, there is nothing I know of which gives such complete rest and relaxation as a hunting or fishing trip in the interior. The absolute change of scene, absence of responsibility of any kind,

lack of worry, except perhaps about meals, the exercise, fresh air, and beautiful weather, all combine to make such a trip an investment which pays interest far beyond the ordinary; not, I admit, in cash dividends, but in improved health, increased energy and greater capacity for work. These, I think, are returns on expended capital which are stored up far beyond the reach of moth and rust.

The average person, who has simply read about the scenery of our Island, or who has caught a glimpse of the country from a railway carriage, can have no conception of the beautiful spots to be found, or the lavish scale in which the interior is endowed by nature. Go up any river and you will find scenes that will delight and make glad the heart, not only of the hunter or fisherman, but of anyone who can appreciate the virgin wilderness undefiled and uncontaminated by the advances of civilization.

What the charms of the country really are it is most difficult to say. Most people who "follow the feet of the young men" find that, after having spent a time hunting or fishing in the interior, as the season comes around again, they become filled with a longing at first vague and uncertain, afterwards intense and insistent to be on the barrens, by the side of the stream, or in the camp—the camp in a birch grove to which one's heart goes out. There is such a variety in the landscape, from the savage grandeur of hill and cliff and mountain, to the more pleasing prospect of river and wood and lake, that the eye never tires and the mind never becomes wearied.

Every trip has its own peculiar incidents which imprint themselves indelibly on the memory.

Who can forget his first stag?

My first was killed in the well-known hunting country near the source of the Terra Nova River.

The previous day had been a hard one. We had "packed" on about eight or nine miles; and for one unaccustomed to the work that usually means aching back and limbs.

We turned in for the night very tired. It seemed to me I had just gone to sleep when I was roused by the voice of the cook: "Breakfast's a' most ready! Time to get up."

Grumbling, we dress by the light of the fire which blazes in front of the tent.

The odor of cooking venison and bacon is wafted across from the cook's fire, and one realizes what a huge void there is in one's internal anatomy.

After breakfast we start out from the camp, and emerging from the clump of birch in which it is pitched, we are on the barrens. It is just daylight, and we look out on a damp and dark and sodden world. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, and every blade of grass, every bush and shrub and spider's web are laden down with a burden of moisture.

What a change takes place with the rising of the sun!

The dew-drops sparkle and shine as if the landscape were sprayed with diamonds.

The vivid coloring of autumn is everywhere, covering the face of nature with a veil of crimson and green and gold. We tramp along, keeping a sharp look-out. We walk up the side of Island Pond, and around the head of it, to a hill which gives us a view of the surrounding country.

In a marsh, about a half mile away, was a group of fine deer. As we stood watching them they must have sighted us standing out sharp and clear on the sky-line, for they took fright and started to gallop away. We dropped to the ground and watched them. After a short while they slowed down to a walk, then stopped, bunched together, and seemed very ill at ease. Then they began quietly feeding. We slipped behind the brow of the hill and made a long detour so as to get to leeward of them.

When we reached the lower edge of the marsh, we found that the deer had worked to windward, and were almost a half mile from us. We looked them over carefully with the glasses which were soon focussed on one of the group in particular—the stag. He was too far away to tell what kind of head he really had but to me it looked very large. I think I was really inclined to magnify that head and to persuade myself that it was all I hoped it to be.

Now commenced the stalk in earnest and it was strenuous—very strenuous. The guide seemed like one possessed. He forced his way through bushes, crawled through a morass, climbed over rocks, rushed across open spaces, exhorting us all the time to "come along." Finally we reached a stretch of mud and marsh, fringed at the further end by some bushes which promised good cover.

Right here occurred an incident which at the time seemed to me almost dramatic.

Out in the marsh, and about twenty yards away, stepped a black fox. He stopped and looked us coolly over, as if quite aware that it was the close season for foxes. As we moved forward he trotted quietly away, gained a little hill on the opposite side and there stopped to watch the subsequent proceedings.

After a crawl of about a hundred yards we reached the fringe of bushes and there was the stag in full view about one hundred and fifty yards away. He seemed to me to be simply enormous and his antlers appeared to be a regular forest.

There he stood all unsuspecting that death lurked so near. I raised the rifle, fired, and missed clean. Pulling back the bolt of the rifle the empty shell is thrown out and another cartridge pushed into place. The stag stood perfectly still. I sight more carefully this time and press the trigger slowly back. At the crack of the rifle he staggers, falls, rises again, staggers and falls, kicks convulsively and lays quite still.

Instead of getting the enormous head I expected, I found a pretty little set of antlers of twenty eight points.

Another incident of this same trip, which afforded at the time considerable amusement to the two friends who accompanied me, occurred while we were camped by the side of George's Lake.

A goose put in its appearance on a point of land jutting out into the lake, where the river, Butt's Brook, as it is called, flows in. I had long desired a shot at a wild goose and here was my opportunity. I seized my rifle and proceeded to stalk it. Now the wild goose is an extremely wary bird, endowed with most remarkable powers of sight, and prone to take alarm if it gets the slightest occasion to do so. By a dint of squirming and crawling through the bushes I managed to get within two hundred yards of the bird. There was no cover beyond that point. I raised the rear sight of the rifle to the two hundred yard notch and waited a while to steady myself before firing. As I crouched down in the bushes the goose waddled into the water and proceeded to swim up the river.

"Everything comes to him who waits," thought I. The banks of the river were lined with alders and afforded excellent cover. I rushed across as quickly as possible until I reached the alder bushes and then forced my way through as noiselessly as possible. There was Mr. Goose swimming along within forty or fifty yards of me. I took a careful sight and fired—a clean miss. Then bang—bang—bang—bang—bang—. The magazine was empty and the goose untouched. It was a young bird and unable to fly which accounts for the possibility of firing so many shots.

My feelings can be better imagined than described when I found that in my haste I had forgotten to lower the rearsight of the rifle and had to face the jeers and laughter of my two companions. In my mind's eye that goose was already as good as roasted when I got in shot of him.

"There's many a slip twixt the bird and the spit."

How clearly some of the nights stand out in one's memory!

You get back to camp after a hard day's tramp, footsore, weary and perhaps empty handed. The shadows are lengthening when you come in sight of the clump of birch or "droke," as the men call it, in which the camp is pitched. In addition to being dead tired you are thirsty and hungry, with a hunger such as only the barrens can give. You change your hunting boots for a pair of light camp shoes and lay back and rest—that is if the gnawing in your stomach permits you to do so.

From the cook's fire, wafted by the slight breeze, comes the savory odor of a venison stew. This proves altogether too much for human nature to bear. You go over and gaze wolfishly at the pot simmering over the fire, and wonder if it will ever be thoroughly cooked.

Finally the dinner is ready and you sit in the mouth of the tent and enjoy your evening meal by the light of a birch fire.

When you have finished, the sleeping bags are spread and the pipes lighted, and with a sigh of content—content too deep for words—you lay back in the tent to enjoy some of the most pleasant moments of the day. You are in a state of delicious languor, mind and body entirely relaxed.

Night has fallen like a pall over the earth. Beyond the circle of light thrown by the fire is darkness which appears velvety black and almost palpable. The trees look ghostly in the flickering firelight which throws grotesque shadows on trunk and branch. With the close of night comes silence, such as one finds only in the wilderness. All the sounds of insect life have ceased. The stillness is unbroken, but for the whispering of the wind in the trees, the hoot of the owl, or the weird cry of the loon from some nearby lake.

The fire dies slowly down, now and again throwing up a shower of sparks as a log falls whose support has burned away. Gradually the darkness presses closer and closer, as if trying to draw a mantle over the dying flames. You gaze dreamily out into the night watching the twinkling stars. You would not exchange places with a king. Slowly your eyelids droop, and you slip unknowingly into a deep and dreamless sleep.

So the days glide by, all too fast, until at last the time arrives when you must go back to the world of men, of work and of worry. You go filled with regret, yet content. Your holiday is over, but you return with a new energy better fitted in every way for the battle of life.

"Mens sana, in corpore sano."



ROBERT GEAR MACDONALD.

THE BOEOTHUKS.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

O'ER their rock-built grave by the murmuring wave
The pale pink whort-flowers bloom,
And in amber light the summer bright
Lingers over each hidden tomb.
And the streamlet's tone has a dirge of its own,
Which none but the poet hears;
As it loiters along, its undersong
Some minor hid heart-tone bears.

And the wind's notes change in the mountain range
Where once their swift-feet trod,
To a subtle wail that cannot avail
To raise them from under the sod.
And the mountain ash with its scarlet splash
Of ripe berries on its face,
And the birch trees sigh when the winter's nigh,
For the steps of a vanished race.

And o'er gully and lake, whose waters take
Their blue from the heaven, like rhyme,
The strange shrill call of the waterfowl
Seems to mourn for a bygone time;
And the caribou, and the grey wolf too,
Know the red man's day has gone
From the forest nooks, and the shady brooks,
And the barrens they once had known.

For one by one, when their day was done,
The last of the hunted crew
Lay down to sleep in the forest deep,
While the drear north-easter blew.
And above the head of the frozen dead
Piled the snow, deep, heavy, and late,
And covered in ruth the bitter truth
Of a nation's tragic fate.

And year by year brings the wood-pecker,
And the wings of the bright blue jay,
But never again on hill or plain
Shall the shy Boeothuk stray.
In the deep wood dells, o'er the cold grey fells
Where the rock like iron rings,
His voice alone is a silent tone
Where the beast and the bird are kings.

Unknown, unsung in a modern tongue,
Are the deeds of his earlier age,
Ere the white man came with deeds of shame
And conquered his heritage.
But to him the same is praise or blame,
Or silence, or glorious song,
For he rests in peace, until time shall cease,
And recks not of right nor of wrong.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XVIII.



BEFORE continuing my course round the shore, I wish here to mention a few places which I omitted between Bay-de-Verde and *Carbineers*. The first of these is

ADAM'S COVE.

This name is derived from one Adam Clerke, who formerly carried on business here. He was the first settler. He had seven sons, and he divided the place between them. It was once a place of considerable importance and several large firms did business here as Ridleys, Rourkes, Bennett, &c.

Another place worthy of note is

OKERPIT COVE

This name appears on the French maps as far back as 1792. It is derived from the fact of there being found there a large

over with red ochre, the same was done with the bones in cases of skeletons.

On the promontory separating Carbonear from Harbour Grace is situated the little Harbour or Bight of MOSQUITO.

Until recently it has been stated generally by our Historians that this little Cove was the site of John Guy's Colony of 1610. It would seem, however, that this is not correct, but that the principal settlement of the Colony was at *Cuper's Cove*, now Cupid's near Brigus. In my "Ecclesiastical History, p. 76, I entered fully into this disputed question. At present I am only concerned with the origin of the name *Mosquito*. It might be thought there should be no room for doubt as to the meaning of the word and that it is certainly derived from the well known fly which is so troublesome in summer time. I am, however, of opinion that such is not the case, and that the name is derived from *Musket*, a form of fire-arm introduced into the British Army about that time, and indeed the word began to be employed as a general name for a gun. Thus Whitbourne in "Discourse, &c.," 1619, describes how the Red Indians at "Hearts Content" were "frightened by the shooting off of a musket." Sir David Kirke, writing to Charles I. (1629), speaks thus of the articles found at Quebec "thirteen whole, and one broken *Muskett*." The word is derived from the name of a young hawk or falcon much in vogue at the time of the invention of fire-arms. The new weapon took down its prey so swiftly and surely, after the manner of this falcon, that it was called a *Musket*. On the other hand the word *Mosquito* (pronounced muskeeto) is simply a Spanish word meaning a small fly, the diminutive of *Mosca*, a fly.

The mosquito which is very widely spread over the Continent of America, indeed is to be found almost anywhere from the Equator to the Poles, evidently made a great impression, in every sense of the word, upon the early explorers and navigators. A long strip of Coast skirting the Isthmus of Panama is called the *Mosquito Coast*, and Don Fernando Columbus in his "Life" of his father Christopher Columbus, tells us that he (Christopher) after his return from his second voyage was called in derision by the people "The Admiral of Mosquito-Land." This word *Mosquito* was anglicised into *Musket*. Thus Sir David Kirke in a letter to Charles I. (1630) asking leave to fortify Quebec says:—"A besieging army cannot stay here above three months "(in summer) all in which time the *Musketts* will soe torment "them that noe man is able to be abroad in centry or trenches "daye or night, without losinge their sights at least eight days."

Again Whitbourne (1619) speaks thus quaintly of the *Musketts* (as he spells the word), in Newfoundland

"These nimble little flyes seeme to have a greate power and "authority upon all loytering and idle people, for they have this "property that when they find any such lying lazily or sleeping "in the woods, they will presently be more nimble to seize them "than any sargeant will to arrest a man for debt, neither will "they leave stynging or sucking out the blood of such sluggards "until like a Beadle they bring him to his master where he "should labour, in which tyme of loytering those flyes will so "brande such idle persons in their faces that they may be "knowne from others as the Turks doe their slaves"

The musket as a fire-arm soon superseded the Carbine or Carabine and was itself subsequently superseded by the rifle.

I have said above that the name of musket, as meaning a fire-arm is derived from the small hawk of that name. It is not, however, impossible, that it may be derived from the anglicised form of *Mosquito*, as it is not difficult to conceive a comparison between the sharp sting of the *Mosquito*, and the deadly ping of the bullet from the *Musket*.

Whatever may be thought of this it seems to me quite improbable that this little cove in Conception Bay should have derived its name from the mosquito fly. If the name were applied to the whole Island of Newfoundland, or a large portion of the Coast, it might be easily admitted, as these flies are found



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY.

deposit of red ochre, or ferruginous hematite clay. This is the substance so lavishly used by the aboriginal Indians, the *Bœothucks*, and with which they smeared not only their faces and persons, but their boats, utensils and even the very bones of their dead. From this they received the title or name of "Red Indians," for naturally they were not red but tawny or yellow like the *Mic-Macs* or *Mountaineers*. From some skeletons or mummies of their dead discovered, it has been found that after the corpses had been sufficiently long dead to become mummified, showing that they practised some rude form of embalming, they exhumed the bodies, or rather took them from their burial places which were above ground and smeared them all

equally distributed all over the country. It must be noted that there are three or four other places on our shores called by this name. Thus there is a Mosquito in St. Mary's Bay, and another in Burin.

There is, however, as far as I know no special reason why this little cove in Conception Bay should have received the name. There does not seem to be any evidence to prove that the "nimble little fly" is more particularly busy there or makes itself more keenly felt than elsewhere. It is, however, quite conceivable that there may have been a company of Musketeers here, as I have supposed the Carabineers to have been at Carbonear. We are told that John Guy, built at his new settlement a dwelling house and stores, and erected a fortified enclosure on which he mounted three cannon, and most likely had also muskets. From what I have said above it might be objected that this fortification was erected not at Mosquito, but at *Cuper's Cove*. However, even if it be proved that Guy first settled at Cuper's Cove, it would appear that he had also an establishment at Mosquito, for so St. John tells us in his Catechism (1835). St. John had original documents in his possession which he received from his grandfather, the great George Garland, and hence this authority is very strong in favor of Guy's Colony (or at least a branch of it) having been at Mosquito.

But to return to the nomenclature, it is an unquestionable fact that on ancient maps this cove is called by the name of

MUSKETS COVE.

The spelling of course, as is usual, varies much. Thus on Thornton's map (1689) it is given as *Musketto*. On Bellin's map of 1744 we have *Mesketto*. In Taverner's "British Pilot," of 1744, it appears as "Musketto or *Muskets Cove*." Again in the same (page 9) *Musketa Cove*. This book, "The English Pilot, 1755," compiled from "the information of divers able navigators of our own and other nations," gives a most accurate description of the coast, with complete sailing directions, "from Hudson's Bay to the River Amazonas." Speaking of this Harbour of Muskets it says: "Musketa Cove where ships may ride but seldom use. Here lives two planters.* It is not so convenient for fishing ships as other places, altho' clean ground, water enough and large." From this it would appear that it was not a likely place to have been selected by John Guy for his plantation, or if it had been at first selected, it must have been soon abandoned for "*Cuper's Cove*." Mosquito was visited by Governor Sir Thomas Duckworth in 1810, so it must have been a place of some importance up to that date.

At the entrance to Harbour Grace there are two very remarkable rocks named respectively

SALVAGE ROCKS,

which stand very high out of water and form a very conspicuous and picturesque object, and

LONG HARRY.

The origin of the former name has been already alluded to in Article XVI. The latter may have some local significance, but as far as I know it has no historical importance. We now come to

HARBOUR GRACE.

The town of Harbour Grace is the second city of importance in the Island. It is the site of an Episcopal See of the Roman Catholic Church, and delights in the title of the "*Bay Metropolis*." The harbor is one of the finest in the country, although there is a rather awkward bar, projecting from the south side towards the "Point of Beach" on the town side. The land around the harbour is level, and admirably adapted for the building of a town. Hence the principal streets—Water Street and Harvey Street running parallel to the water front—are levelled and straighter than those of St. John's. There is no room to doubt that the present name of Harbour Grace is Anglicised from *Havre de Grace*, and was given by the French in imitation of the town of that name at the mouth of the River Seine. That town is generally shortened into *Le Havre*, The Harbour, as it were *par excellence*, and so also we find Harbour Grace called simply "The Harbour" on some old maps.

*These were undoubtedly Pynn and Pike, Mr. Shortis informs me.

It is not so easy, however, to tell exactly at what time this harbour received this name. We know that it was founded as an English colony shortly after John Guy's foundation (1610), and that it then was known as

BRISTOL'S HOPE.

It was also called Bristow or Bristowe, an ancient way of spelling Bristol, so it is mentioned by Stowe as the birth place of Sebastian Cabot, and Mr. Edward Wynne, Lord Baltimore's first Governor of Ferryland, writing in 1622, speaks of this colony in Conception Bay as *Bristow*. John Guy, the founder of the colony, was a merchant of Bristol. He published several pamphlets and was the first to excite interest in colonization. He thus secured the patronage of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Northampton, Sir Francis Tanfield, and others who formed the company of the Forty Associates under the title of "The Company of Adventuries and Planters of the Cities of London and Bristow for the Colonization and Plantation of Newfoundland." They received a grant of all the Territory from C. Bonavista to C. St. Mary's. Mr. Guy sailed from Bristol with three ships bringing thirty-nine persons all told. He was appointed Governor of the New Colony. John Slaney, a merchant of London, was treasurer of the Company. Guy remained two years in the country, and wrote an account of it to Mr. Slaney. Abbé Baudouin tells us Harbour Grace had only fourteen houses in 1697. Carboniere had twenty two "the best built in the Country."

I shall have more to say about this colony when I come to "Cupids" or *Cuper's Cove*. To return to the question of the date of the name Harbour Grace, I find the name in Whitbourne as far back as 1619, which would induce us to believe that it held this name previous to Guy's time, and that he, Guy, endeavoured but unsuccessfully to oust the name of Harbour Grace by substituting Bristol's Hope. The latter name appears on Mason's map, 1625, and Sir W. Alexander writing in 1630, mentions the colony by that name. But again on De Laet's map, dated 1630, we find De Grace. On Dudley's map, 1647, we find, evidently by an error of the copyist, Harbour Grande. On Thornton's map, 1689, Harbour Grace. The same on Fitzhugh's, 1693; Friend's map, 1713, the same. T. Cour Lotter's map, 1720, Havre de Grace; a French map by N. B. (Bellin.) of date 1744, also Havre de Grace. Cook, 1774, Harbour Grace, and on a French Amirality map, of 1776, *Port de Grace*.

The S. Point of Hr. Grace is called

FEATHER POINT

Coming Southwards from Harbour Grace we next meet a small cove called

BRYANTS COVE

which is probably named from some early inhabitant and is apparently a corruption of

BRIEN'S COVE

for so it appears on some maps. On Thornton's map, 1689, it is written Briants Cove. The same on the Royal French map of 1792. But Abbe Baudouin, Chaplain of D'Ibberville's Army in 1697, spells it Brians Cove.

We next come to

SPANIARD'S BAY

This name has been fully explained in Article XVI. It is found on all the ancient maps.

(To be continued)

+M. F. H.

A MIND CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:

The quiet mind is richer than a crown:

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:

The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,

The cottage that affords no pride nor care,

The mean that grees with country music best,

The sweet consort or mirth's and music's fare.

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;

A mind content both crown and kindom is. —Robert Greene

The Lake Side Park and Quidi Vidi Drive.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



IN the first speech made by the Prince of Wales after his Colonial tour he told the Old Country that "England must wake up," and it will apply to us most forcibly in Newfoundland; we must "wake up" to the changed conditions which the Railway, Steam, and the Telegraph have brought about in our condition. We must wake up to the fact that we have become an attractive country. One of the most significant facts that can be adduced to show our changed condition, is the presence amongst us to-day of S. G. Millais, the world renowned artist, and author of the greatest natural history book of the century "The Mammalia of Great Britain and Ireland." This is his fourth visit to the Colony and his purpose is not mere sport, but to write a book on the Island which from his well known gifts will be the most attractive book ever written

Besides the charms of its natural surroundings, its proximity to St. John's, within as it were the city's limits, makes it an ideal spot for the people's play ground and place for recreation. Every important city has its Park. Thousands and thousands of dollars have to be spent in creating artificial lakes and in giving a rural air to the scene. At Quidi Vidi, within, as it were, a stone's throw of the city, we have a park made by nature—the other so-called parks are merely gardens—beautiful surroundings, a lake for bathing, boating, fishing—and delightful promenades and views. It only requires a small expenditure on trees and shrubs and walks to create perfect pleasure grounds where all our toiling population may enjoy innocent amusement. The plan for such a Park and The Drive around the southside of the Lake so admirably set forth and arranged by Sir. E. P. Morris should receive the hearty support of every intelligent man in the community. The miserable attacks that have been made upon



REGATTA DAY AT QUIDI VIDİ.

about Newfoundland. We are a set of Rip Van Winkles living in our sleepy hollows and city without a library or a first class hotel, and it requires people from abroad to come amongst us and waken us up to the realization of the fascination of our scenery and our manifold attractions. How many of us appreciate the grandeur of our Narrows, or the picturesque beauty of our land-locked harbor, but of all the fair scenes around our capital, none attracts the artist eye more than the lovely view of Quidi Vidi from the bridge at the lower end of the lake. Here nature has laid out for us a Park and pleasure ground for the city. The greatest scenic attraction in a landscape is water. Just as the human eye gives life, and expression, and beauty to the face, so water with its ever varying shade, and reflection, ruffled with the breeze or smoothed into a calm adds to the enchantment of the landscape. The beauty of every rural scene is enhanced, we may almost say, created, by lake or stream, or the sea. This is the great attraction of Quidi Vidi.

this public-spirited proposal, off-spring of political animosity, hatred and malice are beneath contempt. Every city to-day strives to make itself beautiful and attractive, to give its citizens not only pure water and good drainage but above all, open spaces and play-grounds, where young and old can enjoy fresh air and innocent recreation. The millionaire has his motor-car, his horses, his yacht, he can go where he likes and do what he pleases. The working man's outing has to be on a more modest scale of expenditure; at any rate let him have his walk, and his pipe, and his rest. There should be one absolute condition about the contemplated boulevard around the South Side of the lake. It should be for the people and foot passengers and for them alone. No vehicles except perambulators for babes. The motor-car with its shrieks and stinks should be absolutely prohibited.

The rich can use the upper road. Posts with narrow spaces between should be placed at each end of the walk so that no horse or wheeled vehicle could pass through. It would com-

pletely destroy the beauty, attraction and enjoyment of this delightful walk by people on foot, with their wives and children, if either motors or carriages were allowed to keep them in constant terror of being run over. As regards the park on the north side the laying of it out is a very simple affair. In course of time it would be provided with a summer hotel, bands, merry-go-round, football, tennis and cricked grounds, and a delightful walk around the strand. One of its greatest attractions would be the boating, which all would be able to enjoy at most modest cost. To crown Sir Edward's plan and make it complete, popular and attractive, the tram line should be extended through Bannerman Road, along Circular Road and then down to the

park on the north side of the lake. It would thus serve all the wealthy people of Circular Road and they should contribute handsomely to its construction and maintenance. The main object in this new departure is to cater for the million, to give all the working people and poorer classes increased means of enjoyment, and a five cent tram ride to the park from all parts of the town will be delightful and add immensely to the attractions of this new play ground for the people. What Coney Island is to New York, Quidi Vidi park will be to St. John's. Perhaps I am advanced in my idea, but though an old man I hope not only to see Quidi Vidi park, but also a regular half-holiday on Saturday.—*From The Evening Telegram.*



QUIDI VIDI IN WINTER—HORSE-RACING ON THE LAKE.

UNSPOKEN.

THERE came a day
When the ships sail'd off
'Mid the ice-king's trail
To the seas of foam!
And we thought our thoughts
In the silence deep
Of the mutely dumb
Neath the starlit dome!

There came a day!
From the dreary north
And the ice-king's trail
Where the great ships go
The "first news" flash'd!
And we thought our thoughts
In the silence deep
And the strength of woe!

There came a day!
From the fields of ice
The ships return'd
O'er the old, old track!
But never a sound
From the land of dreams,
Nor never a sigh
Did the sea send back!

And the ships will come
And the ships will go
And the crews will cheer
And the syren scream;
But one great heart's still'd,
And it throbs no more
To the splendid din
Of the ice-fields' dream!

E. C.

Use



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THE attention of *MASTERS and OWNERS* of *STEAMERS*, carrying Passengers coastwise, is called to Chapter 115 of the Consolidated Statutes, which prohibits any steamer from engaging in coastwise passenger traffic unless a proper survey is made by the authorized Surveyors, and a certificate obtained granting the necessary permission to do so. No steamer will be cleared that has not complied with this law.

Custom House, St. John's, Newfoundland, 25th February, 1907.

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An Act to amend the Law with respect to Persons Carrying on Business as Money Lenders.

[PASSED 26TH MARCH, 1907].

Be it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, in Legislative Session convened, as follows :

1. The short title of this Act is "The Money Lenders' Act, 1907."

2. In this Act "money lender" includes every person (whether an individual, a firm, a society, or a corporate body) whose business is that of money lending, or who advertises or announces himself or holds himself out in any way as carrying on that business; but does not include any person *bona fide* carrying on the business of banking or insurance or any business in the course of which and for the purpose whereof he lends money at a rate of interest (including any payment or deduction by way of premium, fine, or foregift), not exceeding ten per cent. per annum.

3. (1) Where proceedings are taken in Court by a money lender for the recovery of money lent after the passing of this Act or the enforcement of any agreement or security made or taken after the passing of this Act, in respect of money lent either before or after the passing of this Act, and it appears to the Court that the interest charged in respect of the sum actually lent is excessive or that the amount charged for expenses, inquiries, fines, bonus, premiums, renewals or any other charges, are excessive, or that, in either case, the transaction is harsh and unconscionable, or is otherwise such that a Court would give equitable relief, the Court may re-open the transaction and take an account between the money lender and the person sued.

(2) The Court may, notwithstanding any statement or settlement of account or any agreement purporting to close previous dealings and create a new obligation, re-open any account already taken between the money-lender and the person sued, and relieve the person sued for payment of any sum in excess of the sum adjudged by the Court to be fairly due in respect of such principal, interest and charges as the Court, having regard to the risk and all the circumstances considers reasonable; and if any such excess has been paid or allowed in account by the debtor, may order the creditor to re-pay it; and may set aside, either wholly or in part, or revise, or alter, any security given or agreement made in respect of money lent by the money-lender, and, if the money-lender

has parted with the security, may order him to indemnify the borrower or other person sued.

- (3) Any Court in which proceedings might be taken for the recovery of money lent by a money-lender shall have and may, at the instance of the borrower or surety or other person liable, exercise the like powers as may be exercised under this section where proceedings are taken for the recovery of money lent; and the Court shall have power, notwithstanding any provisions or agreement to the contrary, to entertain any application under this Act by the borrower, or surety, or other person liable, notwithstanding that the time for repayment of the loan, or any instalment thereof, may not have arrived; provided that a person shall not be entitled to apply to the Court under this sub-section unless application is made within one year of the transaction being closed.
- (4) Where it appears to the Court that any person other than the money-lender shared in the profits of, or has any beneficiary interest, prospectively or otherwise, in the transaction, which the Court holds to be harsh and unconscionable, the Court may cite such person as a party to the cause, and may make such order in respect to such person as it may deem fit.
- (5) On any application relating to the admission or amount of a proof by a money-lender in any insolvency proceedings, the Court may exercise the like powers as may be exercised under this section where proceedings are taken for the recovery of money lent.
- (6) The foregoing provisions of this section shall apply to any transaction which, whatever its form may be, is substantially one of money lending by a money-lender.
- (7) Nothing in this section shall affect the rights of any *bona fide* assignee or holder for value without notice.
- (8) Nothing in this section shall be construed as derogating from the existing powers or jurisdiction of any Court.
- (9) For the purpose of this section (but for no other purpose) the expression "money-lender" includes any person who lends money for interest at a rate, including any payments or deductions by way of premium, fine or foregift, exceeding ten per centum per annum.

4. (1) A money-lender, as defined by Section 2 of this Act,—

- (a) Shall register himself as a money-lender, in accordance with regulations under this Act, under his own or usual trade name, and no other name, and with the address, or all the addresses, if more than one, at which he carries on his business of money-lender; and
- (b) Shall carry on the money lending business in his registered name, and in no other name and under no other description, and at his registered address or addresses, and at no other address; and
- (c) Shall not enter into any agreement in the course of his business as a money-lender, with respect to the advance and re-payment of money, or take any security for money otherwise than in his registered name; and
- (d) Shall, on reasonable request, and on tender of a reasonable sum for expenses, furnish the borrower with a copy of any document relating to the loan, or any security therefor.

- (2) If a money-lender fails to register himself as required by this Act, or carries on business otherwise than in his registered name, or in more than one name, or elsewhere than at his registered address, or fails to comply with any other requirement of this section, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, and in the case of a second or subsequent conviction, to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding three months, or to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, or to both;

provided that if the offender is a body corporate, that body corporate shall be liable on a second or subsequent conviction, to a penalty not exceeding two thousand dollars.

- (3) A prosecution under sub-section 1 (a) of this section shall not be instituted except with the consent of the Attorney General.

5. (1) The Governor in Council may from time to time make regulations respecting the registration of money-lenders, whether individuals, firms, societies, or corporate bodies, the form of the register, and the particulars to be entered therein, and the fees to be paid on registration and renewal of registration, not exceeding five dollars for each registration or renewal, and respecting the inspection of the register and the fees payable therefor.

- (2) The registration shall cease to have effect at the expiration of three years from the date of the registration, but may be renewed from time to time, and, if renewed, shall have effect for three years from the date of the renewal.

6. If any money-lender, or any manager, agent, or clerk of a money-lender, by any false, misleading, or deceptive statement, representation, or promise, or by any dishonest concealment of facts, induces, or attempts to induce, any person to borrow money or agree to the terms on which money is, or is to be borrowed, he shall be liable on indictment to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding two years, or to a penalty not exceeding two thousand dollars, or to both.

An Act to amend the Law relating to Railway Traffic.

[PASSED 26TH MARCH, 1907.]

Be it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, in Legislative Session convened, as follows:

1. Every Company shall be liable for the loss of or for any injury done to any horses, cattle, or other animals, or to any articles, goods, or things, in the receiving, forwarding, or delivering thereof, occasioned by the neglect or default of such Company or its servants, notwithstanding any notice, condition, or declaration made and given by such Company contrary thereto, or in anywise limiting such liability, every such notice, condition, or declaration being hereby declared to be null and void: Provided always that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the said Companies from making such conditions with respect to the receiving, forwarding and delivering of any of the said animals, articles, goods, or things, as shall be adjudged by the Court or Judge before whom any question relating thereto shall be tried, to be just and reasonable: Provided always, that no greater damage shall be recovered for the loss of or for any injury done to any such animals, beyond the sums hereinafter mentioned, that is to say: for any horse, two hundred dollars; for any meat cattle, per head, eighty dollars; for any sheep or pigs, per head, eight dollars; unless the person standing or delivering the same to such Company shall, at the time of

such delivery, have declared them to be respectively of higher value than as above mentioned, in which case it shall be lawful for such Company to demand and receive by way of compensation for the increased risk and care thereby occasioned, a reasonable percentage upon the excess of the value so declared above the respective sums so limited as aforesaid, and which shall be paid, in addition to the ordinary rate of charge: Provided also that the proof of the value of such animals, articles, goods and things, and the amount of the injury done thereto, shall in all cases lie upon the person claiming compensation for such loss or injury: Provided also, that no special contract between such Company and any other parties respecting the receiving, forwarding, or delivering of any animals, articles, goods or things as aforesaid, shall be binding upon or affect any such party unless the same be signed by him or by the person delivering such animals, articles, goods or things, respectively for carriage.

2. This Act shall be deemed to be part of Chapter 32 of the Consolidated Statutes (Second Series), entitled "Of Railways and Railway Companies in the Colony," and all the provisions of the said chapter shall apply to this Act, and the provisions of this Act shall apply to the said chapter as fully as if the same were incorporated therein, and the said chapter and this Act shall be read together, and may be cited as "The Railway Companies' Act, 1892 to 1907."



Photo. by James Vey.

ST. PAUL'S RIVER, LABRADOR.

music of the reel, as the line ran out, was very pleasant to hear, especially as it was unexpected. The gloom that had pervaded my being disappeared like magic. To a fishermen I don't think there is any enjoyment equal to that obtained from the song of the reel, when, after a whole fishing day's silence, it suddenly breaks out after all hopes of hearing its music have fled.

Well, I didn't get that fish. Of course, he was the biggest trout I ever saw. What a splendid fight the fellow made! We fought it out for quite ten minutes; and when, thinking I had him played out, I gave him the butt, off he went. He deserved his victory. Of course I was disappointed; but, after all, he had given me as much sport as a medium-sized salmon would. It was then about half-past two and between that time and five, when I gave up, fairly tired out, I landed 33 trout which weighed 137 lbs. They were the best fighters I ever caught, also the ugliest. Dark brown in colour and with a projecting under jaw, they looked anything but prepossessing, very different from the ordinary bright, handsomely shaped sea trout. Their colour was doubtless due to the dark muddy bottom of the pond. I have occasionally come across single specimens of trout of that peculiar pike-like appearance, but never in such numbers. Their flesh was of a deep pink and was of good flavour.

I put up my rod and walked across the neck to the mouth of the channel, where I found my companion jubilant over his catch. He had a couple of dozen trout, running from one to two and one-half lbs., clean, handsome fish, the regular sea trout, an altogether different species from those I had caught.

"Hullo," said he, "no fish; why didn't you come down when I called? See what you have lost." We had called out to each other, but each was too satisfied with what he was doing to wish to move. "Yes, I have a few fish," I said, "too many and too heavy to bring down. I'm going to send the men up for them." A look of scornful incredulity spread over his face; he was quite too polite to express disbelief of my "trout story" in any other way. "Well, come along and have a look at them." He came, he saw, and he used "language." He hadn't even the good taste to congratulate me. This was my record catch. I

have frequently caught from 60 to 80 lbs. for a day's sea-trout-fishing on the Labrador; I never got less than twelve lbs. During the ten seasons in the year I was there, my total catch averaged well over 1,000 lbs. per season, for about thirty fishings. There is hardly a stream running into the lower reaches of the rivers or, directly, into the Harbors—and I think I must have fished all of them between Blanc Sablon and Holton—which does not team with sea trout during the season, nine-tenths of them pink-fleshed and of the very best quality. North of Holton, they are said to be even more plentiful. So far as my experience goes, the inland trout are of very small and very poor quality, they will not bear comparison with our Newfoundland brook and pond trout.

Well, Mr. Editor, I really started out with the intention of saying something about salmon-fishing, too, but my space must be exhausted and I don't seem to have said much about salmon, do I? I must leave that for another time,



Photo. by James Vey.

A MORNING'S SPORT—LABRADOR TROUT.

A Topsail Tragedy.

By Rev. William P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D.



TOPSAIL BEACH IN SUMMER.



TOPSAIL bathed in warm sunlight has all that goes to make a desirable summer resort. There the changeful picturesqueness of the ocean is joined with the calm beauty of a sylvan scene. The wild waves speak their message the whole day long, now whispering gently a drowsy lullaby, now crooning a weird chant, now flouting a bold defiance, now thundering a savage hate; for the sea is a thing of moods and fancies even as we mortals are. There is always variety on its bosom and mystery in all its tones. At Topsail you have the wide expanse of Conception Bay before your eyes, a curving beach dotted with trim little hamlets, a wide encircling amphitheatre of hills clothed with spruce and pine, and in the dim distance where the land fades from view and water-line and sky-line blend, a thousand glowing tints to which fancy lends an added enchantment. And if you happen on the little village on a broiling summer day when the air dances in the noon-day blaze and the bay is motionless at your feet, and a sky of intensest blue arches over you, you will agree that life in Northern climates is not without its compensations, and at times it is very good to be where you are.

This feeling of peace with all mankind, and in addition a delightful sense of self-complacency, inflated the ample breast of Mr. Augustus Quigley as he descended Topsail Hill one Sunday late in July. He had reason—at least he thought so—to be proud of himself. His business was good, his prospects better. Lately he had made one or two very fortunate hits, he had no encumbrances whatsoever, a rising man was Mr. Augustus

Quigley, and he knew it. Insensibly his gait quickened, his face flushed, he tossed his head and heightened his stature as he thought on all he had done, and particularly on all he was going to do!

Yes, truly, he had done well; he had done very well indeed! Socially, intellectually, financially, he was head and shoulders over all the young men of his acquaintance. He was not the one to forget that or to allow others forget that either. "A man owes a certain duty to himself and to his position," said Quigley to himself sententiously as he strutted along. "*Noblesse oblige* and success also, and don't you put a low valuation on yourself, my boy." Unfortunately, however, our neighbours do not always appraise us as we do ourselves, as Quigley discovered to his cost before the close of day.

Arrived in Topsail he cast anchor at Mrs. Stewart's. Her hostelry did not afford exactly what his soul desired, but the artificial advantages of Topsail are few, and we can only make the best of a bad bargain. At dinner his companions were an ancient dowager, an anæmic old maid, a city tinsmith, a young miss, whose name shall be nameless, but whose initials are Nellie J.—, a former school-mate of our hero, and her sister.

At Stewart's things are done in the good, honest patriarchal style,—take as much as you care for, and no nonsense about it. Courses are unknown. There is no waiter or waitress, but Mary Anne (good kindhearted Mary Anne!) brings along the dishes and leaves the guests to their own devices. All of which vexed the aristocratic soul and well nigh turned the patrician stomach of Mr. Quigley. However, the dinner was very good,

though served, as Quigley remarked to the ancient dowager, "without the refinements of civilization"; and he is firmly convinced that making a virtue of necessity is good moral procedure and sound philosophy to boot. A rose smells just as sweet under another name, and a good dinner is still a good dinner even when served promiscuously and eaten off plain delf. So Quigley thought too, and being hungry did full justice to his meal. For dessert a heaping dish of strawberries and a large jug of cream were brought forward, whereat Quigley's eyes glistened and he took nearly enough to ballast a small ship. Strawberries and cream are tempting morsels and Quigley pitched into them so vigorously that he presently forgot all "refinements" with the result a large drop of ruby cream fell on his immaculate shirt front. And Nellie J., with demure eyes, but twitching lips, nudged her sister under the table, and whispered almost audibly—"pig!"

Fie, for shame, Nellie! and you a Convent bred girl, too, with the gold medal you got at the Mount for "ladylike deportment" dangling at your breast.

After the tea was served Nellie produced timidly some home made candy, toffee, caramels, chocolates, and other toothsome abominations, and offered them to the assembled company; which the assembled company accepted in very good part. The ancient dowager said "thank you, dear," with beaming motherliness. The city tinsmith made his best bow with, "much obliged, miss." Even the anaemic spinster was momentarily stirred to a mild enthusiasm, and so far forgot her ailments as to emit a sour smile. Mr. Quigley however, haughtily declined saying "*inferior* sweetmeats were most injurious to the digestive organs." Poor Nellie! she blushed furiously at the insult, and murder gleamed in her eye for the fraction of a second. Bad enough, she thought, for Quigley to ignore her, but to flout her candy and herself publicly—intolerable! But he serenely self-complacent was quite unconscious of the offence given. He forgot the poet's warning concerning a "woman scorned," and the poor man "little knew what that wily sex can do."

Quigley had refused the candy so kindly offered. Very well then—he should be made to take it against his will.

Nellie left the table, and going to her room got a large sheet of her home-made toffee. Toffee is sweet to the youthful palate, but revenge sweeter still. Carrying her sticky burden gingerly, she went out into the garden to await developments. Fortune favoured her, as it always does the brave. All the seats were taken but one, and her enemy was hovering over that, talking in high-flown style to the ancient dowager. Nellie passed by unconcernedly, depositing deftly her toffee on the seat and retired with scarcely concealed laughter to watch the upshot from a safe distance. Very soon she was rewarded.

Mr. Quigley sank down with a sigh of relief into the seat. Just fancy! fourteen stone of flesh and blood, plus the dinner, subsiding into a mass of toffee on a summer's day when the thermometer stood 85 in the shade. Quigley, however, noticed nothing, but disquisitioned learnedly to the ancient dowager who accepted all he said as gospel truth; she knew no better, poor old lady! And all the while Nellie and her sister, in convulsions of laughter, waited at respectful distance for the *denouement*.

The thermometer climbed higher and higher until it was almost suffocating on the little verandah. The ancient dowager was, by this time, fast asleep under her sun bonnet. Quigley thought things were getting too hot for him. (He little guessed what way, though). So he went to stand up and found, to his surprise, the chair followed him. He put this down instantly to another piece of rustic ignorance. But strange to say an ironical burst of laughter sounded near him, "H-u-s-h, May! hold your tongue!" came faintly to his ear. With an effort he shook the chair clear of himself, and it clattered down on the platform awaking the ancient dowager with a start.

Nellie and May, reinforced now by Mary Anne, stood at a little distance splitting their sides laughing. The stable-boy who had just come up was saying things more witty than polite, and

every remark was greeted with a new *crescendo* peal of laughter. The dowager was mystified, and gazed around in mild surprise.

Mr. Quigley was disgusted, and sought vainly the cause of such unbecoming merriment. At last the dowager's dim eyes lighted on the chair overspread now with a viscous fluid that dripped with infinite deliberation to the ground. She understood immediately! She had been a girl herself once, long, long ages ago.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Quigley," she said, sympathetically, "some one has played a practical joke on you."

"On me?" replied Quigley, bristling up.

"Your chair," she added apologetically, "seems to be . . . She nodded at the piece of furniture in question, and left the explanation in her nod.

Quigley looked at it for a moment dumbfounded. Instinctively his hand stole round behind him, and then the horried humiliating truth became as clear as day. His face grew pale with passion. "Oh, damn!" he shouted savagely, and flung out the garden and down the road, followed by a chorus of derisive and delighted laughter.



The King's White Steeds.

By Dan Carroll.

[Among the conditions of the Patent of Avalon, given by James I. to Lord Baltimore, was the very curious stipulation,—that should the King at any time visit the Province, he should be presented with a white horse. —ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY'S Lecture on The Calvert Papers.]

"THIS daughter of our broad'ning realm,"—

So speaketh England's King—

"This Avalon, to grace our train.

A milk-white steed shall bring."

And thus, in ancient title deeds

Was writ this mild decree,

"Set ye apart the brave white steed

To wait His Majesty."

And so the old Colonials set

The palfries white aside,

Free from the burdens of their kind

They roamed the country wide.

The hunter saw the white horse stray

By many a cliff and flood,—

The red man marvelled when he met

These strangers in the wood.

And dames and maidens of that day,—

In ancient scrolls we read—

On festive days with trappings gay

Bedeck'd the King's white steed.

Tho' past, long past, is that custom quaint,

Tradition's treasured word,

Revives its mem'ry in the land,

When Spring's blithe voice is heard.

And midst the hills of Avalon,

When April winds her horn,

And snows are melting from the heights

The children oft at morn

Will seek with childhood's fancy bright

Where yet the snow-drifts cling,

And call them, in their glad delight,

"The white steeds of the King."

High in the blue the sea-birds wheel,

On sparkling sunlit wings;

Far down the glade in gladsome notes

The robins' matin rings.

And yet, tho' every hillside's rich

With Springtide's early green,

In many a deeply wooded glen

"The King's white steeds" are seen.

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No. 15.



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

*CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1907.*

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

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ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.
Newfoundland Penitentiary, June, 1907.

The Public are reminded that the **GAME LAWS** OF **NEWFOUNDLAND**

Provide that:

No person shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within specified limits of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer (three Stag) without previously having purchased (\$50.00) and procured a License therefor. Licenses to non-resident guides are issued, costing \$50.00.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges before the first day of October or after 12th January in any year. Penalty not exceeding \$100.00 or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins before October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to confiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

No person shall hunt Foxes from March 15 to October 15 in any year.

No person shall use any appliances other than rod, hook and line to catch any Salmon, Trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

Close season for salmon and trout fishing: 15th day of September to 15th day of January following.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

*Department of Marine and Fisheries,
June, 1907.*



Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to reserve from the operation of the Crown Lands' Act a strip of land along the North shore of Sandy Point, in the District of Saint George, 200 yards wide from high water mark on said shore, for the protection of Sandy Point.

The public are, therefore, notified that the cutting of trees or bushes on the said strip of land for any purposes whatever is strictly prohibited, any person so cutting will be liable to prosecution.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.
Colonial Secretary's Office, October 23rd, 1906.

14, 22



THE ...

Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VII.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1907.

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	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
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2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
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	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
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Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1907.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

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Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

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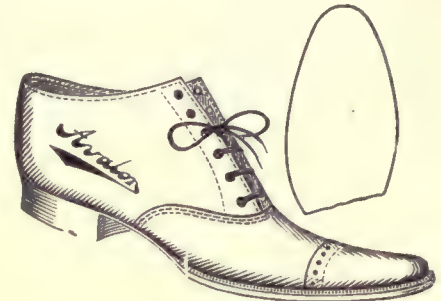


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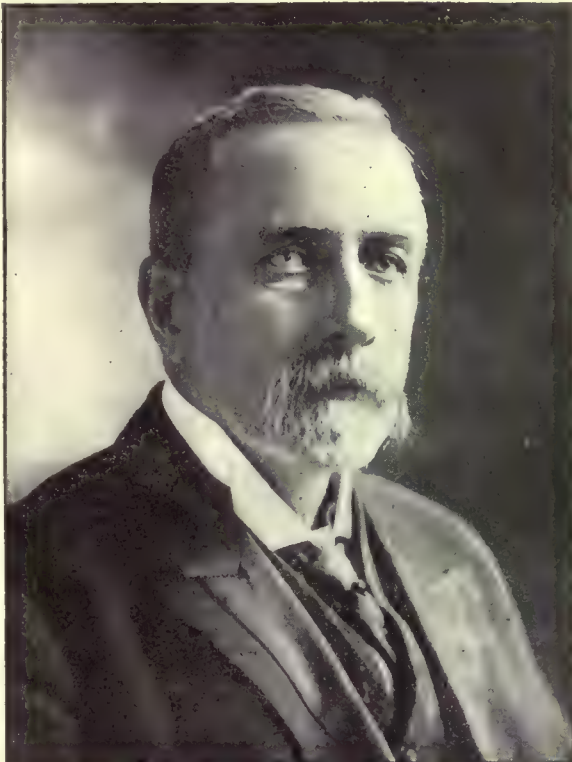
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THE ANGLER.

A Study in Evolution and Development.

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By A. J. W. McNeily, K. C.



A. J. W. McNEILY, K.C.



OUR Angler, the world over, is the creature partly of blood and partly of environment.

To the Evolutionist this initial observation may seem to savour of truism, for all existing organisms of the Universe are the products of their Heredity modified by their Environment. But what I wish to emphasize at the outset is the fact that the Fishing Instinct of the Angler is in a man's blood, and that it is not the mere accident of his environment. It is the differentiating distinction which segregates the class of Anglers from the unclassed aggregation of Fish-Killers. The blood-instinct of Angling is the "note" of the Angler. The Fish Killer's pursuit, or rather his imitative following, of the Angler's vocation, is only the accident of his surroundings. For I insist upon it that the Angler is "called" to his cult by the irresistible "vocation" of his blood, and that there is a Levitical heredity in it.

The Blood-Force then is innate and dominant. The environment is simply a formative energy which may even produce varieties of the Type.

This much conceded, it follows that, as the Angler's environment is infinitely diversified, the possibilities of variation in the

individual have large scope for their development. The variety indeed is kaleidoscopic; and like all varieties has its proverbial charm. What more diametric contrast could we find than that existing between Izaak Walton and Christopher North? *Arcades ambo*; yet with what a delightful diversity of the Arcadian temperament! With Izaak you wander by quiet-flowing English streams, or along the banks of

"Rivers by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

You breathe the bland sweet air of an English spring time; laze among flowery meadows, and by gentle slopes, by and copses, in all the sensuous calm of English landscape; and you live again in a past of enchantment, enveloped in the mellow haze of quaint antiquity. The gentle Master charms you with his kindly wisdom, and raises you to his high philosophy, which has its roots deep down in his love of Nature and of Nature's God. His God is the God of "the still small voice." His ideal life is "in the cool sequestered vale;" and one naturally thinks that, having filled the complete round of placid existence, he would fain (like his own milkmaid) have died in May—the English May—when he might have posies and garlands to strew his laureate hearse.

And what a contrast to his serene and venerable fellow-worshipper does the glorious old Christopher present! With the riotous joy of life surging in his veins, he drags you with him—for, go you must! A way over heath and hills, "thorough bush, thorough briar," to some lone dark mountain tarn, to some rushing torrent brown in spate, with sun-glints on its



Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

MURPHY'S FALLS, SALMONIER RIVER.

amber foam, to some bright lake gleaming with emerald islets, or to the quiet pools of some majestic river where the noble salmon leap and lurk and laze. Christopher's life is the sum of all the strenuous vital forces, informed and inspirited with the temperament of the Poet. His eyes have been anointed with the unguent which reveals to him all the hidden things of Nature. He holds converse with all the familiar spirits of his surroundings, Oreads and Dryads, the nymphs and the

"Elves of hills, woods, springs, and standing pools,
And those that o'er the sands, with printless feet,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune."

Voices he hears, too, which are inaudible to ears less finely attuned, the myriad spirit-voices of Nature; for in his veins courses the life-blood of Demeter, the Great Earth Mother herself.

The literature of Angling sparkles with many an illustrious name; yet it is passing strange that it is only in English literature that the essential pleasures of the gentle craft have been adequately celebrated; and, if one comes to weigh and analyse the fact, one can readily find its cause in the genius of the Anglo-Saxon and Keltic races. The Briton, be he Kelt or Saxon, is born with a passionate love of wild Nature. His very Patriotism is

ment" of the race. It has grown out of his environment; it is a blood instinct, with perhaps an atavistic tinge of savagery; but it appeals to the Briton's racial temperament as it cannot appeal to the volatile Gaul or the phlegmatic Teuton. In every class in the British Islands you will find the enthusiasm of the Angler. The toiling artisan and the *flaneur* of the clubs, the man of merchandise and the grave professor, the sedentary cobbler and the sun-browned traveller, the greatest luminaries of Law Physic and Divinity, the High Priests of Art and Science; all find their well-loved recreation, their distraction from labour and care, aye and even from sorrow, in the fascinations of Rod and Reel. And what more ludicrous picture could one conceive—if indeed it were conceivable—than that of a Tenfeldsdroch in waders, or an exquisite of the boulevards in conflict with a salmon?

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?

I have often thought that if it had been compatible with the Latin temperament that Horace could have been initiated into the Angler's cult, the Literature of the world and notably the literature of the Fisherman would have been greatly enriched. His intense appreciation of the *joie de vivre*, which meant for him not merely good living, and books, and friends, and urban refinement,



Photo by A. English.

LITTLE RIVER, SOUTH COAST.

something more than a mere abstract sentiment, because it is a feeling warmed into eager vitality by his love of his own glorious land, which is no mere abstraction for him, but a concrete reality of "forest and field and flood," of mountain fastnesses and leagues of wind-swept moorland, and crimson sunsets, and purple dawns, and the innumerable wild things of nature—all "girt about by the inviolate sea." His patriotism is the immediate offspring of his love of Nature in his own land. But the Briton is something more than a lover of Nature, something more than a mere patriot. He is born with the Contemplative Temperament, though like the hero of Agincourt he may "obscure his contemplation under the veil of wildness." Nevertheless the temperament is innate with him, and it grows

"Like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty."

It is the love of Nature and of contemplation that makes the Angler. The Contemplative Man's Recreation has grown out of these two factors, and has evolved into an "incorporeal hereda-



Photo by H. Fraser.

SALMON FISHING.

included also a healthy admiration of the charms of the country, and the pleasures of the Simple Life.

It is difficult, one is tempted to think, to determine how much of affectation there was in Horace's professed admiration of rural felicity; and the man who knows his Horace is at times constrained to the conclusion that the splendid old sybarite is masquerading when he sings the glories of the austere virtues, the grandly ascetic temperament, and the harsh surroundings of the rugged ruralist in the days of older Rome. And yet, and yet, underlying all his kindly satire and his invectives against the Age of Luxury, one finds in him a tender sympathy with Nature in all her moods; and his vivid pictures of the changing seasons, and woods, and fields, and streams, and the Bandusian spring "clearer than any glass," all bear witness to the seeing-eye and the receptive soul. If to these had been added the blood-instinct of the Fisherman, Horace would have been well equipped for the full appreciation of the joys of the Compleat Angler. It seems to me indeed that all the great names which

have been associated with the praises of the gentle craft are of men into whose nature has been infused a large portion of the Horatian temperament. From Izaak Walton through all the generations down to our own days, the day of Francis, and Senior, and the younger Marsden, and Andrew Lang, the Horatian genius to some extent pervades them all. Christopher North, with his massive frame and leonine countenance, bears no physical resemblance to the delicate dandy of Venusia. Yet Christopher is steeped to the lips in the Horatian spirit. Old Izaak, whose deep religious feeling informs his every sentence, would seem at first sight to have nothing in common with the Epicurean Agnostic, the "parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens;" but if you explore and analyse them, you will find that disparate as they appear, their orbits of life and feeling intersect, and include an area common to both. Whilst Horace is no religionist and Izaak is no voluptuary, they have common territory of feeling in the joy of living, the glories of Nature, and the contemplative mood; with the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart. And so Izaak seems to us like a Horace converted to Puritanism, or rather like a Puritan with a liberal dash of the Horatian spirit in him.



Photo by A. English.

BAY D'EST RIVER.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!" Happy is the man far removed from the cares of business. In all the bright and sparkling lyrics of the poet there is none more charming than this well-known second of the Epodes. It celebrates with tender grace the enchantments of the country life, and almost seems as if it had been suggestive of Gray's Elegy; and so perfect is its charm that we refuse to be disenchanted even when in the concluding verses we find that it is the musing of an unregenerate city usurer, who having determined to quit his unwholesome business and live in rustic tranquillity, realises his capital on the Ides, but reinvests it on the following Kalends.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!"

In our salad days we some of us used to think that this philosophic maxim had special application to the blessedness of the man who was far removed from the necessity of toil, who had no business cares, and whose daily walk and conversation were either above or beneath the *Sturm und Drang* of life. But verily this is the blessedness of the Lotos-eater; and we all of us in the struggle for existence learn, soon or late, that there is no beatitude in "long rest and dreamful ease." It is only with

Lifework of some sort that happiness and the completed life consist. The true beatitude is that of the man whose labour has earned him *Rest*, and who has merited the right to be "procul negotiis," far removed from the scene of his regular toil. A life that is all work is as incomplete in its way as a life that is all pastime. The perfect life is the complementary union, in just proportions, of Labour and Recreation. And what more perfect recreation, can there be than that of the Compleat Angler? It is the true Re-Creation of the wearied Brain, of the tense-strung Nerves and of the flaccid Muscles which are the consequences of the strenuous Life; it is the antitoxin to the poison of Stress, the medicine, sedative and tonic, for "the weariness, the fever and the fret" of overstrained Humanity. It is the ideal Recreation, and "even in its very Motion there is Rest."

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

Where is the Rest of the plutocrat New Yorker, who leaving his labour rushes off by express or motor to his country house or his cottage-palace at Newport, and who is never out of touch with Wall Street and Broadway, tied to his office by telephone and tape. This machine of Humanity demands its Rest and



Photo by Dr. Keegan.

THE CLUB HOUSE, MURRAY'S POND.

demands that repair which Rest is active in effecting. The true Rest is necessarily re-creative; it is not a passive accident or incident of life; it is in itself an Energy, a re-creating Force. To achieve it, it is essential that the worker should be "procul negotiis," far from the environment of the place and atmosphere as well as from the compulsion of his daily labour. Rest is only Rest when it comes in amœbæan succession to toil.

The Contemplative Man's Recreation is essentially a solitary pursuit, or at most a *solitude à deux*. If there be a fellow-hermit one demands that he should be an intensely congenial spirit, in thorough harmony with ourselves and the environment. The ideal associate is one who thinks our thoughts before they find form and utterance, and who, though he may differ from us on the relative merits of a "Dusty Miller" and a "Silver Gnat," is virtually at one with us in our views of the Universe. It may be granted that such an Alter Ego is somewhat hard to find; but then the Ideal Angler is himself a rarity. It need hardly be said that the gregarious Fish-Killer is not an Angler, "neither indeed can be." The Fishing Picnic is a profanation of the craft. The participant in this form of depravity is



Photo by W. Edgar.

ANGLING AT NINE MILE POST.



Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

THE ANGLER'S CAMP AT SALMONIER RIVER.

generally referred to in the journalese idiom as a "Sport," and as the term generically includes the Betting-Man, the Prize Fighter, and the Card Sharper, there is a certain fitness in the phrase. We will not quarrel with it.

But we repeat it, the vocation of the gentle craft is a solitary cult. We crave for no comradeship, no communion of souls, no interchange of thoughts. The great Earth-Mother is our Kindred Spirit, and with Her we can hold communion high and mystic. And do we not feel, in some exalted moments, in the solitude of Nature, that there are other spirits whose subtle but unseen presence pervades the soul?

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time has pressed,
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And, one by one, crept silently to Rest.

Is it difficult to imagine that the ghosts of dead and gone Anglers, even though they be in everlasting joy and felicity, should desire to revisit the scenes of their purest earthly pleasures? And can any one presumptuously assert that the great All-Father would not rather place his Fiat than his Veto upon a longing so innocent and so natural? Always premising that we

speak of "good" Anglers, it is delightful to conceive of such a condition of felicity; and the man who asserts its possibility has ground as firm to rest upon as has the man who denies it. "We know not what we shall be." Beyond revelation, though not perhaps beyond inspiration, there is an unknown land, uncharted, unsurveyed. No traveller returns to tell its story; but soon enough for all of us the mystery shall be unveiled. Seasons will come and go. As ever of old the summer breeze will be as bland, the woods will be as green, the waters as bright. The rising Rainbow, in the glory of sunset, will gleam with the same splendid iridescence, and another generation of Anglers will taste the joy of living. Some one of these perchance will bear us in genial remembrance, if only to think that

His place in all the pomp that fills
The glory of the summer hills
Is, that his grave is green.

And then it may chance that some one in kindly reminiscence may pour out the libation of old Khayyám and, on some well remembered spot, "turn down an empty glass."

THE END.

The XIXth Sonnet.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Written upon the death of Donna Catharina de Athaide.

By A. J. W. McNeily, K.C.

My gracious spirit that so swift did'st speed
From this unsatisfying life thy flight,
Repose for ever there in Heaven's own light,
Whilst here on earth my sorrow must be dreed:
In that high Ether, whither thou dost lead,
(If memory of this life shall fail not quite)
Remember thou my love, so warm, so bright,
So pure, that thou within mine eyes did'st read.

And should'st thou find aught that may worthy seem
In this my heart's immedicable woe,
My grief for thy dear loss; pray the Supreme
That He, who shortened thus thy years below,
As, suddenly he reft thee from my gaze,
So, suddenly my soul to thee may raise.

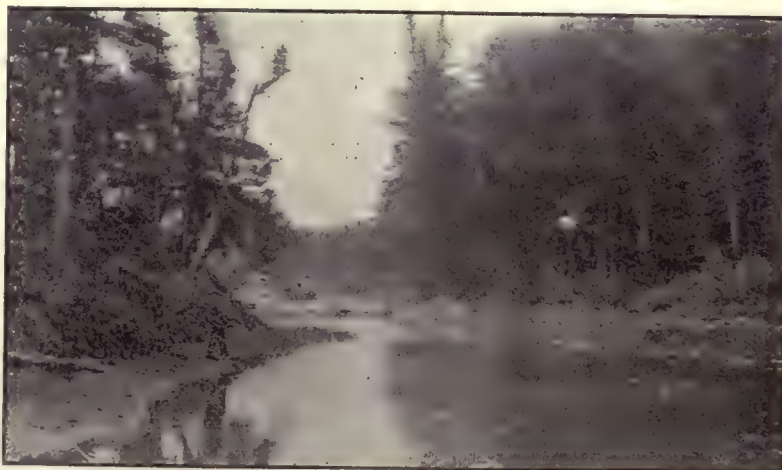


Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

THE ANGLER AT MIDDLE POOL, UPPER SALMONIER RIVER.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XIX.

BAY ROBERTS.



AY ROBERTS is no doubt called from a family of that name. It is an old English family name (though Lord Roberts is of Irish origin). The name still survives in Newfoundland under the corrupt or modernized form of "*Rabbits*." The name of Bay Roberts is found on very early maps. The earliest mention I find of it is on Thornton's map, dated 1689. On T. Cour Lotter's map, 1720, it is given as R. Robert, the name being transferred to the River. On the Royal French map, 1780, it appears as B. Rober, and the French map; 1792, has Baye de Robert. Thus we see the name boasts of a considerable antiquity. Bay Roberts is divided into two harbours by a peninsula called

COLEY'S POINT.

Mr. Shortis, of the G.P.O., to whom I am indebted for a great deal of information concerning these localities, informs me that this point was originally called "Coldest Point." That the first settlers were Daveys and Snows! (a very appropriate place for these latter). In the "Sailing Directions" it is called Cold East Point. There is still a place there called

DAVEY'S HEAD.

The present member of the Assembly for Burin is a descendant of this family.

The next large arm of the sea to the south of Bay Roberts is named

PORT-DE-GRAVE,

that is to say the Port or Harbour of the Beach. The ordinary French word for a beach is *greve*, pronounced broadly as the English word grave. It is also sometimes so spelt in French, and is pronounced by the fishermen still broader as "a" in the English word "to halve." The name is, of course, given on account of the splendid beach which spreads across the bottom of the harbour, into which flow the two beautiful streams known respectively as the North and South Rivers. The modern English name of

CLARKE'S BEACH

is no doubt derived from the name of one of the early settlers, most probably a relative of (if not the same person) Adam Clerke or Clarke mentioned in last article (XVIII.) as the pioneer of *Adam's Cove*.

When going to Harbour Grace by train, a few years ago, I noticed a remarkable looking bald round head rising from the point of land which forms the northern side of Port-de-Grave Bay. Monsignor Walsh, who was on the train, informed me it was

BARENEED.

I was struck with the peculiar manner in which he pronounced it, viz.: Baren-ead making three syllables of it, and so it is pronounced by all the people of the place. This pronunciation, together with the remarkable formation of the knoll or tolt, caused me immediately to seize upon the idea that the name was a corruption or rather a Devonshire pronunciation of "*Barren Head*" which would be a most appropriate name. Sometime afterwards I received a letter from Mr. W. J. Carroll, of the Registrar's Office, in which he informed me that Mr. Adams, Dep. Registrar, had come across a Deed referring to "Bareneed," in which the name is given as "Bearing Head."

Mr. Adams kindly sent me an extract of the Deed, which is worth reproducing here. It is as follows:—

"John Snow to Hunter & Co:

"A Deed of Mortgage registered in 1807, referring to property "situate in what is now known as Bareneed, Port de Grave, Conception Bay. This property was bequeathed to the mortgagee in 1787 by his father Jacob Snow and the place is "referred to and called "*Bearing Head*." . . . The particulars may be found in Vol. 4, of the Miscellaneous Registry, "pp. 48 & 49."

(Sgd)

GEO. J. ADAMS,

D. Reg. Sup. Court.

I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Adams for the interesting information. I think it bears out my conjecture. There would be no meaning in the word "*Bearing*" Head. But barren is quite intelligible, and the short *a* in such words as barren is very often lengthened by West-Country men's dialect. I have often heard the word "have," pronounced as the *a* in *shave*. I may hear mention that there is a hill between Renewse and Fermeuse named *Ball Head*. At the south-west corner of Clarke's Beach the

SOUTH RIVER

flows in. At the mouth of this river was situated the Colony of John Guy, or rather the farm belonging to that colony. This farm or settlement was called

SEA FOREST.

as we learn from the patent giving the Boundaries of Lord Baltimore's Colony of Avalon. Prowse says in his History (p. 98) that early in this (XIX) Century the remains of Guy's building, mills, &c., were found, together with millstones, coins, &c. The principal centre, however, of Guy's colony was the snug little harbour now known as

CUPIDS.

This place was well chosen as offering excellent harbourage. It is thus described in the British Pilot, 1755, "Cupids Cove is a good place for a ship or two to ride in; 4, 5, or 6, fathoms, and are not above a point open."

It is now certain that Cupids was the principal place of John Guy's settlement, though as remarked in No. XVIII, he may also have had a branch settlement at Mosquito. Prowse says (p. 98) "at Cupids Guy built three houses besides his wharves, stores, and fishing establishment. It was not, however, at first known by the name of Cupids, which is only a modern *Variant*. It was originally called

COOPER'S COVE,

probably after the name of the first agent, manager, or Governor of the Colony. Like many other names we find a great variety of spellings. Thus on Mason's Map, 1625, we have Cupert's Cove. On Dudley's map, 1647, Cuetes, which must be a mistake of the cartographers. On Seller's map, 1671, "Coper's Cove"; while the Governor of the Colony, John Slaney, in his letters to his Chief, spells it *Cuper's Cove*.

The name had been corrupted, or rather in this case *improved* into *Cupid's*, as early as 1630, for so it is called by Sir William Alexander, the founder of Nova Scotia, at that early date.

The next settlement coming south from Cupids is

BRIGUS.

This name has given rise to a good deal of controversy. It

may be here stated that there is another small harbour near Cape Broyle which bears the same name, and for distinction's sake it is called Brigus South or Brigus by South, while the one under consideration is called Brigus by North.

Mr. Shortis maintains that the name is a corruption of Bridge House or Brig House, from a small village near Huddersfield in the West Riding of Yorkshire, whence the first settlers of Brigus came. He has an ancient hymn book bearing in gilt letters on the cover the name of "Brighthouse." This book formerly belonged to one of the old families of Brigus. There is also an old Bible bearing the same name on its covers. It was originally the property of the Rev. Mr. Piercy, the first Methodist Minister, who was a native of the country; the date of the book is 1787. This book Mr. S. informs me is still in the possession of Mr. W. A. Munn, whose family was related to the Piercys. The Lancashire and Yorkshire people, like the Scotch, pronounce Bridge as Brig—and Brighthouse would certainly be pronounced "*Brigus*". Nevertheless, I am still of opinion that the name is derived from Brig a ship, and means

BRIG HARBOUR.

This place is called by Abbe Beaudouin, Army Chaplain to D'Ibberville in 1697,—*Brigue*. There is a harbour on the N.W. Coast near Flower's Cove, Straits of Belle Isle, called Brig Bay and the French call it *Brigue* precisely as they call this harbour of Brigus. The British Pilot of 1755, an entirely English Book, spells it *Brigues*.

There is in Brigus Bay or Harbour a cove called

GALLOWES COVE

Mr. Shortis derives it from the word *Gallowses* the name by which the fishermen, generally designate a pair of men's *braces* or *suspenders*, the arms of the cove being shaped like a fork and bearing some resemblance to the form of these braces when crossed over the back. But considering that there is scarcely a harbour or settlement in the Island, including St. John's itself, which does not rejoice in the gruesome adjunct of a gallows-cove, or gibbet hill, &c., I think we are justified in believing that this name represents the place where capital punishment used to be inflicted, and is a painful reminder of the days of stern naval and military rule. The days of the Surrogates and Fishing Admirals.

Coming southwards from Brigus we meet with

TURKS GUT

It has already been mentioned (Art. VIII) that the coast of Newfoundland was infested with pirates. Some of these came from Barbary, and were called generally by our fishermen "*Turks*." Hence the name of this and other such harbours around our coast. (See Prowse p. 146, and articles VIII. and XVII. of this series.) Next we come to

COLLIERS.

This place is probably called from a family name. The name is still of frequent occurrence among our people. A French map (Bellin, 1744) gives the name as *Baye du Charbonniere*, i.e. Bay of the *Charcoal Burner*, but I think there is no ground for the name, and that this is just a translation of the English *Colliers*. I have heard that indications of coal have been found in the place, but this, I think, is geologically impossible.

Next we come to

SALMON COVE,

a name of such frequent occurrence that it has been found necessary to change it in many places. The present one has been recently named

AVONDALE.

One of the harbours in this bay was formerly named Cat's Cove which name has recently been changed to Conception, both these names have already been fully discussed (Art. XVI.-XVII.).

The settlement on the coast of the peninsula, which forms the northern side of this harbour, is called

CATCHUSES,

or *Kitchuses*, a name the origin of which is unknown. It has been suggested that it is a corruption of Kit Hughes's, for Christopher Hughes's, but this seems far-fetched, and I am not aware that any person of such name ever lived there. The next harbour is

HARBOR MAIN.

The meaning of this name has been explained in Art. VI. It is called from *St. Men*.

Between Harbour Main and Holy Rood there is a small cove called Chapel Cove, the origin of the name has been referred to in Art. XVI.

On the point or peninsula between Salmon Cove and Harbour Main is the settlement of *Gastries*, the origin of which name is also alluded to in No. XVII.

† M. F. H.

Ten Years Later.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

THE larch's boughs hang over
This green and chequered nook;
And with the scent of clover,
Comes the sweet sound of a brook.
But on this broad white stone,
With softly-lichened base,
I sit and muse alone,
And dream of one fair face.

I see the wild snapdragon,
With dainty purple veined,
To suck whose tiny flagon
Has the wild bee long remained.
I know that afternoon
Fast purples into eve;
And night will come too soon,
And all in darkness leave.

Yet doth not cease my musing
As gloaming comes apace,
All things in dimness fusing
But, to me, one hidden face:—
We made no vows that day,
Though we together stood;
We both went free away,
And left this haunted wood.

Ye clouds that wait so sadly,
While light fast leaves your wings,
Thou brook that prattlest gladly,
With innocent murmurings;
Ye do not know the truth,
The secret is not yours;
'Tis gone with my lost youth,
Yet memory endures.

Go, Memory, and slumber!
And do not wake again
My thoughts with care to cumber,
Or my head to stab with pain.
If thou wake not in me,
My heart no future fears,
For she rests beside a sea
Which neither knows nor cares.

Special Creations or Evolution---Which?

By Rev. L. Curtis, M.A., D.D.

"We have to choose between two hypotheses, the hypothesis of special creations and the hypothesis of evolution."—HERBERT SPENCER.



IN this striking declaration Herbert Spencer places before the world what he regards as the only alternatives, Special Creations and Evolution; and he deliberately makes his choice. Not only does he make his choice, but he does it in a way which indicates that the hypothesis preferred by him is the only one possessing a particle of merit. The fact that there is an old Book, regarded by several millions of people as sacred writings, which boldly faces the problem of existence

and attributes all to creation, weighs nothing with him; why should it? He is so cock-sure as to have no misgivings whatever.

"However regarded," he says, "the hypothesis of special creations turns out to be worthless—worthless by its derivations; worthless in its intrinsic incoherence; worthless as absolutely without evidence; worthless as not supplying an intellectual need; worthless as not satisfying a moral want. We must, therefore, consider it as counting for nothing in opposition to any other hypothesis respecting the origin of organic beings." Having thus



REV. L. CURTIS, M.A., D.D.

disposed of special creations, he adopts evolution, the only other possible hypothesis, as the one, and all sufficient explanation of the universe. If then evolution is to account for all existence it must be a most wonderful thing; and, evidently, Herbert Spencer realized this, as indicated by his definition:—"Evolution," he says, "is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." If now Herbert Spencer be questioned further respecting the cause of that "motion," if he be pressed for further explanation as to what lies behind that marvellous thing which he calls evolution, his answer is, Force; and this he declares to be unknowable. According, therefore, to this system of materialistic philosophy, when man is questioned respecting his origin, he may use two terms—Evolution and Force—and concerning the latter of these nothing can be known. A sorry plight truly is this for the lords of creation to be placed in by this profound system; and yet, according to Spencer, this is the only possible "hypothesis."

Is it satisfactory? will be the question upon every lip. Must man be forever shut up to ignorance concerning his origin? Must "unknowable" be inscribed over every door at which he knocks for information respecting himself and all that is? Human intelligence refuses to accept that as the final answer. Scepticism, said Kant, is "not a permanent resting place for human reason"—neither is Agnosticism. Is it sufficient as an explanation? Darwin becomes specific in attempting to dispense with God and Creation. He gives a system which may be summed up thus:—1, Indefinite Variation; 2, Heredity; 3, Struggle for Existence; 4, Natural Selection and Survival of the Fittest.

Again we ask, Is that sufficient? A pretty large demand is made upon any system which undertakes to account for this universe, animate and inanimate, organic and inorganic, non-living, living, intelligent, moral, and spiritual. Darwin seems to have recognised this when he said,—“If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down.” Again he says,—“Natural selection can act only by taking advantage of slight successive variations; she can never take a leap, but must advance by short and slow stages.” We ask, therefore, does any complex organ exist which could not have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications? Can you account for the different organisms and rule out the possibility of a “leap”? The answer manifestly is that any system which necessitates such a continuity of steps to account for the different kinds of organisms cannot afford any admission of missing links. Take, for instance, the chain between the anthropoid ape and man; links are demanded for every variation. Millions of connecting organisms must have come in to span that yawning gulf. And those links should be as much in evidence now as at any other time; for the conditions of to-day should be even more favourable for the development of the ape than when no higher being than he existed, and he had to move upward without any assistance from his environment. There should be therefore, living creatures innumerable connecting the ape and man. Do these living creatures exist? Not only are no such living creatures to be found, but there are not even fossils to fill the gap. The hope of the evolutionist is in paleontology; but so far all research in that region has failed. Darwin wrote,—“I cannot doubt that during millions of generations individuals of a species will be born with some slight variation profitable to some part of its economy.” Where are the individuals? Where are the links connecting the ape with man?

Dr. Calderwood tells us that the ape's brain, including the gorilla, with the chimpanzee, at its maximum weight is only 15 ounces, whereas the brain of a man at its average weight is 49 ounces. The proportions are; anthropoid apes, 10; savages, 26; civilized man, 32. All the links are missing. In his later works, indeed, Darwin modified, to some extent, his system. It had broken down, and he set about to repair it; and the newer school of evolutionists still more emphatically breaks with the Darwinian system. This has been very clearly shown by Rudolf Otto, in a series of articles entitled “The Darwinism of To-day and Theology,” only one paragraph of which I shall reproduce. After describing minutely the distinction between Darwinism and the newer school of evolutionists, he says,—“This means now, certainly, the recognition of development and derivation, but sets Darwinism aside as a superseded hypothesis; partly establishes, partly renders possible, the striving to an end, inner causation, teleology; sets aside the accidental factors that stand in the foreground, and opens a glimpse into the metaphysical background of things.” This means that evolutionists are beating a retreat. Their superabundant confidence in their system is giving way, their sneers at theologians and revelation are less pronounced, their dogmatic utterances are expressed with less emphasis, and, on the whole, it looks as if the creation story of Genesis would be restored to its former position of divine authority. Indeed, in 1886, when Gladstone and Huxley were engaged in controversy over the cosmogony of Genesis, and by mutual agreement referred the case in dispute to Professor Dana, his verdict was,—“I agree in all essential points with Mr. Gladstone, and I believe that the first chapter of Genesis and science are in accord.”

In 1904 Karl Von Hartman wrote,—“In the sixties of the past century the opposition of the older group of Savants to the Darwinian hypothesis was still supreme. In the seventies the new idea began to gain ground rapidly in all cultured countries. In the eighties Darwin's influence was at its height, and exercised an almost absolute control over technical research. In the

nineties, for the first time, a few timid expressions of doubt and opposition were heard; and these gradually swelled into a great chorus of voices, aiming at the overthrow of the Darwinian theory. In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered." Lord Kelvin, that Prince of Scientists, in the morn of the twentieth century boldly declares that, "Scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power" and that, "If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God." Forced by science to belief in God? Science which was the watchword of scepticism and agnosticism; science which was to rid man of superstitious beliefs in God and immortality; science which was to account for everything and explain the origin of everything apart from the supernatural? Verily, the world moves! Yes, the links are missing; the links between the non-living and the living; the links between mere animal existence and human consciousness and the moral sense; the links between the highest animal and man are missing, and the word which best accounts for this universe is Creation, and the only word which can account for creation is GOD.

St. John's in the Seventies--Musings.

By H. H. Burnette, M.D.



THE question has often been put to me, "Why are you reading that book, again. You have read it at least a dozen times before?"

The characters are all friends of mine. I was not satisfied with a simple introduction, I wanted to get well acquainted, and my love, and interest increased, when I knew them better. Just so do

I feel towards the people of Newfoundland, and when you asked me to write a short article for your *QUARTERLY*, it was a voice out of the past,—a past full of happy memories. My appetite for thinking of those by-gone days has been very appreciably sharpened, by the sojourn of my daughter in St. John's, during the past two months. The letters she has written home telling me of people I knew and associated with over thirty years ago, the kindness and hospitality shown her awaken my fullest thankfulness.

Homogeneity is said to be the cause of all the advancements made by the Japanese; of course the exception proves the rule. New York city, the greatest metropolis of the earth in many ways, is the very opposite of homogeneity, only eighteen per cent. of the population being native born. But New York is all right to do business in; not to live in. When a community ceases to be homogeneous, the social element changes to a wild mob, and you must live "cheek by jowl" with all classes and conditions of men. The travel here on boats and cars is simply awful. You literally take your life in your own hands when you venture to go about our streets, and patronize the various means of getting about the city. Compare all this with the simple life in St. John's of thirty years ago. And for my part I'll choose the latter without one minute's hesitation.

Newfoundlanders are all hospitable. If you come into their midst vouches for, your welcome is a foregone conclusion. Attrition certainly does put a certain polish on men and women, but the awful rubbing one gets here in New York does not improve the better elements in our characters. The beautiful, pure, and simple life lived in St. John's thirty years ago, stood for more real abiding happiness, and moral well-being, than the introduction of modern ideas, and the strenuous life ever will. The legitimate pursuit of happiness is, after all, the highest ideal we can hope for; and out of that perfect joy comes all the good we do for others. For the goodness in our lives is only the test in us reflecting from the sources of human thought, which is always the result of our social, religious and moral environments.

I was particularly impressed when in St. John's four years ago at the politeness of city officials, especially the policemen, the newsboys, too, with their "please" and "thank you," the two later expressions are quite unknown in this vicinity. All these things did obtain in St. John's thirty years ago, when you, my dear sir, "served your time on *The North Star*." . . . I may not be truly philosophical in my deductions, but there is a higher thought, and that is happiness; that which makes for the best in business, home, all social relations and mental achievements, of a true moral nature; that which makes for the best possible conditions for the greatest number; such conditions did obtain in St. John's thirty years ago.

Hoboken, New Jersey, August 23rd, 1907.



Photo by J. J. Sutherby.

AT THE FINISH OF THE BRIGADE RACE 1907—THE C. C. C. WIN BY HALF A BOAT'S LENGTH—THE M. G. SECOND.

IMMORTALITY.

By Fred. B. Wood.

WHEN Death had wrenched from Love
The one Love held most dear—
Faith hastened to Love's side
With whispered words of cheer.

To comfort Love, Faith threw
A bridge across Time's sea;
Love's children pass thereon
To immortality!

The Foreign Policy of the United Kingdom.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D., D.D.



WHY does trouble follow a Liberal Government as regularly as pestilence follows upon famine? Why have we had, for instance, since the accession of the Liberals to office, a threat from the American Government to break off all friendly relations unless something was conceded which the Americans have no right to, which they acknowledged not to be their right, and which the American

Government had declined to ask from the Conservative Government of the United Kingdom? Why have we had, since the Liberals took office, a Black rebellion in South Africa, a seditious Mohammedan movement in Egypt, a Hindoo conspiracy in India, a general dissatisfaction in almost every British Colony, and a fresh outburst in Ireland, which the Liberals had claimed that they, and they alone, were able to pacify?

One reason is that the Liberals have preached to everyone that the British Empire is organized wickedness, that any one who has a dispute with such a maleficent institution must be in the right, and that if he is only persistent the Liberals will surrender in order to avoid trouble and then cover up their surrender under a pretence of righteousness, love of peace, cosmopolitanism, and so forth. Matthew Arnold, who in his principles was a Liberal of the Liberals, remarks that a Liberal Secretary of Foreign Affairs has to lean on "the Philistine middle class;" and "when a Liberal Government addresses foreign nations, this is the force which it is known to have behind it—this Philistine with his likes and dislikes, his effusion and confusion, his hot fits and his cold fits, his want of dignity and of ideas, and of the steadfastness which comes from dignity and ideas. . . . And so we get mortifications such as those which befell us in the case of Germany's dealing with Denmark, and Russia's dealing with the Black Sea; and foreign statesmen knowing how the matter stands with us, say coolly what Dr. Busch reports Prince Bismark to have said concerning a firm and dignified declaration by our Liberal Foreign Secretary: 'What does it matter? Nothing is to be feared, as nothing is to be hoped, from these people.'"

John Bright once remarked concerning a colleague in a Liberal Cabinet: "I should not care to go tiger-hunting with him. I think that just when the tiger was about to charge, he would begin to reflect that, after all, there was a good deal to be said for the tiger's side of the question; that tigers had always been oppressed by the human race: that this tiger's relatives had probably been killed by relatives of ours; that it was not clear that it was *right* to hunt tigers for sport; and so forth. He would think of all that, just when the tiger was about to charge." Is not this a fair description of the attitude of Liberals generally towards foreign nations? Of all the great nations the British are on the whole the least patriotic, not that there are not numerous Britons as patriotic as any men, or more patriotic, but we are the only nation that contains a positively "anti-patriotic" section; and this section is found not so much in the lower classes as in the middle class, and includes the majority of the Political Nonconformists and of the Lowland Scots and of the Welsh; and so the general average of the patriotism of the whole is brought very low.

The theory, in fact, of a large number of Liberals, especially of our Scotch Colonial Secretary and Prime Minister, seems to be that the best defence against malice is timidity and meanness. Malice there is in foreign countries, and always will be so long as the British Empire is an object of envy and apprehension; for the natural outcome of envy and fear is malice. Foreign nations are much less fair and much more malevolent than we are, and good nature is wasted upon them. When I read the calumnies of the anti-British press abroad, they always remind me, in their low and cowardly malignity, and in their stupid inconsistency and self-contradiction, of the tone of most of the "religious" newspapers of the Political Nonconformists towards the Catholic Church, and I know that in both cases, the political bigotry of the foreigner and the religious bigotry of the Nonconformist have similar roots. Bigotry (whether religious or

political) and cowardice always go together; whether the bigotry has its root in the cowardice, or the cowardice has its root in the bigotry, or (as is more probable) both the bigotry and the cowardice have a common root in a degraded condition of mind and heart. However, it is better to be envied than to be pitied; and anyone who has the blessing of being both a member of the Catholic Church and of the British Empire finds abundant reason to know that both ecclesiastically and politically he is an object of envy. But the Liberals are too busy trying to drive the doctrine of the divinity of Christ out of the schools to have any strength left for the defence of national interests.

How much the existence of the Liberal Government is to the advantage of the United States,—how the Liberal Party is regarded by Americans as "the American party,"—secretly to be despised but to be kept in power,—may be seen from a single incident. The Irish-Americans, who are under the influence of American opinion and feeling, went over to the Irish National Convention in Dublin for the purpose of urging the Irish to accept the measure of local government offered by the Liberals and help to keep the Liberal Party in office. I am aware that the Liberals are trying to make out that their measure was rejected by the Irish under Irish-American instigation, but *I know* that to be the reverse of the truth. And everyone, whatever his opinion on Irish affairs may be, must rejoice that the Irish have a mind of their own and are not the tools of foreigners. It is now clear that the Irish people are wiser than their politicians. Before the last general election, when the Irish people favoured Chamberlain's plan of tariff-reform, which would certainly benefit Irish Industries, the Americans sent over Mr. Bourke Cochrane, who persuaded the Nationalist politicians to oppose it. But the Americans cannot make catspaws of the Irish people, as they did of the Irish politicians. And assuredly the Irish were right now in not being drawn into the tail of the Liberal Party and fighting its electoral battle, for the sake of such a measure of local government as was offered in Birrell's Bill. Of the Irish policy of the present government all that need be said is this—that the only thing needed to complete and crown the infamy of the surrender to Parnell has now occurred, viz., the betrayal of Mr. Redmond and the party which he was educating into Imperialist Home Rule. We now know that the enemies of Irish Home Rule are right inside of the Liberal Party, and it is no use to try to persuade us that they would give more if "the people" would let them. The Liberals used that language long enough in regard to Catholic questions; but they cannot deceive the Catholics any more. And so, on the Irish question, we know that the opposition to Home Rule comes, not from "the people" (who follow the King's views) but from Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, and other members of the Cabinet. It will be a long while before the Liberal Party again come to be trusted by the Irish, however much the Irish-American agents of American interests (who would instigate rebellion if it suited the United States) may exert themselves to secure support for "the American party," which is always ready to surrender colonial interests, which tried not only to shake off British America as a nuisance but to make a present of it to the United States, and which is trying to make even the United Kingdom a dependency of the United States.

The Political Nonconformists fancied that they should secure the sincere friendship of United States by an appeal on the ground of a common Protestantism; but on that ground, Germany, as "the Land of the Reformation" always has the advantage over Great Britain. Moreover, thanks to the manner in which English and Scotch Liberals and infidels have advertised German Scholarship and disparaged the British intellect, because British Scholars are more Christian than those of Germany, every American Protestant Minister who wanted a first-class education, has gone to Germany. So far has this been carried, that American teachers go to Germany to study English literature. All these have come back pro-German, and filled with the idea of the intellectual inferiority of the British, which

they have been taught by the Germans as well as by the "anti-patriotic" party of Great Britain. So the Non-Conformist appeal to Protestant fraternity is unheard; while on the other hand, it arouses antagonism among the Catholics of the United States and that is the only effect it produces. Take the case of the Congo State (which, by the way, I do not defend). The Nonconformists who supported American intervention in Cuba and the war against Spain, cannot obtain American support in their campaign against the Congo. The Catholics of America have stopped that. Ten years ago, the Catholics of the United States would have denounced it as an English plot against a Belgian Colony; now they do not accuse England, but they protest against "a Protestant conspiracy against the Colony of a Catholic State." And a Nonconformist minister bitterly complains that the Catholic Cardinal has prevented the American government from supporting the attack on the Congo. Now, this is the more remarkable because the Congo assuredly is scandalously misgoverned—worse than India in the time of Warren Hastings,—and because the Belgians in raising the Catholic cry are practising the usual hypocrisy of European nations, who are always trying to make religion the instrument of their temporal policy—and because the Belgian officials have tried to throw the blame on the Catholic missionaries. But the fact is that the malice of the Nonconformists against the Catholic Schools in England has excited the strongest resentment among the American Catholics; and Catholics who are not American, cannot help asking, why do the Nonconformist philanthropists always select Catholic States and weak States for their attacks? Why don't they denounce the maladministration of the American dependencies? The atrocities of the American conquest of the Philippine Islands, and the treachery, brought no word of protest. The Indians of Alaska are treated worse than the Congo Blacks. The Indian men are enslaved and compelled to work in the mines; and the women of whole villages are turned into slaves of another kind. The whites themselves are so oppressed by corrupt officials and judges that they have petitioned for annexation to Canada; and assuredly they are looking forward to the day when Canada will be a powerful nation and when they may shake off the American yoke and annex themselves to Canada. The example of Panama and of Texas will be followed. Why do not the Nonconformist philanthropists speak out about Alaska? They could not if they would (for the Americans would make them mind their own business;) they would not if they could, for they think America is "Nonconformist." And the fact is that the Political Nonconformists are more American than British in their affections; as may be seen from the fact that they applauded the American war for the seizure of the Spanish Colonies, and they denounced their own country for preventing the Transvaal from seceding from the British Empire and oppressing the British Colonists in defiance of the pledges given by President Kruger in 1881. I think, however, that even the Nonconformists will soon find out that the United States is not a Nonconformist country—that secular education has destroyed Protestant bigotry and Protestantism itself, and produced a nation of "careless Gallios" who detest Puritanism, who regard Puritan ministers as hypocrites, and who enjoy a scandal about a Puritan minister as keenly as the Puritans enjoy a scandal about a priest; and, in truth, the American Gallios do not lack enjoyment, for there is no day of the week, in the United States, but some Protestant minister (a Baptist oftener than any other, and an Episcopalian less often than any other) is brought into court for immorality.

The folly of Liberals in foreign affairs was well illustrated at the time of the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela. Though it had been made clear to the American government that no violation of the Monroe doctrine was intended, and though President Roosevelt then sanctioned the collecting of debts, yet the Liberals, from fear of the American mob, started the cry that we must break with Germany, and their papers poured all kinds of abuse on the German Kaiser. Scarcely had they compelled Lord Lansdowne to break with Germany, when President Roosevelt, a man of Dutch descent, educated in Germany and always Germanophil, seized the opportunity to make advances to Germany, so that the United States might have two strings to its bow and be free to quarrel with the British

Empire; and since the change of government in the United Kingdom, Germany has become the more intimate friend of the U. S. Then Mr. Bryce, who obtained a superficial popularity in the United States by flattering the Americans for the same things which he censured in his own countrymen.—or rather, for worse things,—was asked to take the embassy at Washington; and being a Liberal patriot, he demanded that the salary be raised to a sum equal to the salary of the President, and a bonus of \$10,000, for the expense of removal to Washington. Is Mr. Bryce worth this? The sense of the Anglophiles is that he is not, and that since his arrival in America his blunders have made matters worse.

The trouble with Liberal foreign policy is that the Liberal Government is not allowed to look after national interests, (which, in subjection to the moral law, should be the object) but is pushed by its supporters into promoting foreign liberalism or foreign evangelicalism. Minds overclouded by party spirit or sectarian bigotry cannot see the facts with which they have to deal. Thus, of Cromwell, Mr. S. R. Gardiner says: "In the knowledge of the character and aims of other governments and nations he was singularly deficient;" and again: "The policy which Cromwell was following was based upon false conclusions; it rested upon the idea that the Roman Catholic governments were about to confederate together to attack the independent Protestant States—a pure hallucination." Matthew Arnold remarks: "Our Puritan middle class presents a low standard of manners, a stunted sense of beauty, a narrow range of intellect, and a defective type of religion; and yet it is in deference to the opinion and sentiment of this class that our policy is shaped towards Ireland. And then we wonder at Ireland's antipathy." And we may apply this to other countries. Brownson, the great American philosopher, taught that we should judge Englishmen by the opposite of their professions—that the benevolent and philanthropic profess prudence or even affect cynicism; and that the self-seeking or the intolerant employ the language of the loftiest philanthropy and piety: "Confide with your whole heart in an Englishman or an American unless he sets up for a philanthropist; but if he once mounts that hobby, look well to your locks and keys." Such is an American view of the Political Nonconformists; and how is a government supported by Nonconformists to escape the same character?

Among the questions which Americans sometimes ask themselves about the British Islands are these? Whether the people who elected the present government are not pretty gullible? Whether the Irish or the English are the more gullible? Whether the sectarianism of England, Scotland, and Wales is not as disgraceful as the faction-fighting of the Irish? Whether sectarian fighting is not as ruinous to religion as faction-fighting is to national interests? Whether, as faction is unpatriotic, sectarianism is not irreligious? Whether the English Dissenters will forever allow Scotch and Welsh politicians to set them fighting with the Church of England? Whether some English sect or other has not always been the catspaw of some outsider, or even of some foreign nation? Whether it is not to the English Dissenters that we should apply the saying

Fighting like devils for conciliation

And hating their neighbours for the love of God?

These are interesting questions, but, as charity should begin at home, let us ask ourselves whether we are any wiser in our sentiments towards foreigners than the Liberals of Great Britain? Did not we for forty years fawn upon a foreign nation that despises us, and insult and quarrel with our fellow-subjects on the mainland? I do not favour Confederation, but I must say that the absence of moral union, friendship, and alliance between us and the rest of British America is a disgrace to us as Christians, as citizens of the same empire, and as a civilized people. Ought not we to have learned from the hurricane of hell-born hatred in the United States during the Boer war how bitterly the majority of Americans hate the British Colonies? Yet, even to get our news, we pass over the Canadian sources, and employ a misrepresenter in the United States, who thinks to satisfy one section of our people by anti-Catholic fictions, and the other section by anti-British fictions; his calculation being that Newfoundlanders are so divided, and so degraded by their divisions, that each section is willing to be insulted, provided that the other section is insulted also? Is he right in his opinion of us?

The Vagaries of American Historians.

Their Comedy of Errors.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



AMERICA is a country of great Universities. Each of these has a school of history, and strenuous efforts are made every year to turn out big volumes on the subject. There is no finality about history; the field is so large that every industrious gleaner may gather in a sheave or so, more or less valuable. As my space is very limited, I will confine

my observations to one subject—the early history of North America. On this special topic of their own country, one would expect the native historians of the United States to be well informed, accurate and interesting; but it is here that we find the want of prospective, and the utter want of judgment which renders all this branch of the subject a “comedy of errors.” One of the most amusing illustrations of their fantastic vagaries was shown up several years ago. Near Providence, Rhode Island, there was an old dilapidated circular building. American antiquarians came to the conclusion that this was a veritable relic of the Northmen’s occupation of their country in the 10th century. Wiseacres sent plans and descriptions of the ruins to Professor Rafyn, of Copenhagen, a leading member of the Society of Northern Antiquaries. To this fly, cast by the Americans, the great Dane rose greedily, and at once informed his correspondents that the old building was a Baptismal Chapel of ancient European construction. Certainly not later than the early part of the 14th century—a whole library of literature was written on the subject, and the American historians were jubilant.

I remember well a brilliant series of articles in *Scribner’s Magazine*, fully illustrated, in which the writer went into the whole subject of ancient Baptismal Chapels, and proved conclusively that the old circular building at Newport was a copy of a European chapel.

Alas for their cherished hopes of real antiquities in America! The old building was proved beyond cavil, or doubt, to be a common old grist mill built by a former Governor of the State. My readers will remember a similar good story in Scott’s *Antiquary* where Monkbairns, the antiquary, is pointing out to his visitors the Roman Castrum and Edie Ochiltree, says, “Castrum or no Castrum, I mind the building of it,” gives the names of the masons who worked at it.

The *Antiquary* is the most humorous of the Waverley novels. Scott was, himself, an antiquary, so he describes the hero with knowledge and gusto. It is the pride of the Scotchman to be a laird, and to be called after the name of his estate of a few barren acres. Our old friend, Sir W. R. Kennedy, told a good story of a petty officer who retired from the Service with the honorary rank of Lieutenant, R.N. He had saved money, so he bought a small estate in his native Highlands. He paid a boy sixpence a week to call him every morning. First he asked “How was the weather?” Next, “How was the wind?”

Then the lad called out: “The Captain orders you on deck, sir.”

“Tell the Captain to go to the devil,” said the sleeper, “I am going to stay in my bunk.”

After obeying orders for forty years his idea of enjoyment was to flout his superior officers. After this little digression we will resume our narrative.

Warned by this most absurd fiasco of the stone-mill one would have expected that the enthusiastic American antiquarians would exercise a little caution about the Northmen’s presence in New England. Professor Horsford, one of the most fantastic of these antiquarians, not only lectured about the arrival of Eric the Red (the Chief who discovered America) but has actually erected a statue of this interesting barbarian to commemorate his presence in Boston.

One of our Newfoundland writers was very anxious and very enthusiastic about the erection of a statue to Sebastian Cabot, who never saw Newfoundland, but simply lived and lied about his father’s great voyage.

There are two very humorous points about this Bostonian tribute to Eric the Red.

Fancy! moral, humane, Puritan Boston commemorating the memory of a murderer. Eric was banished from Norway for murder. It was a time of duelling and fighting, of fierce forays on peaceful cities. We may be sure that Eric’s crime was a peculiarly base and treacherous slaughter, or it would not have been punished so severely.

The next joke is that Eric was no more in Boston than he was in the moon.

There is not a tittle of historical evidence to corroborate the Professor’s views. Whilst on the contrary there is overwhelming proof that the Northmen’s voyages never went beyond the West Coast of Newfoundland. There is not a trace of their presence anywhere South of this Point. The American enthusiasts describe the voyages of these daring old voyagers as if they travelled about in fast steamers instead of small undecked row-boats. For such frail craft in summer weather with light winds twenty to thirty miles would be a good day’s work. The description given of their most southern exploration corresponds most minutely with St. George’s Bay on the West Coast of Newfoundland. This is confirmed in a very remarkable way by their encounter with the Eskimos on their most southern voyage. All American historians are agreed that there is not a trace of these savages in skin boats beyond Newfoundland and Labrador. In the map of the Icelandic Stephanus, 1570, Newfoundland is marked as Vinland. In later history the European discovery of North America by John Cabot in 1497, we meet with the same absurd errors. All credit Sebastian Cabot as the great seaman who should be honoured for this memorable voyage. Sebastian Cabot was no more in North America than he was in the Planet Mars. The historical evidence on this point is absolute. The name of those who sailed with Cabot are given. Sebastian’s pretensions are absolutely denied both by English and Spanish contemporary records.

Sebastian figures largely in the reign of Mary as an active energetic promoter of trade with Russia. If he had really taken part in his father’s famous voyage he would have been a decrepid old man of 86. In an age famous for mendacity, with such brilliant examples as our Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart, Sebastian eclipses them all. He was not an ordinary liar, but a doubly distilled Italian liar. The track of his falsehoods has been most ably followed by Harisse. This Franco-American gentleman writes in two languages. He is dull in both. The

subject is one for a humorist and would make a most entertaining story. I pass over the absurd way in which all American Historians have idealized the Pilgrim Fathers' landing. So woven around it an atmosphere of fiction that the plain prosaic facts, that it was a fishing adventure, combined with a colonization scheme undertaken by poor humble people striving for a living is altogether ignored.

The most wilful perversion of the real facts concerning the early history of the English in North America is the statement contained in every English and American work, that the West Countrymen, who discovered the Country, entirely neglected it for nearly a century and left all its advantages to foreigners.

The smallest attention to the records of the Tudor age would show the absurdity of this view of history. Directly the West of England men who went with John Cabot landed in Bristol August, 1497. They boasted as the Italian Soncino relates,—That they can bring so many fish from the newly discovered Island (Newfoundland) that the Kingdom will have no more to

only natural for the labourer and the fishermen to hide his wealth. The humour of the whole affair is the bare-faced audacity of the Devon men. The admiralty officials had helped them for a whole generation to gain immense wealth. Suddenly they turned on their benefactors and petitioned the young King to punish them for taking bribes from the poor fishermen. By this time then trade had grown so strong that they could boldly defy the corrupt officials. They succeeded. No taxes were ever more levied on their products, not even on the valuable goods they obtained in barter from the foreigners who resorted to Newfoundland in exchange for West of England cloth, Sheffield cutlery and Bridport cordage.

It was this discovery of the early trade to Newfoundland that gave me some reputation as an original writer of History, and justified the *London Times* in declaring "Judge Prowse has added a chapter to the History of England." In a future issue I will show up the vagaries of the Historians who deny that John Cabot's "Prima terra vista" was Newfoundland, or his landfall, Cape Bonavista!

D. W. PROWSE.



The Rainbow and the Rill.

By Dan Carroll.

I WATCHED one eve a rainbow fair,
Above the smiling hill;
Its base shook down its treasures rare
Upon a laughing rill;

That rill, along its banks I stray
While twilight haunts the dell,
And seek the light that that bright day
Into its waters fell.

By shady nook, by reedy fen,
It tempts my feet to roam,
Till down an amber-lighted glen
It seeks its ocean home.

Bright fragrant flow'rs of every hue
Bedecked that leafy glen,
They reproduced in colors true
The rainbow's tints again.

And then I knew my eyes beheld
That treasure sought for long
By many a dreaming bard of eld—
The theme of many a song.

Here shone the famed mystic gold,
The wondrous gems and rare,
That mountain legends long have told
Were lost to mortals e'er.

The rill that drank that radiant shower
Gives back in joy to-day
The light it won, to many a flower
Along its winding way.

O would that souls who catch betimes
A fleeting glimpse of heaven—
A glimpse that 'mid our earthly storms
Is lost as soon as given!—

Could, like the waters of the rill,
Give their glad message birth,
The angels of the Lord should still
Speak with the sons of earth.



Photo. by A. English.

A HERRING CATCHER COMING OUT OF BAY-DE-L'EUE.

do with Iceland (then the chief resort of the English codfishers) and that from this Country there will be a very great trade in the fish they call stock fish (dried cod). Can any of my readers who know the character of Devon men, their courage, tenacity of purpose, and intense love of gain, believe for a moment that this was mere braggadocio. That having once found this gold mine of the Newfoundland fishery they would abandon it to Foreigners. This would not be the West Country way. One of the most interesting episodes in Tudor History is the story of the early Trans-Atlantic Fishery and barter trade. Devon and Cornwall were for centuries the home of the smuggler and this great Newfoundland business from the discovery up to the reign of Edward VI. is a gigantic smuggle. The whole country side were in league with the fishermen, lords and ladies, gentle and simple, all got their supplies of liquors, velvets, linen, foreign preserves, oil, &c., from these bold adventurers. How it was all managed we can see clearly. The Custom House Officers of the day called (Officers of the Admiralty) were very poorly paid. The Devon men by bribes of money, doles of fish, &c., kept all their business secret from the Government. Under such a tyranny as bluff, King Hals, it was



Photo by James Vey.

Regatta Committee, 1907, at the Marquee, Quidi Vidi Lakeside.

Top Row—1, C. F. Taylor; 2, A. Noonan; 3, Jas. J. Bates; 4, W. J. Higgins; 5, J. Foran; 6, W. J. Martin; 7, R. Dowden; 8, J. Jardine;
 9, P. F. Moore; 10, R. Von Sten; 11, R. C. Smith; 12, T. McNeil; 13, J. R. Bennett; 14, F. J. Morris; 15, C. O'N. Conroy.
 Second Row—1, J. Crotty, *Treasurer*; 2, J. L. Noonan, *Secretary*; 3, Hon. John Harvey, *President*; 4, Capt. English; 5, J. Syme.
 Third Row—1, C. Ellis; 2, A. Hiscock, *Vice-President*; 3, P. J. Hanley.

Hunting Trips in North America.

By F. C. Selous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5 net.



THE author of this work is well known as a mighty hunter. His numerous books on Africa, which have gone through many editions, have won for him general fame as a naturalist, explorer, and sportsman. Bred in luxury, son of the chairman of the London Stock Exchange. Selous as a mere boy went out to Africa, and for years earned a good living as an elephant hunter. By his undaunted courage and his remarkable skill as a scout and explorer, he saved the situation for England in the well-known Matabele campaign. Moreover, there is one quality about Selous's books which will win the attention of his readers. They are all preëminently honest and sincere. There is no fine writing, no exaggeration; all his descriptions of adventures bear the hall-mark of truth. Though an excellent shot, he often confesses to misses and failures. The present work on the big game of North America, while primarily a sportsman's book, will also be interesting to the general reader and the lover of nature from its admirable description of the habits of wild animals observed in their haunts by an intelligent naturalist. There are no less than sixty five illustrations from photographs, some very good, others rather indifferent, but all interesting.

The first chapter goes over familiar ground, the hunting and shooting of some fine moose in central Canada. The rest of the book is divided between caribou hunting in Newfoundland, and very interesting accounts of trips to the Yukon and the little-known Macmillan River in North-Western Canada. Selous, as a born explorer, never cared to follow a beaten track, and in Newfoundland he laid out a line of his own into a part of the Island never before trodden by the foot of a white man. Amidst these nameless lakes and vast barrens and mountains he found great herds of caribou. It is worth while to quote a characteristic story of the fearlessness of these noble deer when undisturbed and unacquainted with man and his slaughtering gun.

While my men were bringing up the canoe, I walked three or four miles up the river. On my way I met a caribou doe and fawn coming down. At this point there was a space of about five or six yards of ground strewn with boulders and stones, between the running water and a high steep bank covered with dense forest. When I first saw the deer, they were about one hundred and fifty yards away, and as the wind was blowing down stream, they could not possibly scent me, so I sat down on a rock and waited for them. They came slowly along, picking their way among the stones, and every now and again halting to feed on the grass or the leaves of bushes growing on the bank. I sat in full view, about midway between the bank and the water, holding my rifle across my knee, and remained absolutely motionless. The doe never noticed me at all, and I am sure never for one moment imagined that I was not part of the stone on which I was sitting. She passed slowly between me and the bank, and at one time was not certainly not four feet away from me. The fawn walked right on to me, and when its nose was almost touching my knees, I think it must have smelt me, as it stopped and stood looking into my face with its nostrils twitching. Even when they got my wind they did not run, continually stopping and sniffing the wind and holding their absurd little tails cocked up.

One of the interesting subjects in this book is the comparison made by the author between the several varieties of the North American caribou. Until recently, the finest specimen of the reindeer on this continent was *Tarandus rangifer Terræ Novæ*, the noble woodland caribou of Newfoundland. It must now, however, give way to the Osborne caribou, *Tarandus rangifer Osborni*,

the great dark-necked caribou of the Rockies, whose distribution extends from the Cassiar Mountains of British Columbia to the Kenai Peninsula. The Osborne reindeer easily bears the palm, both from its immense size, and the elegance and beauty of its head and antlers. Selous had good sport in Newfoundland. He says of this almost unknown island, whose vast interior, larger than Ireland, is one great natural deer park:

I know of but one really wild country where big game is still plentiful, which can be quickly and easily reached, and where a shooting trip can be undertaken at a comparatively small cost and that is the island of Newfoundland, while the trips to Newfoundland are comparatively easy and only involve a canoe journey up lakes and rivers with some hard walking.

Selous's expedition to the Yukon and the Macmillan River was quite a different affair—a long canoe journey of hundreds of miles and the climbing of mountains thousands of feet high. All this had to be gone through before the sportsman arrived on the real hunting grounds. The variety of game also in this far-away region is much greater than in Newfoundland. Moose Caribou, wild sheep, bears, and several varieties of wolves are all to be obtained by the daring and untiring sportsman. Poling up stream for hundreds of miles and climbing mountains six and seven thousand feet high is no work for the feather-bed hunter. Selous, though now past middle age, is, thanks to his rigidly temperate habits, able to do any amount of hard work, to carry a heavy pack all day, climb hills, and shoot straight. His experience among the great caribou of the Yukon seems a repetition of his adventures in Newfoundland. In these almost inaccessible regions of far North-Western Canada the deer were just as tame, evidently unacquainted with man, and Selous seems to have had no difficulty whatever in getting his full number of fine heads of caribou. He found it harder to get good heads of moose. The complete failure was the wild sheep hunting. Numbers of these most interesting animals were seen on the high mountains, but they were all ewes or lambs. One very rare specimen, the black wolf, was bagged, killed by a wonderful shot at four hundred yards.

The hardship undergone on these expeditions will not encourage wealthy lovers of ease to venture into these remote regions, but to all who are hardy and tough, like the author, who have the genuine sporting instinct strongly developed, this book will be an interesting and informing guide to Newfoundland and Northwest Canada. One last chapter is devoted to outfit, food, etc., all excellent practical hints.

Nation, New York.

D. W. P.



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

Theatre Hill.

Duckworth Street.



Photo by J. J. Sutherby.

Callahan, Glass & Co's. Furniture Store.

FOR upwards of a quarter of a century, the firm of Callahan, Glass & Co. has been recognized as the leading furniture establishment in the Island. This reputation has been well earned for it by its energetic and experienced managers, who have always kept their stock replete with everything that is artistic, elegant and useful in the furnishing of a home. Their Show-Room, "The Big Furniture Store," (a picture of which appears above) is the largest building in the city devoted entirely to office and household furniture. Here an efficient staff of assistants are most zealous in their attention to customers. So large and so varied is the stock carried by this house, that patrons, however exacting their tastes, or economical in their selection, are sure to find "Just the thing that suits them" at the "Big Furniture Store."

The Upholstering and Mattress Making Departments are located in an annex of this building. That the goods manufactured are all right is evidenced by the steadily growing demand.

Big as the Show-Rooms are, they are not capable of holding all the goods ready for delivery, and a large building has been secured for storage of reserve stock.

The Cabinet Making (fully equipped with the latest labour-saving machinery) and Polishing Departments are situated on Gower Street. The quality of the work there produced is shown by the subjoined tribute to Mr. Callahan, from a man well qualified to pass an opinion on a work which displays the skill of the master mechanic. Indeed it is a tribute that Mr. Callahan and the employees should feel justly proud of, and more, it demonstrates the fact that this Colony can produce high class work of equal artistic merit, and as those experienced in this line must know, far more substantial and consequently vastly superior to the imported article.

MOUNT CASHEL, July 10th, 1907.

DEAR MR. CALLAHAN,—Last week I was at the Closing Exercises of Littledale Academy, and had an opportunity of inspecting the New Altar erected there by you. I have seen many works of utility and art come from under your hand, but in this exquisite Altar you have far surpassed your best efforts. Though in wood, for a long time I was so impressed that it was marble that I quite forgot myself in contemplation of this delightful Memorial. The artistic skill of the design, the scrupulous exactness of the execution, and the chaste beauty of the decoration, make this elegant work of Art a perpetual vision of beauty.

Now, one is lost in the reality of the many rare marbles reproduced; then the bold carvings of capitals and panels attract his fancy and excite his admiration; and again he forgets himself in admiration of the deep niches of the reredos, the clustered columns and the high "reliefs" so well balanced and distributed in the entire structure. It would seem as if all the richest and best features of the Golden Age of Gothic Architecture had been carefully garnered and reproduced in this most exquisite erection to the glory of God. The emblematic carvings showing the wheat ears and the bread, the blood-drops of the pelican, the grapes and other objects in relief, are all real gems of the carver's art, while the plumed finials, the rich crockets, the lovely open quarter foils and other decorative Gothic features leave nothing omitted in the production of this impressive and most beautiful of altars. It reflects honour on all concerned,—on the poetic mind of the Archbishop, whose hand traced the graceful outlines, on yourself who so religiously executed his plans, and on the Colony where such artistic genius must be lying dormant. With many hearty congratulations,

I am, dear Mr. Callahan,
Faithfully yours.

(REV. BRO.) J. L. SLATTERY.



Photo by S. H. Parsons.

Newfoundland Football League Champions, 1907—The Feildian Blues.

Top Row—I, Geo. Hunt; 2, H. Dickinson; 3, W. W. Blackall, B.A.; 4, C. E. Jeffery; 5, J. A. Hiscock; 6, F. Carter.

Second Row—I, B. Payn; 2, G. V. Boone; 3, J. A. Winter (Capt.); 4, C. Crowdy (Vice-Capt.); 5, R. Simms; 6, J. Rendell.

Third Row—I, J. Voisey; 2, R. A. Winter.

Notice to Mariners.

No. 5 of 1907.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

POWELL'S HEAD—Entrance to the Harbor of Trepassy.

Latitude 46° 41' 20" North.
Longitude 53° 24' 00" West.

NOTICE is hereby given that the installation of a Diaphone, operated with compressed air, to replace the explosive Fog Signal heretofore fired from Powell's Head, is completed.

The Diaphone will give blasts of 5 seconds duration, separated by silent periods of 112 seconds, thus:—

Blast.	Silent.	Blast.	Silent.
5 sec.	112 sec.	5 sec.	112 sec.

A new flat-roofed, one-story building, painted white, has been erected South-Eastwardly from the light tower. The Horn projects from the Southern side of this building.

On the 5th September proximo this Alarm will be put in operation and sounded during thick or foggy weather.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
St. John's, Newfoundland, August 24th, 1907.

Notice to Mariners.

No. 6 of 1907.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

STAG HARBOUR RUN—DISTRICT OF FOGO.

NOTICE is hereby given that Four Spar Buoys, white in colour, have been moored in 3½ fathoms in the narrow part of Stag Harbour Run—Two on the Northern Side, and two on the Southern Side. The passage between these Buoys carries the greatest depth of water.

N. B.—Navigators are cautioned against the possibility of those marks shifting. They have been only temporarily moored by one of the Coastal Steamers and a storm may alter their present position.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
St. John's, Newfoundland, August 24th, 1907.

Notice to Mariners.

No. 7 of 1907.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

IRON ISLAND—Off Entrance to Burin, Placentia Bay.

Latitude 47° 02' 40" North.
Longitude 55° 06' 50" West.

NOTICE is hereby given that on and after September 15th, proximo, a fixed Red Light will be exhibited from a square pyramidal wood tower, 18 feet high, with flat-roofed keeper's dwelling house attached to Northern Side, all painted white, erected on Iron Island.

The lens is dioptric, of the 6th Order. Elevation from sea level to centre of light, 118 feet. It should be visible in clear weather 8 miles in all directions seaward.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
St. John's, Newfoundland, August 24th, 1907.



Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to reserve from the operation of the Crown Lands' Act a strip of land along the North shore of Sandy Point, in the District of Saint George, 200 yards wide from high water mark on said shore, for the protection of Sandy Point.

The public are, therefore, notified that the cutting of trees or bushes on the said strip of land for any purposes whatever is strictly prohibited, any person so cutting will be liable to prosecution.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, October 23rd, 1906.

Fee-Simple Land!

Licenses of Occupation of Crown Lands may be granted, subject to the following conditions: (1) Payment of \$5.00 for each lot of 160 acres; (2) Settle, within two years, one family on each area of 160 acres; and (3) for each 100 acres licensed clear two acres per annum for 5 years. If said land is so cleared and cultivated and the required number of families are continued thereon for a further period of ten years, the licensee shall be entitled to a FEE-SIMPLE GRANT of the land so licensed. No grant to exceed 6,400 acres. (See Crown Lands Act, 1903, section 5), or

under Section 6 of said Act a License may issue to occupy 5000 acres of land, and, if the Licensee shall, within ten years, clear and cultivate 25 per cent of the land and shall settle one family for each area of 320 acres, he shall be entitled to a GRANT IN FEE of said land free of cost; or

under Section 7 of said Act, Licenses of occupation of 50 acre lots may issue, and if Licensee continuously occupies same for five years and cultivates two acres he shall be entitled to receive a FEE-SIMPLE TITLE TO SAID FIFTY ACRE LOT.

For further information apply to

J. A. CLIFT,

Minister Agriculture and Mines.

Opening of New Cable Route to South America, "Via Commercial-Azores-St. Vincent."

ACCELERATED Service. Most direct line to Pernambuco, Para, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and other places in South America. All cable route to Uruguay and Argentine. To insure messages being sent by this route they must be filed at Postal Telegraph Offices.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.



Published by Authority.

An Act to Amend the Law with respect to Persons Carrying on Business as Money Lenders.

[PASSED 26TH MARCH, 1907.]

Be it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, in Legislative Session convened, as follows :

1. The short title of this Act is "The Money Lenders' Act, 1907."

2. In this Act "money lender" includes every person (whether an individual, a firm, a society, or a corporate body) whose business is that of money lending, or who advertises or announces himself or holds himself out in any way as carrying on that business; but does not include any person *bona fide* carrying on the business of banking or insurance or any business in the course of which and for the purpose whereof he lends money at a rate of interest (including any payment or deduction by way of premium, fine, or foregift), not exceeding ten per cent. per annum.

3. (1) Where proceedings are taken in Court by a money lender for the recovery of money lent after the passing of this Act or the enforcement of any agreement or security made or taken after the passing of this Act, in respect of money lent either before or after the passing of this Act, and it appears to the Court that the interest charged in respect of the sum actually lent is excessive or that the amount charged for expenses, inquiries, fines, bonus, premiums, renewals or any other charges, are excessive, or that, in either case, the transaction is harsh and unconscionable, or is otherwise such that a Court would give equitable relief, the Court may re-open the transaction and take an account between the money lender and the person sued.

(2) The Court may, notwithstanding any statement or settlement of account or any agreement purporting to close previous dealings and create a new obligation, re-open any account already taken between the money-lender and the person sued; and relieved the person sued for payment of any sum in excess of the sum adjudged by the Court to be fairly due in respect of such principal, interest and charges as the Court, having regard to the risk and all the circumstances considers reasonable; and if any such excess has been paid or allowed in account by the debtor, may order the creditor to re-pay it; and may set aside, either wholly or in part, or revise, or alter, any security given or agreement made in respect of money lent by the money-lender, and, if the money-lender

has parted with the security, may order him to indemnify the borrower or other person sued.

- (3) Any Court in which proceedings might be taken for the recovery of money lent by a money-lender shall have and may, at the instance of the borrower or surety or other person liable, exercise the like powers as may be exercised under this section where proceedings are taken for the recovery of money lent; and the Court shall have power, notwithstanding any provisions or agreement to the contrary, to entertain any application under this Act by the borrower, or surety, or other person liable, notwithstanding that the time for repayment of the loan, or any instalment thereof, may not have arrived; provided that a person shall not be entitled to apply to the Court under this sub-section unless application is made within one year of the transaction being closed.
- (4) Where it appears to the Court that any person other than the money-lender shared in the profits of, or has any beneficiary interest, prospectively or otherwise, in the transaction, which the Court holds to be harsh and unconscionable, the Court may cite such person as a party to the cause, and may make such order in respect to such person as it may deem fit.
- (5) On any application relating to the admission or amount of a proof by a money-lender in any insolvency proceedings, the Court may exercise the like powers as may be exercised under this section where proceedings are taken for the recovery of money lent.
- (6) The foregoing provisions of this section shall apply to any transaction which, whatever its form may be, is substantially one of money lending by a money-lender.
- (7) Nothing in this section shall affect the rights of any *bona fide* assignee or holder for value without notice.
- (8) Nothing in this section shall be construed as derogating from the existing powers or jurisdiction of any Court.
- (9) For the purpose of this section (but for no other purpose) the expression "money-lender" includes any person who lends money for interest at a rate, including any payments or deductions by way of premium, fine or foregift, exceeding ten per centum per annum.

4. (1) A money-lender, as defined by Section 2 of this Act,—

- (a) Shall register himself as a money-lender, in accordance with regulations under this Act, under his own or usual trade name, and no other name, and with the address, or all the addresses, if more than one, at which he carries on his business of money-lender; and
- (b) Shall carry on the money lending business in his registered name, and in no other name and under no other description, and at his registered address or addresses, and at no other address; and
- (c) Shall not enter into any agreement in the course of his business as a money-lender, with respect to the advance and re-payment of money, or take any security for money otherwise than in his registered name; and
- (d) Shall, on reasonable request, and on tender of a reasonable sum for expenses, furnish the borrower with a copy of any document relating to the loan, or any security therefor.

- (2) If a money-lender fails to register himself as required by this Act, or carries on business otherwise than in his registered name, or in more than one name, or elsewhere than at his registered address, or fails to comply with any other requirement of this section, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, and in the case of a second or subsequent conviction, to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding three months, or to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, or to both;

provided that if the offender is a body corporate, that body corporate shall be liable on a second or subsequent conviction, to a penalty not exceeding two thousand dollars.

- (3) A prosecution under sub-section 1 (a) of this section shall not be instituted except with the consent of the Attorney General.

5. (1) The Governor in Council may from time to time make regulations respecting the registration of money-lenders, whether individuals, firms, societies, or corporate bodies, the form of the register, and the particulars to be entered therein, and the fees to be paid on registration and renewal of registration, not exceeding five dollars for each registration or renewal, and respecting the inspection of the register and the fees payable therefor.

- (2) The registration shall cease to have effect at the expiration of three years from the date of the registration, but may be renewed from time to time, and, if renewed, shall have effect for three years from the date of the renewal.

6. If any money-lender, or any manager, agent, or clerk of a money-lender, by any false, misleading, or deceptive statement, representation, or promise, or by any dishonest concealment of facts, induces, or attempts to induce, any person to borrow money or agree to the terms on which money is, or is to be borrowed, he shall be liable on indictment to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding two years, or to a penalty not exceeding two thousand dollars, or to both.

An Act to Amend the Law relating to Railway Traffic.

[PASSED 26TH MARCH, 1907.]

Be it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly in Legislative Session convened, as follows:

1. Every Company shall be liable for the loss of or for any injury done to any horses, cattle, or other animals, or to any articles, goods, or things, in the receiving, forwarding, or delivering thereof, occasioned by the neglect or default of such Company or its servants, notwithstanding any notice, condition, or declaration made and given by such Company contrary thereto, or in anywise limiting such liability, every such notice, condition, or declaration being hereby declared to be null and void: Provided always that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the said Companies from making such conditions with respect to the receiving, forwarding and delivering of any of the said animals, articles, goods, or things, as shall be adjudged by the Court or Judge before whom any question relating thereto shall be tried, to be just and reasonable: Provided always, that no greater damage shall be recovered for the loss of or for any injury done to any such animals, beyond the sums hereinafter mentioned, that is to say: for any horse, two hundred dollars; for any meat cattle, per head, eighty dollars; for any sheep or pigs, per head, eight dollars; unless the person standing or delivering the same to such Company shall, at the time of

such delivery, have declared them to be respectively of higher value than as above mentioned, in which case it shall be lawful for such Company to demand and receive by way of compensation for the increased risk and care thereby occasioned, a reasonable percentage upon the excess of the value so declared above the respective sums so limited as aforesaid, and which shall be paid, in addition to the ordinary rate of charge: Provided also that the proof of the value of such animals, articles, goods and things, and the amount of the injury done thereto, shall in all cases lie upon the person claiming compensation for such loss or injury: Provided also, that no special contract between such Company and any other parties respecting the receiving, forwarding, or delivering of any animals, articles, goods or things as aforesaid, shall be binding upon or affect any such party unless the same be signed by him or by the person delivering such animals, articles, goods or things, respectively for carriage.

2. This Act shall be deemed to be part of Chapter 32 of the Consolidated Statutes (Second Series), entitled "Of Railways and Railway Companies in the Colony," and all the provisions of the said chapter shall apply to this Act, and the provisions of this Act shall apply to the said chapter as fully as if the same were incorporated therein, and the said chapter and this Act shall be read together, and may be cited as "The Railway Companies' Act, 1892 to 1907."

The **BIG** Furniture Store



The Attractions of this Store

....ARE....

The largest and most
varied Stock in the
Colony at

The Lowest Prices
consistent with quality.
Call and examine.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO., Duckworth and
Gower Streets.

J. J. O'GRADY,

Painter, Glazier,

Paper Hanger,

and

House Decorator.



OUTPORT ORDERS

SOLICITED.



WORKSHOP: FOOT CARTER'S HILL
Address: No. 3, Fergus Place.

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL. 🍀 🍀

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any
Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of
October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty
for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and
confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last pre-
ceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a
Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of im-
prisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act
any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or
carcase of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence
of a violation of said section.

W. B. PAYN,
Deputy Minister Marine and Fisheries.

JOB BROTHERS & Co.,

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Importers of British and American Goods of every
description—**Wholesale and Retail.**

Exporters of Codfish, Codoil, Codliver Oil, Seal Oil,
Lobsters, Furs, and general produce.

All orders for same promptly filled at very lowest rates.

P.O. Box 184. Telephone 184. Cable Address "GIBBS" St. John's.

M. P. GIBBS,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR & NOTARY PUBLIC.

Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York.

Solicitor for the Merchant Service Guild, Liverpool.

*Law Offices, GAZETTE BUILDING, Water Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.*

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEVARD—Just East Custom
House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS,

Contractor, Builder, and Appraiser.

Dealer in Cement, Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes,
Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass

Estimates Given for all kinds of Work at Shortest Notice.

Parlor, Dining and
Office Furniture.

Venetian Blinds
Made to Order.

Church Seats.

🍀 **J. T. MARTIN,** 🍀
Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer,
38 New Gower Street.

Repairing Furniture
a Specialty.

Horses and Vans for
Removing Pianos, &c.

THE

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(Published Annually)

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supply;

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arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approxi-
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of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns
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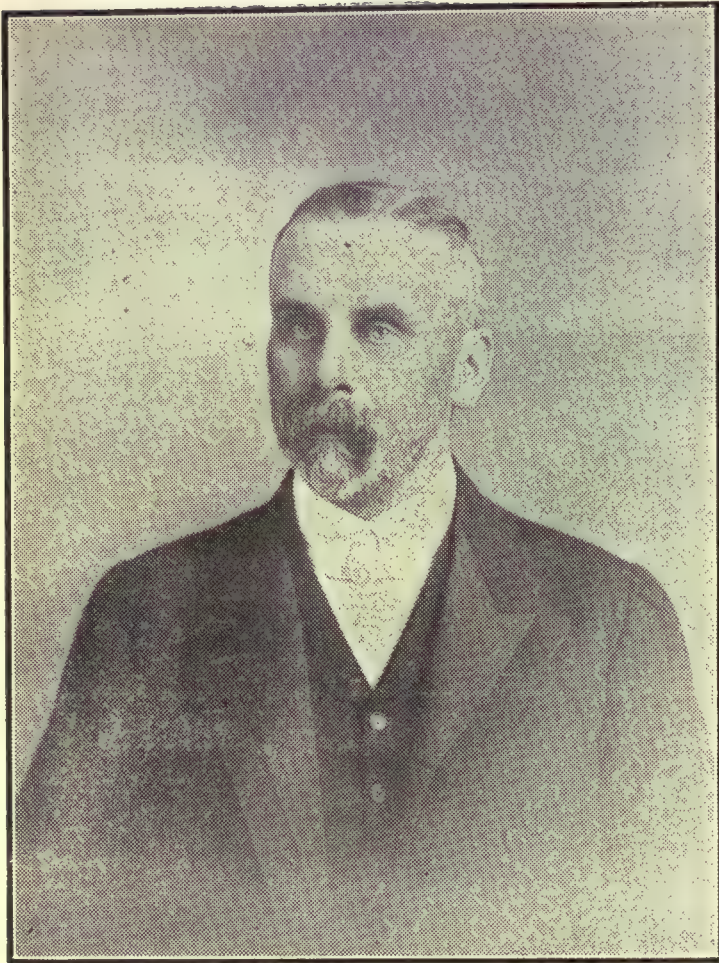
The LONDON DIRECTORY Co., Ltd.,
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.



Photo by S. H. Parsons.

Catholic Cadet Corps Football Team—Brigade Champions, 1907.

Top Row—1, Staff-Sergt. O'Grady; 2, Lieut. Brien; 3, Capt.-Adjt. Carty; 4, Lieut.-Col. Greene; 5, Lieut. Jordan; 6, Lance-Corp. Murphy.
 2nd Row—1, Pte. D. Eagan; 2, Pte. W. Biophy; 3, Sergt. Fahey; 4, Lieut. Meehan (Capt.); 5, Pte. J. O'Kielly; 6, Pte. J. O'Flaherty; 7, Pte. J. Hart.
 3rd Row—1, Sergt. F. Brien; 2, Pte. J. Johnston; 3, Pte. A. Duffy; 4, Pte. A. Meehan; 5, Pte. W. Hart; 6, Pte. A. Keating.



HON. JOHN B. AYRE.



FRED. W. AYRE, ESQ.

Ayre & Sons New Building.

The Splendidly-Equipped Structure Opened for Business Sept. 23rd, 1907.—An Up-to-Date Store.



THE evolutionary process in the perfection of the size, architectural style and equipment of Water Street business houses, that has been going on in this city since the great fire of 1892, has had its timid and cautious gradations broken through in a startling manner by the erection of the new building for Messrs. Ayre & Sons, which opened to the public September 23rd. In one bold stroke of architectural and business daring, it has taken a place which, under normal conditions of our advancement, would have taken us as a business community a quarter of a century at least to reach. The two facts that stand out prominent are: that Messrs. Ayre & Sons are men of enterprise, and that they have great faith in the future of the country. Their patriotism is of a practical kind, and their example is an inspiration to all who may stand trembling and uncertain on the brink of a business venture within our Island Home. We now have in Saint John's a business establishment which is thoroughly up-to-date. Nothing has evidently been spared

In Making the Store as Perfect as Possible.

The building is five storeys, including the basement, is 110 feet long and 50 feet wide. Two elevators, one for freight and the other for passengers, give easy access to all the floors. On the top floor is kept the reserve stock of earthenware and hardware. It is divided into two rooms—one 20x50 for earthenware, and one 80x50 for hardware. On this flat also facing to the south,

is a large kitchen, 30x15, with pantry adjoining. Here the eatables will be prepared for the restaurant on the next floor below and sent down by a dumb waiter. Passing down to this floor we first are attracted by the elegantly fitted up restaurant. It is on the western end of the building, and, with the exception of sitting rooms and toilet room which are taken off the width, runs the whole breadth of the building. When completed it will be the acme of comfort, and will, no doubt, be a feature that will attract many people to the store to do business. It supplies a long felt want, and one that outport customers, especially ladies, will appreciate, for all the conveniences and comforts of the home can be had there from the opening to the closing hour.

A Lady Could Spend the Whole Morning Selecting Goods

on the floors below and at dinner time need not step outside the door but simply take the elevator and be drawn up to the restaurant. After dinner the work of purchasing could be continued without going out into the rain or snow. The rest of this flat is divided into four compartments where reserve stock is carried.

1. For Stationery, books, paints, varnishes, &c.
2. Blocks, hinges, brassware and cutlery.
3. Tools and Sporting goods.
4. Lamps and sundries.

Descending to the third floor we come to the Piano Rooms, the piano workshops and retail show rooms. The organ and



Portrait by courtesy of Daily News.

CHAS. P. AYRE, ESQ.

piano room is 30x40, and fronts on Water Street at the East End of the building;

Across the Hall, opposite this,

overlooking the harbour, is the piano workshop where four expert piano workers have their benches erected ready to do everything that can possibly be required in the piano repairing and tuning line. Mr. Nunns has charge of this department. Special attention has been given to this feature of the business. Messrs. Ayre & Sons being the oldest piano dealers in the city and they are determined to keep up their reputation as leaders in this line, and to continue to carry even a larger and more varied stock, from a \$600 Checkering down to a \$150 instrument. Their great sellers, the "Ronish" and "Fstey" will now have ample store space. Passing on west through this flat the visitor comes to:

1. The show room for stationery, books, etc.
2. Hardware show room.
3. Earthenware, furniture, bedsteads, pictures, harness, etc.

At the south side of this floor, overlooking the harbour, is an important office—the heart of the system where the circulating blood returns—we refer now to the cash office. The money travels home here from all parts of the store in little metal boxes the size of an ordinary hymn book. They come and return with fascinating precision and rapidity, by means of an endless cord driven by electricity. They are eight lines and four stations for sending and receiving cash on this floor. The cash boxes look like things of life. We are accustomed to see cash receptacles travelling on a slightly inclined plane,

but these boxes in Messrs. Ayre & Sons new system go up vertically during a part of their journey to the cash station and climb back again like mice going over mole hills. The system work perfectly. It is known as the Lamson Patent and was installed by Mr. Flinn, who came here from Boston especially to do the work. The principal space on the street flat is devoted to hardware and groceries, there being ample room to display goods in those lines. The retail business will be carried on with great convenience to the managers and employees as well as to their patrons. The managers' office is to the southside of the floor and each by simply sitting at his desk can overlook

The Whole Working of His Department.

There are on this floor besides a cold storage, refrigerators for keeping chicken, butter, etc., in hot weather—a parcel delivery and at the east end fronting Water Street—a Piano show window. Besides the rooms mentioned there are smaller ones for typewriters, checkers, department managers, also cloak rooms, lavatories and closets. The basement running the whole length of the building and with three entrances from the yard in rear of the wharves has ample storage-room for heavy goods such as nails, glass, paints, oil and crockeryware. The two electric motors for driving the machinery that works the elevators are also situated here. There is also a good floor space for packing and unpacking goods and a place for reserve grocery stock. The building is lighted throughout with electricity; the fittings being of the most modern and perfect of their kind. The finish of the building reflects infinite credit on all concerned. Mr. Greene, the architect, Messrs. Davey Bros., the contractors, Messrs. Pittman and Shaw, who installed

The Elaborate and Up-to-Date Steam Heating System,

Mr. McKay who had the contract for the wiring, and Mr. M. Wellman who did the painting; Mr. Black of the Otis Fenson Co. of New York and Toronto who installed the electric system, and Mr. Flinn of Boston who put in the 900 feet of cable carriers of the Lamson system to facilitate in such a marvellous manner the speedy handling of cash. Last, but not least, we cannot close this description without mentioning the name of Hon. Jas. Pitts, the owner of the building, to whose enterprise and faith in the future of the country its erection is due. What this country wants is more patriotic and financially courageous men like the Ayres and Pittses to make our Island Home a prosperous hive of industry. The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY congratulates all concerned on the successful completion of this fine building.

It Is Now Open for Business

and we trust that the expectations of the Messrs. Ayre & Sons will be realized. The old premises had long ago become too contracted for their ever increasing operations. Now they have ample room. The firm is an old and reliable one. They have a reputation for keeping only the best in all lines and they have only to pursue the old policy of straight forward integrity and honest dealing towards every man that have distinguished them in the past to make such a success in the new building as they have achieved in the old one. The only thing old that they will take into the new building will be the old-time honesty and square dealing that has characterized all their dealings with the people of Newfoundland since the foundation of the firm. *Esto Perpetua.*





MISS ISABEL KELLY.

WHATEVER may be said for or against our present educational system, whatever its defects may be, or however we may differ as to methods of amendment, the record of this year's exams, which has been one grand chronicle of success, should inspire with the utmost hope, all who are interested in the educational welfare of Newfoundland. The brilliant showings of our Colleges are most gratifying to all concerned. Teachers and pupils alike are to be congratulated on their excellent results, and the way in which the honors fell, almost evenly divided among our higher schools of learning,

shows that all are equally deserving of the fullest confidence and the most generous support of the Colony.

Apart from the C. H. E. Examination is the semi-annual competition held in connection with the Sloan Duployan Shorthand Society (Headquarters, Ramsgate, England). "In this competition (we quote from Mr. Sloan's report) a St. John's competitor, Miss Isabel Kelly, 332 Duckworth Street, has succeeded in gaining the highest of the five awards, viz., the Gold Medal in Class IV., for the best shorthand specimen written at 150 words per minute, seven minutes test, with transcript. Miss Kelly is a pupil of the Convent of Mercy, Military Road, and her work exhibited considerable merit, the shorthand outlines being well formed and legible, and the transcript without fault. This is not the first occasion on which students of the Convent of Mercy have been included in the Sloan Duployan Society's list of successful competitors."

Miss Kelly has reason to be proud of this distinction, against all the world she is now the possessor of the Sloan Duployan Medal for Speed, Accuracy and Exact Transcription. Competitors from many lands strove for this honour, viz.:—England, Ireland, and Scotland; Deccan Motro, Poona, India; Maritzburg, Natal; Jamaica; Iona; Curragh Camp, Kildare; Serembam, Negri, Sembiland, Malay States, Nantgaredeg, America, and our own fair Terra Nova.

Miss Kelly, who is engaged in the law offices of Morison & Knight, is a daughter of Michael J. Kelly, of H. M. C., and is but sixteen years old. Of her Mr. Morison says:

"As a stenographer and typist, she is quick, accurate and reliable, and what is equally important, is punctual and systematic in her work and takes an intelligent interest in the welfare of the business. I think her application and determination to succeed has counted for a good deal in giving her the Premier Place on Professor Sloan's list."

Sloan-Duployan, is the shorthand of the future,
The world-wide system of the present time;
The system that secures bright, golden treasures,
At home, abroad, in every land and clime.

Its writers are the first to gain positions,
Of worth and trust, the highest and the best;
God speed "The Sloan," may it stand and prosper
In every land, North, South, the East and West.

To the good Sisters of the Mercy Convent, to whose devoted efforts this and other successes of their many pupils are due, we extend our heartfelt congratulations.



Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

The Second Twenty-Mile Walking Match under the auspices of St. Andrew's Club. The picture shows the winner—Bert Hayward—leading going in Rennie's Mill Road. Hayward wins the Silver Cup, donated by R. H. Trapnell, and also Gold Medal offered by T. McNeil. Time: 3h., 31m., 4s.



TASKER COOK, ESQ.
Vice-Consul for Norway.

ONE of the most familiar figures in the city, is that of Mr. Tasker Cook. As sure as the arrival of any steamer in distress is noted, it will be accompanied by the rider that Mr. Tasker Cook is looking after her. If she wants coal, provisions, a new propellor or a few new plates, Mr. Cook is to the fore and sees her wants supplied, so that it looks as if he were not only universal Ships' Husband but also a kind foster father to every tramp that is buffeted by the breezy North Atlantic.

Mr. Cook was born in St. John's in 1867, and was educated at the Church of England Academy. At an early age he developed great interest in maritime matters, and eventually became agent for the Cable Company's Steamers and for Revillon Bros, the great fur dealers. These agencies brought him into contact with people of all classes in shipping circles, so that duty and inclination ran together in his case; now he is unofficial Agent General for nearly all the strangers who make our port through the stress of weather. He is a leading Mason, having held some very important positions in the Brotherhood, and is now a Past Grand Master. He was appointed Vice-Consul for Norway in January 1907, a position for which his experience and ability eminently qualifies him. Personally he is a great favourite, and has friends and admirers all over the country.



Photo by C. VanWart.

ST. JOHN'S DRY DOCK.

Reid Newfoundland Company Proprietors.

Keep the Feet Dry.



Men's Rubbers,
from 80 cts.

Women's
Rubbers,
from 55 cts.



Men's Pigskin Puttie Leggings, strap
running around leg with two buckles
at top as shown in cut, 16 inches
high, Black and Tan,

Price, \$2.40 a Pair.

PARKER & MONROE

The Shoe Men, 195 & 363 Water Street.



The District of St. John's East.



HON. JAMES M. KENT, B.A., K.C.,
Appointed Minister of Justice, August, 1907.

IN this issue we reproduce the photos and some biographical notes of the representatives of the Important District of St. John's East.:

In the June (1903) issue of the *QUARTERLY* we prophesied that James M. Kent, B.A., B.L., would fill ere many years elapsed, a prominent position in his native land.

Since then Mr. Kent contested the District of St. John's East in the Grand Old Liberal Cause, and was returned at the head of the poll. On the retirement of Sir Edward Morris, Mr. Kent accepted the portfolio of Minister of Justice, and judging by his record to date, gives great promise of filling the office with credit to himself and advantage to his native land. St. John's East has always been the Banner District of Liberalism. All the reforms effected in the last half century, in our social and political affairs have emanated from St. John's East. Mr. Kent is a worthy successor of the men who fought and suffered for the cause of Liberalism and Patriotism. His father, the late Hon. Robert Kent, enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow countrymen during a long and distinguished career; he represented St. John's East for many years, and filled for a term the honoured position of First Commoner in the land. The Hon. James M. Kent is a worthy son of a worthy sire, and now holds with honour the seat so long held by his late esteemed father.

Mr. Kent was born in St. John's in 1872, and is only in his thirty fifth year. He was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools, St. Patrick's Hall, and afterwards at Clongowes Wood College, County Kildare, Ireland. He graduated at the Royal University of Ireland, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1890. He studied law under the direction of his late father Hon. Robert Kent, and his partner, late Hon. Sir J. I. Little, and was admitted to the Bar in 1894. In 1900, he was elected a Bencher of the Law Society.

He is a prominent member of the Benevolent Irish Society and has held several important positions in that venerable and respected body. He has been for some years Vice-President and will doubtless in the very near future fill the highest position

that can be conferred on him by that influential Society.

In connection with Rev. Bro. Superior Ryan and W. S. Dunphy, Esq., he edited a most interesting volume containing the History of the Society for a Century, and published on the occasion of the celebration of its Centenary.

In private life Mr. Kent is an amiable, and popular gentleman. He married some years ago Miss Annie daughter of our esteemed fellow-countryman, W. P. Walsh, Esq. Mrs. Kent is known to her intimates as a brilliant and witty companion, and as the authoress of some very touching poetic compositions of more than ordinary merit.

Mr. Kent is a loyal and true Liberal, and the Right Hon. the Premier can reckon on him to the last extremity in the splendid fight that he has been putting up for our native land. When St. John's East is called on to express its opinion on the vital questions now pressing for solution,—questions fraught with such serious consequences to this colony, if not discussed with a united front, it will be found that the banner District is true to its traditions and that our Patriotic Premier, Sir Robert Bond, and his able lieutenant, Hon. Jas. M. Kent, will get the strongest endorsement ever given any public men or measures in this country since the first days that Newfoundland won the boon of Responsible Government.



HON. GEORGE SHEA.

HON. GEO. SHEA, the controlling partner in the firm of Shea & Co., was born in St. John's, and is one of the best known men in the city. He has ever been foremost in musical and dramatical performances, and his magnificent voice has always been heard on the public stage, in all entertainments for years, given for educational, philanthropic, or charitable purposes. He is a Member of the Executive Government, without portfolio, and represents the important constituency of St. John's East in the Legislature. Hon. Geo. Shea is son of the venerable Sir Edward Shea, President of the Legislative Council, and nephew of the late Sir A. Shea, Governor of the Bahamas.



JOHN DWYER, ESQ.,
Member for St. John's East.

RT. REV. DR. Ingram, Bishop of London, on the occasion of a recent visit to Canada, while lecturing before the Canadian Club, delivered a message to the people of our sister Colony, that is equally applicable to the people of Newfoundland. In the course of a brilliant discourse, he emphasized the necessity of a high standard of political morality among public men. Straightness and cleanliness, he pointed out were absolutely essential in men trusted with the charge of affairs affecting the welfare of the commonwealth.

As a rule very few of our public men, have been seriously charged with anything approaching political peculation and the majority of them have been clean straight men. No one in the public estimation stands higher in this respect than the Junior Member for St. John's East—John Dwyer, Esq. Among all who know him friends and political opponents alike, he is held in high esteem for his probity and honesty. Mr. Dwyer is perhaps the very best authority on agriculture in Newfoundland. He is and has been a practical farmer, and his smiling meads and his flocks and herds, are the best proof of his success. "Oak Farm" is the model of what such a place should be, and Newfoundland would be infinitely richer if she had ten thousand sons as worthy as John Dwyer. He is a practical and successful farmer; he is honest and reliable, and straight forward in business and political matters. He is kind and charitable, and a very genial companion.

The Fisheries ever will be the mainstay of Newfoundland, but each year the products of the land are increasing in value. It will very soon be compulsory on the part of the Government to initiate some measures for the cultivation of greater areas of land as an auxiliary to the fisheries; when that time comes Mr. Dwyer and men of his stamp will be invaluable aids in mapping out and developing the latent agricultural resources of our Island Home.

COLONIALS, AHoy!

By Dan Carroll.

ELDEST of Albion's sturdy brood—
We claim as ours by right of birth,
The broad Imperial Brotherhood,
The kinship that encircles earth.

Ye nations, 'round whose lusty limbs
The Standard wraps, that first was flung
The breeze of Newfoundland upon—
In days when England's heart was young!
When first her stalwart sailors swung
Their vent'rous prow to seas unknown,
And cleaved from out a waiting world
A broad dominion of their own;—

Lo! foreign hands our rights assail—
Our Constitution's held in scorn;
Let not the thews of Empire fail;
Let ties Imperial prevail;
Hark! through the night your brothers hail:
"Stand by us till the morn!"

The Xmas Number of the "Quarterly":

We have already begun work on our Christmas edition. We feel safe in saying that it will be the best of its kind ever published here. It will be breezy of our Island Home, and will be the most *appropriate Christmas Souvenir* for transmission to friends abroad.

We would request our Contributors to send in their copy early, and our Advertising Patrons to note that this will be the largest edition yet published, and the Best Advertising Medium in the Country.

The Mystic.

By Fred. B. Wood.

O'ERBURDENED and exhausted,
By countless cares oppress,
I've thought to find in slumber
A short respite and rest.

Whilst in dreamland sojourning
A voice soft, sweet and clear,
Proclaimed these joyous tidings
Unto his willing ear—

"About thee and around thee
Beneath thee, and above,
There is a Mighty Presence
Whose truest name is Love.

"The germ of joy is sorrow;
Sweet peace flows forth from strife;
Dread death is but the portal
Unto a larger life.

"All craft on life's vast ocean
So battered by the blast—
They are but wrecks disma-ted,—
Shall gain the land at last."

The message long awaited
Had come to him at length,
Thereafter men oft marvelled
At his all-conquering strength.



* FOR A *

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

There is Nothing to Equal The

Parker "Lucky Curve"

* Fountain Pen. *

Put up in Special Ornamental Boxes,
with Holly Leaf Design.

Ask for The Accident Policy,

R. C. POWER, Agent,
Sun Life Office.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

James Pennock,

Lead & Sheet Iron Worker,
Plumber, Maker of Ships'
Lights, Lamps, Ventila-
tors, Stove Pipes, &c., &c.

CASTINGS of every description, Rowse Chocks,
Hawse Pipes, Bogies, Stoves, Tinware and Enamel-
ware. Repairs neatly and promptly executed.
Ships' work a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TASKER COOK, Manager,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

T. J. POWER,

Contractor and Builder.

Orders promptly attended to.
First Class Workmanship Guaranteed.

Address: 37 Victoria Street.

Vienna Bakery Bread.

Housekeepers should insist upon getting

Vienna Bakery Bread.

* Better than Home-Made.

☞ Ask your Grocer for it. Each loaf labelled.

We are Now Showing

A First Class Up-to-Date Stock of



SUITINGS,

OVERCOATINGS,

TROUSERINGS,



Which we invite you to inspect; and if favoured
with your patronage, we Guarantee Satisfaction
in Fit, Finish and Price.....

J. H. FARRELL,

TAILOR and CLOTHIER,

326 Water Street.

FIRE! FIRE!

North British & Mercantile Insurance Company.

Incorporated by Royal Charter. Head Offices, London &
Edinburgh. Assets on 31st December, 1906:

£18,624,607 3s. 8d.

All classes Fire Insurance effected at lowest rates.

Liberal Adjustments. Prompt Settlements.

GEORGE SHEA,

General Agent for Newfoundland.

"THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY"

—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

Issued every third month about the 15th of March, June, September and
December from the office

34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

JOHN J. EVANS, * * * * * PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR,
To whom all Communications should be addressed.

Subscription Rates:

Single Copies, each	10 cents.
One Year, in advance, Newfoundland and Canada	40 "
Foreign Subscriptions (except Canada)	50 "

Advertising Rates

\$30.00 per page; one-third of a page, \$10.00; one-sixth of a page, \$5.00;
one-twelfth of a page, \$2.50—for each insertion.

☞ We do the Best Printing.

☞ Try us with an Order....

WHOLESALE
AND
RETAIL.

AYRE & SONS, Ltd.

AGENTS FOR
LAW, UNION & CROWN
FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Groceries. Dry Goods. Hardware. Ships' Stores.

Our Preparations for this season's business have been made on a big scale. With buyers visiting the European and American markets, we have been able to secure many Special Lines for the various Departments, and feel satisfied that our Fall and Winter arrangements are complete in all details. **Samples** of Wash Goods and Dress Fabrics now ready for out-of-town customers.

Carpets Made & Laid and Linoleums Fitted by Experienced Workmen.

OUR MAIL ORDER SYSTEM
Ensures Satisfaction.
GIVE IT A TRIAL.

AYRE & SONS, Ltd.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
A SPECIALTY.

USE

Buffalo Flour,

J. V. O'DEA & Co., Agents.

The Grocers' Depot!

Headquarters for Fruit, Vegetables, and Feeds,
Choice Stock of Fresh Cured **Hams**
always in stock.

George Neal.

Channing's Drug Store,

148 & 150 New Gower Street.

Only Drug Store in the City

**OPEN ✿ EVERY ✿ NIGHT
TILL 11 O'CLOCK.**

Follow the Crowd & Save Money.

Call and get our prices before you buy your Winter's supply of

PROVISIONS.

Big Stock,

Low Prices.

Don't forget the address:

P. H. COWAN & Co's.

New Store, opposite Harvey & Co's. premises.

AT E. J. MALONE'S

Tailoring Establishment

WE KEEP IN STOCK

Suitings, Trouserings, Fancy Vestings.

Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges, Cheviots, Beavers, Meltons and Vicunas.
We invite inspection. ✿ We Study to Please.

E. J. MALONE, 268 Water Street.

JOHN KEAN,

14 Adelaide Street.

✿
**Manufacturer
of all kinds of**
✿

Boots and Shoes

M. F. MURPHY,

West End Hair Dresser.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, and Refreshing Sea Foam.

Water Street West.

Opposite Angel Engineering & Supply Co's Store.

Customs Circular



No. 15.



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1907.

The Public are reminded that the GAME LAWS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Provide that:

No person shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within specified limits of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer (three Stag) without previously having purchased (\$50.00) and procured a License therefor. Licenses to non-resident guides are issued, costing \$50.00.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges before the first day of October or after 12th January in any year. Penalty not exceeding \$100.00 or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins before October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to confiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

No person shall hunt Foxes from March 15 to October 15 in any year.

No person shall use any appliances other than rod, hook and line to catch any Salmon, Trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

Close season for salmon and trout fishing: 15th day of September to 15th day of January following.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
September, 1907.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, ✿ Hearth Brushes, ✿ Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

✿ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.
Newfoundland Penitentiary, September, 1907.

NOTICE!

THE attention of **MASTERS and OWNERS** of **STEAMERS**, carrying Passengers coastwise, is called to Chapter 115 of the Consolidated Statutes, which prohibits any steamer from engaging in coastwise passenger traffic unless a proper survey is made by the authorized Surveyors, and a certificate obtained granting the necessary permission to do so. No steamer will be cleared that has not complied with this law.

Custom House, St. John's, Newfoundland, 25th February, 1907.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

Christmas Number, 1907.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER & PROPRIETOR.



THOMAS McMURDO & CO'S. BUILDING, WATER STREET.
The oldest established Drug Store in Newfoundland.

LUMBER

SCANTLING, 5x5 to 10x10.

STUDDING, all sizes.

JOISTING, 2 & 3 in. thick,
assorted lengths.

We have also a full stock of

SEASONED BOARD IN STORE.

All selling at the Lowest Market Prices.
Purchasers will get good value for their money.

W. & G. RENDELL.

For Christmas Buying!

Table Raisins, 1 lb. cartons; Selected Figs, 1 lb. cartons; Almond, Hazel and Walnuts, 1907 crop; Spices, Mixed Peels, Flavoring Extracts, Icing Sugar, 1 lb. tins; Castor Sugar, 1 lb. tins; Lowney's and Fry's Fancy Boxes Chocolates; Jacobs' Cakes, light and dark, 4 lbs. each; a large assortment of Jacobs' Biscuits.

Irish Hams and Bacon,
and Christmas Poultry.

J. D. RYAN.

PHOENIX

Assurance  Co., Ltd.,

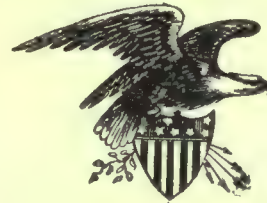
OF LONDON, - - - ESTABLISHED 1782.

For Insuring every description of property in all parts of the world, from Loss or Damage by Fire,

The PHOENIX

is distinguished for moderate premiums and prompt settlement of losses.

W. & G. RENDELL,
ST. JOHN'S. Agent for Nfld.



Wishing all our Friends and Customers
A Merry Christmas and A Prosperous New Year.

W. P. SHORTALL,
The American Tailor,
300 Water Street.

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS,

Contractor, Builder, and Appraiser.

Dealer in Cement, Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes, Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass

Estimates Given for all kinds of Work at Shortest Notice.

Parlor, Dining and
Office Furniture.

Venetian Blinds
Made to Order.

Church Seats.

 **J. T. MARTIN,** 
Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer,

38 New Gower Street.

Repairing Furniture
a Specialty.

Horses and Vans for
Removing Pianos, &c.

USE

Buffalo Flour,

J. V. O'DEA & Co., Agents.

M. F. MURPHY,

West End Hair Dresser.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, and Refreshing Sea Foam.

Water Street West.

Opposite Angel Engineering & Supply Co's Store.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1907.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$0.85
To 1.00

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$1.10
To 1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1907.

CROSBIE HOTEL,

❧ St. John's, Newfoundland. ❧

THIS HOTEL was opened in January, 1894, and occupies a commanding and central position on Duckworth Street, between Prescott and Victoria Streets. Its windows overlook the two chief thoroughfares, the Harbor and Narrows, and afford pleasant views at all times. It is most conveniently situated for business men, being almost in the heart of the business district, and within a few minutes' walk of the Banks, the Steamship Piers, the Churches and Public Halls. It was specially designed and erected as an hotel, and is replete with every modern convenience for the accommodation of its guests; being fitted up with Lavatories, Bath-Rooms, Hot and Cold Water, Telephones, and is heated throughout by Hot Water, and lighted by Electricity. In the Spring of 1906 an annex was built containing fifteen rooms, well suited to meet the requirements of anyone.

Foreign and Outport travellers are cordially invited to visit this Hotel and examine its advantages.



Always Ask for
HARVEY'S
Bread and Biscuits.

Special care is taken in the manufacture of our Bread and Biscuits. When we say to you that they are the **Best** we do not exaggerate in the least. Our **SODAS** and **LUNCH** particularly are Leaders.

A. HARVEY & Co.,

HEARN & Co.

Wholesale Dealers in

PORK—Family Mess, Family, Ham Butt, Bean Loins, Jowls and Hocks.

BEEF—Boneless, Packet, Plate, and Cuttings.

MOLASSES—Puncheons, Tierces, Barrels.

SUGAR—Granulated, Yellow and Cubes.

—ALSO—

CATTLE FEED, Corn, Cornmeal, Rolled Oats, Oatmeal, etc.

RAISINS and Currants, all qualities.

AGENTS FOR

Libby's Canned Meats.

EQUITY FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY. Head Office, Toronto, Ontario.

Assets, - - - \$558,000.00.

Standard Mutual Fire

Insurance Company. ❧ Head Office, Toronto, Ontario.

Assets, - - - \$300,000.00.

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,

General Agent for Newfoundland,

Oke Building, St. John's.

Christmas Greetings.

For Boys' and Men's

❧ *Clothing and
Outfitting,*

CALL AT

T. J. BARRON,

358 Water Street,

One Door West of Post Office.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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"CHRIST was born upon this wise:
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sounds of Psalteries,
Nor with fire for light.
Mary that is God's Spouse,
Bring us to thy Son's house.

"The Star came out upon the East
With a great sound and sweet:
Kings gave gold to make him feast,
And myrrh for him to eat.
Mary, of thy sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son's good"

— *Swinburne.*

"A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God Save You!"

cried a cheerful voice.

It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that I'm sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this?"

"Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to

think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

THE QUARTERLY echoes the prayer of Scrooge's nephew, "GOD BLESS IT!"

A Merry Christmas to You, Dear Reader, and A Happy New Year!

It is all in your own hands, whether you will take it and keep it, like Scrooge's nephew, or let it alone like Scrooge.

True, it is a time for settling up the business of the year, and worrying over the inability to pay all one's debts; but it is also the season of Love and Peace and Charity and Good-will.

Poor indeed is he, in purse and spirit, who is too poor to cheer on his way, by word or deed, his less fortunate brother.

Have you health and strength and content and good-will? Then you are wealthier than the millionaire who lacks these blessings.

Then be cheerful, and make Christmas pleasant for all those with whom you come in contact, or who are depending on you.

You need not wealth or place, or riches, to be happy yourself or to make it pleasant for others.

Let your heart sing in unison with the Hosts of Heaven the praises of the Great Creator. Then the spirit of the season will descend on you as a sweet benediction. In your innermost soul you will sing "God bless it!" and echo, as does the QUARTERLY, the heart-felt wish of the millions, the wide world over, who at this season are giving and receiving

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.



"MADONNA DELLA SEDIA," BY RAPHAEL

In the Pitti Gallery, Florence. This is perhaps the most popular Madonna. It shows the contadina (peasant) type, and is no doubt popular because it depicts the human and maternal side of the Madonna.



Newfoundland Name-Lore.



By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

xx.



AM glad to see that these articles on our Newfoundland Nomenclature are exciting considerable attention. Many persons belonging to our literary circles have personally informed me that they read them with great interest. I have also had letters from various parts of the Island, showing a wide-spread appreciation of them, but not only from our

own country but from places far distant outside our shores. Thus the following is an extract from a letter received by me some time ago from *Professor Ganong*, of Northampton University, Mass.

"I have been greatly interested in your article on Nomenclature. But do not trouble to send me any future numbers, for I shall subscribe *instantly* to THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY—wish I had done so years ago."

Since the appearance of the last number, I have had a letter from V. Rev. W. Canon Smith, in which he calls in question the derivation given by me, as well as that suggested by Mr. Shortis for the name

GALLOWES COVE.

The Canon thinks the name is derived from a sort of erection which was, until recent years, to be seen in many settlements, and which was known as a

"SEINE GALLOWES."

It was a sort of "horse" or trestle made of rough rails or *star-rigans*, and was used for drying nets on. I have seen those erections myself, but never heard the name gallowes applied to them; neither did Mr. Shortis. Canon Smith doubts if there be any authentic record of "hanging" by the Surrogate Magistrates or "Fishing Admirals." That they whipped and placed men in the stocks, is certain. Hence in many harbours, stocks and whipping posts were erected, but we have no record of gallowes except "Gibbet Hill" in St. John's.

Against Cannon Smith's suggestion of seine gallowes, is the fact, as Mr. Shortis tells me, that the Gallowes Cove of Brigus is, and always has been, uninhabited, and from my own knowledge I can say the same of the Gallowes Cove in Torbay; hence it would not be a place for drying nets. And again, as these "seine gallowes" were erected in almost every harbour, there would be no reason why the name should be applied to a few particular places. All settlements might as justly be called "Gallowes Cove," &c.

Doctor Jones writes me from Avondale concerning the name of *Kitchuses*. I suggested, though with doubt, that it might be derived from a family of the name of Hughes. He says no family of that name ever lived there. "In olden times, however," he says, "there was a favourite meeting place, at the house of one *Gushue*, whose wife's name was Kate. Here young people used to gather of a Sunday evening for a gossip, a dance, or perhaps 'a drop!' Hence the name KIT GUSHUE's, which might very naturally in the course of time become 'changed to Kitchuses.' This explanation seems very plausible and I willingly accept it. The name *Gushue* is quite common along that shore.

As to *Colliers*, Dr. Jones tells me that "about two-thirds of the inhabitants of that settlement are Coles!" Possibly the name of *Colliers* may have been applied to them by way of a joke or a pun. "The head of this Bay," the Doctor continues, "has many coves, heads, points, ponds, etc., bearing names that have either entirely died out, or are forgotten by the present generation, such as Pike's Cove," Mugford's Harbour, &c. He suggests that people from out the Bay may have come down and settled in those coves for the winter—cutting wood, building boats, etc.

Proceeding now on our course, we come to

HOLY ROOD.



HOLYROOD, CONCEPTION BAY.

This is a very interesting name, and the origin of it has been a subject of controversy; that is to say the question as to how, when, and why, the name was given. The *meaning* of the name is of course well known; it is the old English name for "*Holy Cross*," from the ancient Anglo-Saxon word *Rod*, a staff or cross. That this is the true meaning in the present case is clear from the French maps which give the name (as far back as 1784 on the Royal map) as

STE. CROIX.

The earliest mention I find of the name is on Fitzhugh's map, 1693, where it is given as *Holly Rode*. But I have no doubt but it is one of the oldest names upon our charts. The name was a very popular one with the early navigators. We have already remarked that these hardy old pioneers were filled with a chivalrous enthusiasm. Hence all their place-names breathe a high sense of religious fervour and faith. We know that Columbus gave the name to one of the Islands discovered by him—*Santa Cruz* (Holy Cross).

On one of the very earliest maps of the Western or New World, that of Majollo, 1527, we find the name twice repeated on that part of the map which represents Newfoundland. First in the vicinity of Cape Race, as *P. de Cruz*, i.e. *punto de Cruz*, point, or Head of the Cross; and again, *A Baia de Cruz*, "The Bay of the Cross." After Columbus had discovered the Island which he called Santa Cruz, he came to an immense group of Islands which he called, St. Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Virgins. Now it is remarkable that on Majollo's map, quite near the Point *de Cruz*, in the neighbourhood of Cape Race, which he gives as *Rasso*, we find, an archipelago and the name *Vese* mil-Virgines*. But if we study the earliest maps of the Newfoundland Coast in juxtaposition with those of the West Indies, we will find nearly all of Columbus's names repeated, and in the same order as described by Columbus. This shows that these early Cartographers, confounded the discoveries of the Cabots with those of Columbus.

The French Navigators were equally partial to the name of Holy Cross, and so we find the river St. John (N. B.) called La Riviere Ste. Croix, by Verazzano. Professor Ganong, (formerly of Harvard University, now of Northampton College Mass.) in his "Cartography of New Brunswick," reproduces the earliest map of the French Missionary, Pere Jumeau. It shows several Crosses in the neighbourhood of Miramichi River. He calls the country the "*Nation de la Croix*," and the River *La Riviere de Ste. Croix*."

There is another settlement in Newfoundland bearing this name. It is situated in St. Mary's Bay about twelve miles South of St. Mary's. It is situated at the mouth of the large salt-water pond bearing the same name. This pond is practically an arm of the sea, but it is separated from the bay by a belt of beach, sometimes at spring tides a gut is burst open through this beach, but never sufficiently wide and deep to give entrance to boats. There are still living here, and also at St. Mary's, families of old French extraction bearing the name of *Sanicroix*. It is quite possible that their ancestors may have given the name, which afterwards became translated into English.

The name has, as usual, undergone a variety of changes as to spelling. I have already mentioned Holly Road on Fitzhugh's map, 1693. The British Pilot (1755) gives Holly Rode, and the fishermen call it Hollow-wood. Proceeding out the Bay, from Holy Rood towards Cape St. Francis, it may be remarked that this line of coast is known throughout the country as

"THE SOUTH SHORE,"

without any definitive description, so that when we hear people speaking of the "South Shore" one immediately understands that the South Shore of Conception Bay is meant, and especially the portion extending from Topsail to Holy Rood. On the other hand if we hear

"THE SOUTHERN SHORE"

mentioned, we understand at once that the line of shore spoken of is that which lies to the southward of St. John's as far as Cape Race. Anywhere beyond that is spoken of by our old fishermen as "*The Westward*." Returning to the consideration of the South Shore, it may be remarked that the conformation

of this coast is very unusual, and quite different from the general contour of the land on the eastern part of the Island. Throughout the whole stretch of the thirty miles from Holy Rood to Cape St. Francis, there is not one harbour where anchorage might be found for schooners. There are only a few small coves such as Horse Cove, Broad Cove, Portugal Cove, and Bauline. The other settlements are merely bights or coves, such as Upper Gullies, Middle Bight, Seal Cove, Kelligrews, Long Pond, Manuels, Chamberlain, Topsail, &c., all so open as not to afford mooring ground even for punts.

The first name that attracts our attention after leaving Holy Rood is

"KELLIGREWS,"

or Killebrews, as the people pronounce it. The origin of this name is uncertain. It may be derived from some person of the name, it being a well-known family name among us; but I have never heard of anyone of the name living there. Again it is supposed to have some connection with the name of the little island opposite to it in the Bay, called

KELLY'S ISLAND

Some persons have suggested that it is a corruption of *Kelly's Grove*. The first mention I find of it on the maps is on the Royal French map of the date of 1792. This map is compiled or edited (*dresse*) from the older map of Cooke and Lane (1755) by order of the French King. The naming on the map is generally in French, but when they come to an untranslatable word like this they give it as it is. I shall have occasion immediately to notice a very remarkable instance of this treatment.

The other names which I have mentioned above have nothing worthy of note attaching to them. The name of

FOXTRAP

no doubt may have a history connected with it, but I know nothing of it. The name of

MANUELS

is said to be derived from an old man-o'-war sailor, who deserted his ship in past times and took refuge in this locality where he lived for many years.

We now come to

TOPSAIL,

a very much disputed, and, some think, much corrupted name. Persons whose authority is of much weight, say it is a corruption of *Top's Hill*. This name of Top, or, Tap, or Torp, or Thorp, as a family name is very frequent among our people, especially around Conception Bay. The present place, they say, is called from an old fisherman of the name, who in the beginning of the XIX. Century used to go out from St. John's in winter to live in a tilt and cut hoops, staves, and "winter stuff." He had his tilt on the side of this hill. Descendants of his are still living at Horse Cove and elsewhere. This pretty story is told on the authority of "The oldest Inhabitant" in Topsail, and must be taken with all the seriousness which such stories usually claim. Unfortunately, however, for its veracity, I find the name on a map much older than the beginning of the XIX. Century, viz., the Royal French map quoted above of date 1792, but taken from the earlier one of Cooke, of 1755. There the name is clearly given as

TOP-SAIL HEAD

and that there may be no mistake about it, it is given in French as

C. DE LA VOILE DU PERROQUET.

I think therefore we must conclude that it is so called on account of the very high head which stands out conspicuously to the view of vessels coming in the Bay. The sailors are accustomed to call high standing peaks of this kind by the name of Topsails. We have an example in the four Topsails, (gaff, mizzen, main and fore-topsails) which have become so well known since the Railway has been built across the country. These are high *Tolts* or *Kopje*, which rise out of the highest ridge of the Long Range Mountains, and, seen at a distance across the vast plain of "Patrick's Marsh," they present a rude resemblance to the topmasts of a ship under sail and seen "Hull down" in the horizon.

I must not pass further without adding a few words to what I

* A mistake of the copyist for Vinte.

wrote in Article IV. of this series, concerning the name of the Queen of the Islands of Conception Bay,

BELL ISLAND.

I there endeavoured to show that the above form and not Belle Isle, is the true name of this really beautiful Island, and that it is so called from the large rock in the shape of a Bell standing off the western end of the Island. This rock is such a natural phenomenon that it could not escape the observant eye of the early navigators. To complete the idea, a smaller piece of rock detached from the main island and standing at some distance is called

THE CLAPPER.

This is the common and very appropriate name used by our people for the tongue of a bell. I mentioned in Article IV. that nearly all the old maps give the name as Bell Island. It may be useful to quote a few of them :—

- 1625—Mason's Map (English), gives Bell Isle.
- 1671—Seller's Map do. gives Bal Isl (a typographical error no doubt).
- 1689—Thornton's Map do. gives Bell I.
- 1693—Fitzhugh's map do. gives Bell I.
- 1720—Cour Lotter's Map (French), gives Belle Isle.
- 1744—Belin's Map do. gives I. de Belle Isle.
- 1755—Moll's Map (English), gives Bell I.
- 1755-6—British Pilot, gives Bell Island.
- 1775—Cook and Lane's Map (English), gives Bell Isle.
- 1792—The same map, translated into French by order of the King, gives Belle Isle.

From this summary it will be seen that all the English maps, and particularly the earlier ones, give the English name of *Bell* Island. The French cartographers, not understanding the English word *Bell*, very naturally fell into the mistake of writing *Belle*, especially as there was already an Island on our shores bearing veritably the name of *Belle Isle*. I showed in Article

IV. that the name of the island at the mouth of the well known Straits of Belle Isle was given by the Bretons, and I gave the reasons which induced them so to name it. It was not on account of any appropriateness of the name, as Belle Isle is only a bare forbidding looking rock, but it was in memory of the Island of the same name off their own coast. On the other hand the name of the Island in Conception Bay was undoubtedly given by the English from the "*Bell Rock*," and to show that the idea of the Bell was always uppermost in their minds we have the name of "*The Clapper*" near the Bell. This brings me to the remarkable instance to which I alluded a short time since when speaking of Kelligrews, of the French placing a name in English when they did not understand it and consequently could not translate it. I have shown that on the French reproduction of Cook's map of 1775, made by order of the French king in 1792, they translated the name Bell Isle of Cook into Belle Isle. But finding the name of "*The Clapper*" on Cook's map and not understanding it, they put it down as it is "*Clapper*" but without the definite article, thus showing that they did not understand the meaning of it. From this I conclude that the name of this Island was originally given by the English and that the French form of the name is only a mistranslation. I am happy to find that the original name of *Bell Island* is being restored in recent times and is likely to prevail. It is important in the first place as a historical landmark, and also for more practical reasons, as was shown recently by the fact that a captain of a steamer, being sent to "*Belle Isle*" for a cargo of ore, and looking on his chart and finding that Island off the coast of Labrador, went there much to the loss of time and money of his employers. He was not to blame, but the error could not have occurred, had the Iron Is and retained its original name of Bell Island.

†M. F. H.



Mid-Night Mass.

By Jas. J. McGrath, B.L.

REVEILLE for all Christian soldiers' souls!
 E'en those by mundane aspirations wrought
 To slumber anæsthetical, are brought
 To muster, and a yearning love controls
 Their inmost depths, when forth in triumph rolls
 "Adoremus" to him whom kings besought
 To honour and whose infancy was fraught
 With all that bears us o'er life's hidden shoals:

 With lights and incense, flow'rs and vestments rare,
 And white robed altar boys whose young hearts praise
 Their INFANT-GOD and magnetize us near
 That manger throne where angels sang their lays;
 And with the hush divine, the music's maze—
 Yes, Mid-night Mass 's the Poetry of Prayer.



Christmas Bells.

By Longfellow.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

 Till, ringing, singing, on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
 "God is NOT dead; nor doth He sleep;
 The Wrong shall fail
 The Right prevail,
 With PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TO MEN."



"MADONNA AND CHILD"—BOTTICELLI.

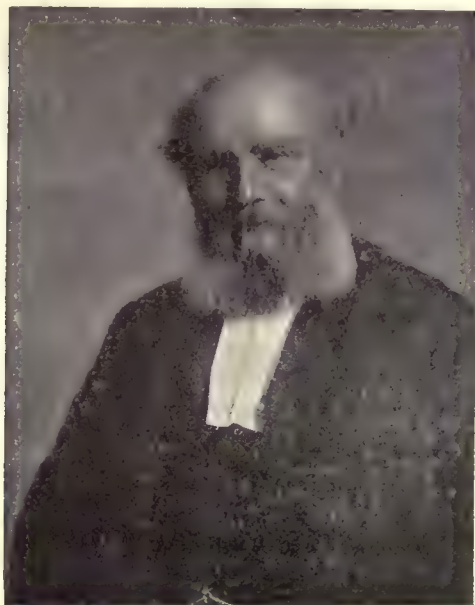
This is the famous "*Il Magnificat*" in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. It shows the Madonna and Child accompanied by beautiful children. Angels at the side are placing a crown upon the Madonna's head.



Episodes in My Career as a Police Magistrate:

CARRYING OUT THE BAIT ACT, 1888.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.



THE AUTHOR, HIS HONOUR JUDGE PROWSE, K.C., LL.D.



THE Editor of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY has asked me to write a paper for the present issue of the magazine on my experiences as a Magistrate. I have always taken a great interest in this publication, and have been a contributor to its pages from the beginning. It is a credit to us as a community that a literary production of this kind should have been so long and so well sustained, and I congratulate the Proprietor—Mr. Evans—on his success.

The preparation of my reminiscences has often been suggested to me, urged upon me by valued friends. I have a written offer from the great publishing house of Blackwoods, Edinburgh, to bring out such a book. At first sight the task might appear easy enough. I have numbers of stories, all more or less personal, scattered about in English, American and Canadian periodicals; they might be strung together, altered and polished up a bit.

At present I feel it my duty to devote myself entirely to the preparation of the Short History of Newfoundland, on which I have been long engaged. At my advanced age, 74, one cannot hope for the leisure years necessary to prepare even a sketch of one's experience really well. I don't feel at all certain about the proposal, although the idea tickles my senile vanity.

As a Police Magistrate my experiences have been more varied than any other individual who ever filled that very unpopular position. It will amuse my readers if I give them a list of the various positions I have held. Under the original Act constituting the Central District Court, I was not only Judge of the Court and Police Magistrate, but I also filled the very anomalous post of Police Inspector, with sole control of the Force. I had to inspect, select officers, and organize a new Police Force. I begged the Government of the day—Sir F. B. T. Carter's Administration—to obtain an officer from the English or Irish Constabulary to superintend the Police. My ideas were ridiculed in the papers of the day. Every kind of abuse was levelled at my devoted head for this most preposterous notion.

When the Confederation party were utterly defeated in 1869, and Mr. Charles Fox Bennett came into power, my ideas were favourably received. I recommended the obtaining of a commissioned officer of the Irish Constabulary, and I suggested that an Irish Catholic gentleman would be the best for the situation. Like the army with its commissioned and non-commissioned officers, there are two distinct classes in the Irish Constabulary. I believe there were difficulties about obtaining one of the higher

rank, so we secured an excellent official in Head Constable Thomas Foley.

Besides my offices as Magistrate, Judge, and Police Inspector, I was Chairman of the Board of Health. President of the Marine Court of Enquiry; Surrogate of the Admiralty Court, a Barrister and K.C.; a public lecturer since I was 17, and always more or less of a scribbler in the newspapers; and to crown all this demd incongruity, as my friend old Toussault would say, one fine morning I woke up to find myself suddenly transformed from a peaceful District Judge into a fighting Admiral in command of the Bait Squadron.

It was in the line of succession that I should fill many multifarious offices. My father—Robert Prowse, Commission Merchant, Broker, Auctioneer and Notary Public, was perpetual Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Manager of the Commercial Room and Billiard Room, sole Superintendent without pay of the Newfoundland School Society, Manager of the Factory, Church Warden of St. Thomas's, Member of the House of Assembly, and a Director of the Union Bank. Besides being selected by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Saint John's to be their representative on the Fire Relief Committee of 1846. He was also general agent for the outpost clergymen—Catholics, Anglicans, and Wesleyans. For all these public services he never took one farthing of remuneration. His ideas were perfectly quixotic on this subject. I am afraid the old man was rather domineering, but he was such a terror to work that every one gave way to him.

The French from the first gave me the nick name of "*Bombarde Admiral*," and our four tugs as the ironclads.

A visitor calling at Government House told Lady Blake "the *Admiral* has arrived."

"You are mistaken!" said her Ladyship, "he won't be here with the fleet before August."

"Oh, it is Admiral Prowse I mean," said her friend.

The Bait Act, as it is well known, was the outcome of a Joint Committee of both Houses. They absolutely refused to ratify the Ford-Pennell Convention unless the French would agree to withdraw or modify their bounties on fish. Concurrently the Committee drafted the Bait Act of 1886. The French made every effort to induce the Imperial Government to refuse their sanction to the Act and in 1887 the Governor, Sir William DesVœux, informed the Legislature that Her Majesty would not sanction the Bill. Sir William DesVœux, was rather a cranky individual and as an avowed agnostic his ugly presence in all our churches was rather incongruous, but on this measure he shewed himself a very honest Ruler and a sincere friend of the Colony. He boldly incurred the displeasure of the Colonial office by supporting the Bait Act most strenuously. His despatches on the subject are very able and convincing.

The Queen's Jubilee in 1887 and the simultaneous Colonial Conference largely helped our Delegates—the late Sir R. Thorburn and Sir A. Shea, and consent was at last obtained with the condition that the Act was not to be put into operation until 1888.

The Bait Act was a white elephant for the Thorburn administration. How to put it in force or what to do with it was the puzzle. I found out later on, that they tried to induce the late Judge Bennett to accept the command but he was opposed to the measure and he very emphatically refused.

I was selected, but when I asked for instructions from the Government they had none to give me, and they confessed to me afterwards that they never hoped or believed that it could be successfully accomplished. My only orders were "carry out the Bait Act."

Early in March we left St. John's in the S.S. *Lady Glover* and *Hercules*. We had a hard job owing to the ice in rounding Cape Spear, but the old *Hercules* pushed ahead and we followed.

All Fortune Bay was up in arms against us, and wherever we touched we were booed and bated. My first difficulty in a campaign of this kind was to organize an Intelligence Department. Of course, even at this late date, I cannot give away my

informers. I soon, however, had a list made out of every bait carrier in the Bay, and I knew of every movement of schooners.

I tried also to keep in touch with St. Pierre and to learn what was going on in the little French Island and what Newfoundland schooners were visiting there. I knew St. Pierre well, having stayed there about the Bank Note Case. I towed in one of their vessels that was dismasted, brought in stray dories, but it was all to no purposes—the French remained deadly hostile. In Fortune Bay I got on rather better. Everywhere I had plenty of visitors, and I regaled them with apples, gingerbread and ginger ale for the women, and the very best Jamaica for the men. An outharbour man myself, and well acquainted with their ways, I knew full well that it would be a deadly crime against hospitality not to entertain and feed my guests.

The Thorburn Government well understood that I could not put down the big charge for Jamaica in my bill, so with unparalleled meanness they made me pay it out of my own pocket.

I was represented in the House of Assembly as a terrible tyrant, with the temper of a demon, going about like a raging lion frightening the lives out of the poor people of Fortune Bay. As a matter of fact I was highly popular after a time; and my visitors were pleased to say that not only was my company pleasant, but my rum was better tippie even than Newman's, and their taste in liquor was select and choice.

There was settled determination amongst the Fortune Bay men to gather together and run the blockade to St. Pierre. I knew of every meeting and kept myself constantly in touch with what was going on. We captured one small schooner that had made the run to St. Pierre with bait. The owner, Walsh, had made a little fortune getting eight dollars a barrel for his herring. His vessel was sold. The wife's friends bought her in and they made really a good thing out of the transaction. This was my one and only seizure.

The one man who was really a terror was my big red-bearded Captain Hector Curtis. When a schooner would not heave to, when signalled, Curtis came up in such a threatening manner that the masters were afraid he would run them down.

Space will not allow me to tell of all the incidents in our expedition. We encountered terrible storms, but as a born sailor I never enjoyed a trip more.

Like all Newfoundlanders, we did many reckless things, such as fishing through rotten ice for trout, with a swift current underneath that would cost us our lives if we had fallen through; we had several duckings. Many of us had narrow escapes.

However, I must get on and tell the final adventure in which we effectually put

There are no finer race of men in this Colony than the people of Fortune Bay. The great bulk of the population are of Devonshire descent—mixed somewhat now with Irish and a slight sprinkling of Jersey men. The old customs of leaving all the fights and quarrels to be disposed of on the 20th of September—settling day—is fast dying out. Two striking characteristics of this fine population are their loyalty to the Crown and their high sense of personal honour. A Fortune Bay man's word is his bond. When I inflicted some small fines the defendants promised to pay up at a certain time. Mr. Hubert told me to let the men go—the fines would surely be paid as promised. It was rather a unique experience for me to allow a delinquent to go, trusting to his bare promise. I know what the result would be in the Capital, but in Fortune Bay every such undertaking was fulfilled to the letter.

Our chief opponents in the Bay were the two leaders of the rebellion against the Bait Act. The principal conspirator against us was a wily Italian whom we will call Goldoni. I met him the other day and we had a laugh over our old adventures. The leading man of action, and our most formidable opponent, was a young skipper whom we will call Tom Pallas. He was in the confidence of the St. Pierre smugglers, and when any desperate adventure of running contraband up the Gulf, or to Cape Breton, Tom was their man. I think the Canadians caught him at the last; but it was his one and only failure out of many successful smuggling trips. Tom had been unanimously selected as admiral and leader of the fleet of schooners that was going to break the Bait Act.

I called in at Goldoni's place. We had a great gathering in

the store. The main argument of the Italian was that the whole thing was the work of the St. John's merchants, and that Queen Victoria had no part in making the law and was opposed to it.

I had to answer this argument. Some of my audience were Protestants, but the bulk of the company were Catholics. "Now my friends," said I, "Don't mind Goldoni; just listen to me. I am the trusted servant of our noble Queen Victoria and hold her commission as a Magistrate, Judge, and Superintendent for carrying out this Act."

Taking a half crown from my pocket I asked them, "whose is this image and superscription, but the Queen's? Look at this Act, read the Inscription. Can you believe for one moment that Queen Victoria would allow her name to be put to an Act like this without her consent? You see it is in her own name. Now, my friends, which will you confide in, a trusted servant of the Queen like your humble servant, or a blasted Italian whose country men are trying to murder our Holy Father the Pope?"

The next day our Police and a Sergeant landed at Goldoni's to look after some bait said to be hidden there. Our men were mobbed, assulted, and when they were getting off the crowd pelted them with stones and there boat was nearly wrecked. Tom Pallas being the active leader of the mob. Word was brought to me late that night. I set to work at once and made out the depositions and warrants for arrest. Next day the whole fleet was to assemble at St. Keels (Cinque Isles), Five Islands, to break the Bait Act.

I knew that, after this famous victory over the Police, Tom and his companions would have a big spree. All would go to bed more or less drunk after the celebration, so I made my arrangements accordingly. We had the *Greyhound*, Jacob Simins, the best pilot in the Bay. At three o'clock in the morning, with all lights out, we ran quietly into Goldoni's, captured all the prisoners in bed. Took Goldoni also, as a witness, and steamed up to Cinque Isles where the fleet were all assembled. I had Tom Pallas and his companions, and Goldoni, placed conspicuously on the deck house so that all hands could see the prisoners. After slowly passing along through all the schooners, Mr. Hubert went amongst the fleet and told them all that had happened. One by one they hove up their anchors, hoisted their canvas and quietly sailed away. In an hours time not a schooner remained in Cinque Isles. So ended the grand conspiracy to break the Bait Act. The capture of their leader, and the dread of losing their schooners, took all heart out of the belligerents. We had to combat several single-handed adventures to run bait to St. Pierre, but this was the last organized attempt on a large scale to defy the law. Our Bait Squadron that was at first despised and ridiculed soon won respect, as the following ludicrous incident will show.

An American schooner, the *Daniel Marcy*, met a large three-sail boat with flags flying. When she came across the Yankee she fired a gun, and the *Marcy* immediately hove to supposing it was one of the Government craft. The party in the boat quieted their fears by calling out, "Lo', skipper, it be a weddin'," and a wedding party it was, coming from Harbor Breton to Brunet Island.

What was the result of the Bait Act? What were its effects on the French fishery? Our opponents had been for years flooding the Mediterranean markets in Spain, Portugal and Italy with their Bank cod ruining our trade.

On the 10th of May, 1888, Victor Cordon, President of the Chamber of Commerce of St. Pierre, declared that their country was ruined. Fifty-four thousand barrels of herring are required for their Spring's baiting; up to that date he declared only 4,040 barrels had been secured, all through the means of this sacré Bait Act. Our vessels are idle—lying up in the harbor for want of bait.

The late Judge Bennett, who was an opponent of the measure, made a very able and exhaustive Report on the subject. It was printed, and laid on the table of the House, and afterwards in a most extraordinary way suppressed; one copy only was secured by Mr. James McGrath, late Governor of the Penitentiary. The Judge declared that the success of the Act was undoubted; that the French catch was reduced by over one-third, and that they had never recovered from the blow. The year 1888, when I was in charge, was a complete test of its effects. It was a good year on the Banks, and the failure of the French on that season was entirely due to the operation of the Bait Act. About succeeding years there might be a doubt; there was no question about the results in 1888. My subsequent doings; how I made a Treaty with the French; my examination before the Executive Council—all very amusing—must stand over for the present.

Before closing this hurried sketch I should say one word about the noble band of colleagues that assisted me in this enterprise. From my able assistants Supt. Sullivan, Head-Const. O'Rielly, Capt. Curtis, Mr. Hubert, Manuel Pike, down to the humblest stoker, all worked with a will to carry out the Bait Act. We were a united band of brethren, all Newfoundlanders; and no better men could be found anywhere to carry out this difficult task.

Incidentally carrying out Bait Act made your humble servant the Historian of Newfoundland. My paper, on the Home of the Herring, were so much praised that I was encouraged to begin at last the great work which I had long projected—The story of my own country. D. W. P.

A Christmas Ghost Story:

Authenticated by a Magistrate and a Minister.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D., D.D.



THE battle of Edgehill, as every school-boy knows, was fought between the Royalists and the Whigs, or oligarchical party, who described themselves as the Parliamentary party, though in fact they had only a majority of the Lower House, and represented only a minority of the people. It took place on October the 22nd, in the year 1642.

The Royal army, marching from the Western Midlands upon London, was followed by the Whig army, which was trying to threaten its flank, with a view to turn it from London. The situation of the King's army upon Edge Hill was such that it might have continued its march or have awaited attack in an impregnable position, but the high spirit of the King and his cavaliers impelled them to turn back, descend into the plain, and attack the rebels. Though the victory was claimed by both sides, public opinion gave it to the Royalists, whose cause was much strengthened; and they might have captured London and have brought the rebellion to an end, but that the King's ministers being moderate liberal men, such as Falkland, wished the conflict to be terminated not by a military triumph, but by an agreement.

The following ghost-story concerning this battle was printed in London three months later. Chance has lately thrown a copy in my way, and as it is better authenticated than such stories usually are, and as the phenomena occurred at Christmas, it may interest other readers. Men of science, more besotted with *a priori* dogmatism than any theologian could be, or infected with materialism, long refused even to consider the evidence of such phenomena; but the true scientific spirit of to-day recognises that there cannot any longer be any doubt as to their existence, and that the only question is about their cause and their nature. I omit a preliminary dissertation on Ghosts and Devils.

"A Great Wonder in Heaven, shewing the late Apparitions and Prodigious Noyses of War and Battels, seen on Edge-Hill, neere Keinton in Northamptonshire.—Certified under the Hands of William Wood, Esquire and Justice for the Peace in the said Countie, Samuel Marshall, Preacher of Gods Word in Keinton, and other Persons of Qualitie.—London: Printed for Thomas Jackson, Jan. 23, Anno Dom. 1642.—[O.S.=Feb. 2, 1643, N.S.]

* * * Edge-Hill, in the very confines of Warwickshire, neere unto Keynton in Northamptonshire, a place, as appears by the sequele, destined for civill warres and battells; as where King John fought a battell with his Barons, . . . at this Edge-Hill, in the very place where the battell was stricken, have since and doth appeare strange and portentuous Apparitions of two jarring and contrary Armies, as I shall in order deliver, it being certified by the men of most credit in those parts, as William Wood, Esquire, Samuel Marshall, Minister, and others, on Saturday which was in Chrstmas time*, as if the Saviour of the World, who died to redeem mankinde, had beene angry that so much Christian blood was there spilt, and so had permitted these infernall armies to appeare where the corporeall Armies had shed so much blood;—between twelve and one of

the clock in the morning was heard by some shepherds and other country-men and travellers, first the sound of drummes afar off, and the noyse of Souldiers, as it were, giving out their last groanes! at which they were much amazed, and amazed stood still, till it seemed by the neerenesse of the noyse, to approach them; at which too much affrighted, they sought to withdraw as fast as possibly they could; but then, on the sudden whilst they were in these cogitations, appeared in the ayre the same incorporeal souldiers that made those clamours, and immediately, with Ensignes display'd, Drummes beating, Musquets going off, Cannons discharged, Horses neyghing, which also to these men were visible, the alarum or entrance to this game of death was struck up, one Army which gave the first charge, having the Kings colours, and the other the Parliaments in their head or front of the battells, and so pell mell to it they went; the battell that appeared to the Kings forces seeming at first to have the best, but afterwards to be put in apparent rout; but till two or three in the morning in equal scale continued this dreadful fight, the clattering of Armes, noyse of Cannons, cries of souldiers, so amazing and terrifying the poore men, that they could not believe they were mortal, or give credit to their eares and eyes; runne away they durst not, for feare of being made a prey to those infernall souldiers, and so they with much fear and affright, stayed to behold the success of the businesse, which at last suited to this effect: after some three houres fight, that Army which carryed the Kings colours wittedrew or rather appeared to flie; the other, remaining, as it were, masters of the field, stayed a good space triumphing and expressing all the signes of joy and conquest, and then, with all their Drummes, Trumpets, Ordnance, and souldiers, vanished; the poore men glad they were gone that had so long staid them there against their wils, made with all haste to Keinton, and there knocking up Mr. Wood, a Justice of Peace, who called up his neighbour Mr. Marshall, the Minister, they gave them an account of the whole passage, and averred it upon their oaths to be true. At which affirmation of theirs being much amazed, they should hardly have given credit to it, but would have conjectured the men to be either mad or drunk, had they not known some of them to be of approved integritie; and so suspending their judgments till the next night, about the same houre they with the same men and all the substantiall Inhabitants of that and the neighbouring Parishes, drew thither; where, about half an houre after their arrivall, on Sunday being Christmas night, appeared in the same tumultuous warlike manner the same two adverse Armies, fighting with as much spite and spleen as formerly; and so departed the gentlemen, and all the spectatours much terrified with these visions of horreur withdrew themselves to their houses, beseeching God to defend them from those hellish and prodigious enemies. The next night they appeared not, nor all that week, so that the dwellers thereabout were in good hope they had forever departed; but on the ensuing Saturday night, in the same place and at the same houre, they were again seene with far greater tumult, fighting in the manner afore-mentioned for foure houres or verie neere, and then vanished, appearing againe on Sunday night, and performing the same actions of hostilitie and bloudshed; so that both Mr. Wood and others, whose faith, it should seeme, was not

* Saturday was Christmas Eve (O.S.) in that year.

strong enough to carrie them out against these delusions, forsook their habitations thereabout and retired themselves to other more secure dwellings; but Mr. Marshall stayed, and some other; and so, successively the next Saturday and Sunday the same tumults and prodigious sights and actions were put in the state and condition they were formerly. The rumour whereof coming to his Majestie at Oxford, he immediately dispatched thither Colonell Lewis Kirke, Captaine Dudley, Captaine Wainman, and three other gentlemen of credit, to take full view and notice of the said business, who, first hearing the true attestation and relation of Mr. Marshall and others, staid their till Saturday night following, wherein they heard and saw the fore-mentioned prodigies, and so on Sunday, distinctly knowing divers of the apparitions or incorporeall substances by their faces, as that of Sir Edward Varney*, and others that were there slaine; of which upon oath they made testimony to his Majestie. What this does portend God only knoweth, and time perhaps will discover; but doubtlessly it is a signe of his wrath against this Land, for these civill wars, which He in his good time finish, and send a sudden peace between his Majestie and Parliament.—Finis.”

* Sir Edward Varney was the royal standard-bearer in the battle.



TWO SHIPS!

BRILLIANT the sun and brilliant the sea
On this October morn;
Gaudy, the hills, in their crimson tints
Loom out in the day, just born!
Wildly the waves sweep out to the sea!—
The mighty sea afar!—
While the white gulls soar in the golden haze
Enshrouding the Harbor Bar!

Two ships pass by, thro' the gorgeous gate
Beyond, where the oceans sweep!—
The one sails off to her distant port
Mid dreams of the lov'd who weep!
The other comes Home! Her anchor's dropp'd—
Ah me! how the sailors cheer!
And the children shout in their hearts of glee
And rush for the nearest pier!

* * * * *

“The one sails off to her distant Port!”
There are widow'd hearts to-day!
And the Christmas Bells ring a dirge to them
Who only weep and pray!
There are fragments found in the ocean wide
A life-boat!—planks—a mast!—
The tale is told of the missing ship
That voyage was her last!

* * * * *

Brilliant the sun, the sea and the shore
On Love and Youth's fair morn!—
Wildly the waves come laden with Hope
To the dream just newly born!
Gaudy the flash from the peaks of pride
And the mountains of mad desire!—
Till the ship moves off with our Dead sea fruit
And the embers of memory's fire!

—E. C.

Christmas Antiphon.

By A. C. Swinburne.

THOU whose birth on earth
Angels sang to men,
While thy stars made mirth,
Saviour at thy birth,
This day born again.

As this night was bright
With thy cradle-ray,
Very light of light
Turn the wild world's night
To thy perfect day.



CHRISTMAS MORN.

Old Christmas Returned.

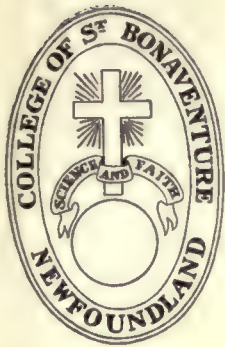
An Old Carol.

“ALL you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind;
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse:
Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

The holly and ivy about the walls wind
And show that we ought to our neighbors be kind,
Inviting each other for pastime and sport,
And where we best fare there we most do resort;
We fail not of victuals, and that of the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

All travelers, as they do pass on their way,
At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,
Themselves to refresh, and their horses to rest,
Since that he must be Old Christmas's guest;
Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

The Ladies' Association of St. Bonaventure.



WHEN Bishop Fleming of sainted memory, with only a half-crown in his pocket, laid the Foundation Stone of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, many good people in the community said he was mad. It was prophesied by those, that it would never be built, and if it were ever built, it would never be paid for; and that when it was built it would be useless, as it was too far out of town, and there would never be a congregation large enough to fill it.

Anyone who is curious enough to test how far the good Bishop was wrong and his critics right, need only go up to Military Road any Sunday, and watch the overflowing congregations that crowd each other at the successive Masses from 7 to 11 a.m.

His foresight gave us one of the grandest Cathedrals, on one

proud boast of many to-day that their fathers, mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers helped to excavate the site; hauled wood and stone, brought mortar and tended the builders, and helped by every means in their power to raise the noble pile.

The same spirit of enthusiasm appears to have caught the women of to-day, as well as their husbands and brothers.

It is pretty certain that the male portion of the congregation will guarantee that the principal will be paid in due time, while the women have made the task their own to find the interest.

The Ladies' Association of St. Bonaventure have commenced the good work with the old-time enthusiasm of their mothers and grandmothers. They have already secured nearly a thousand members, each one pledged to pay at least fifty cents each year. It is their intention to enroll every woman in the Island on their membership roll. They propose canvassing St. John's first, for members, and then starting circles in every outport in the country.

They have already elected a number of representative officers, and an experienced and energetic committee; and formulated

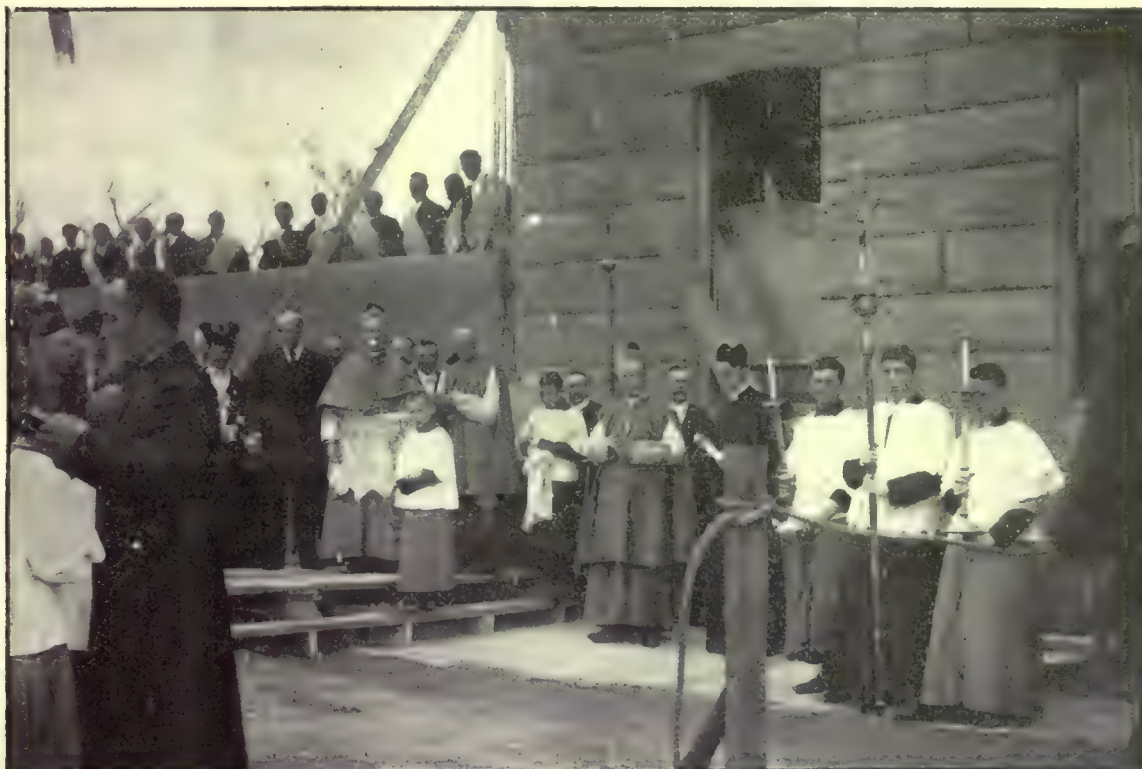


Photo by J. J. Sutherby.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE.

of the finest sites in America, and the only fault to find with it, is that on special occasions, such as the Mid-night Mass on Christmas Eve, or Mission being held within its walls, it is not nearly large enough to contain the congregation that flocks there from all parts of the city.

Similar prophecies were made when it was mooted that we were to have a newer, larger, and improved St. Bonaventure's College. But the building is growing apace, and all in good time it will be finished and paid for, and will ever remain a monument to the Faith and foresight of His Grace the Archbishop, who well and truly laid the Foundation Stone.

It is true we have no millionaires in our Island, to endow such an institution with princely gifts as is done in other countries. But like his predecessor, His Grace does not rely on the wealthy members of the community, but on the same class that built the Cathedral,—the fishermen, the farmer, the mechanic and the labourer.

To many of the older generation, it was the glory of their lives to boast, that they had helped to build the Cathedral; it is the

plans whereby the necessary funds will be forthcoming when the interest falls due.

The sentiment is so strong now about the Association, that it is considered an honour to be a member of it; and while this feeling lasts, very few will have the hardihood to remain outside the ranks of these earnest workers.

We reproduce here a photo of His Grace laying the Foundation Stone in presence of His Excellency the Governor and Lady, the Brothers and members of the College Board, the St. Bonaventure's Association, and representatives of the various Catholic Societies. We hope next Christmas to be able to give our readers a picture of the magnificent new building all complete and in working order.

The QUARTERLY wishes the Ladies' Association every success, and guarantees that it will always keep its pages open to help along the good cause; and hopes in the very near future to congratulate them on the fact that the new College is built and out of debt largely through the self-denying and enthusiastic efforts of the women of Newfoundland.



Unrecorded History.



By H. W. LeMessurier.



THE AUTHOR, HENRY W. LEMESSURIER,
Deputy Minister of Customs and Assistant Collector.



IN the published Histories of Newfoundland, very little has been said about the prominent part which the Channel Islanders, and the American Colonists, played in the prosecution of its fisheries, in its settlement and in the maintenance of British Supremacy against the encroachments, and the attacks of other nations, particularly against the French.

There is no doubt but the Channel Islanders and Bretons knew of the Newfoundland fisheries long before they were heard of in England. Old records in Guernsey and Jersey point to this fact, and to the establishment of fishing stations on the coasts of Newfoundland at a very much earlier period than any settlement by West Country merchants. One of the earliest fishing establishments, of which there is any record, was at Bras d'Or and another close to it at Blanc Sablon, which latter name is mentioned in Cartier's voyages.

The Nicolies, DeQuettvilles, Careys, Villeneuves, Corbins, Clements, DeGrouchys, LeHurays, Guizots, Frewins, LeBoutilliers, LeMessuriers, LeFeuvres, Tricots, Chevaliers, DeGaris, Galliennes, Robins, Dumaresques, Payns, Falles, and Janveins were all Channel Island people who carried on business in Newfoundland; many of them were established here long before either the English or French had a building on the coast. The DeQuettvilles were probably the earliest fishers here, and had an establishment at Blanc Sablon, which appears to have been in their occupancy prior to 1600. In many of the contests for supremacy the Channel Islanders held their own against the French, and protected the property of their English neighbours from the West Country, when they sought refuge in the woods or fled on board their vessels. Many of the descendants of Guernsey and Jersey families may be traced here now, in the Hawcoes, Tricots, LeDrews, Vavassurs, Seviours, Furey, Gushues, Piccoes, Corbins, Lefeuvres and Veitches.

There can be but little doubt that many of the harbors on the South Coast, to the westward of Grand Bank, were named by Channel Islanders and Bretons. Jersey Harbor in Fortune Bay, Harbor Breton, near by, St. Hilliers and St. Aubin in Rencontre, Hermitage Bay, Gros Nez and Corbin were certainly first so called by these people. No one has discovered who named St. John's, there have been various conjectures, but nothing definite. I have no doubt that it was so named by a Jerseyman from the parish of St. John's in Jersey. Close to it is Bay Bulls, the origin of which name lies in mystery. In some of the old charts it is called Bay Boule which leads me to believe it was also named by a Jerseyman after Bay Bouley in his native Island, as the French pronunciation would, for both spelling be "Booley."

In a short article like this I have not space to discuss these names more fully and now offer them merely for the consideration of those interested in the ancient history of our Island.

The American Colonists, principally those who dwelt in the New England States, did a large trade on our coasts in the early days. They prosecuted the fisheries around our shores, helped us to fight the French and were the first to open up and carry on the West India trade with this Colony. The Gills, Hills, Reeds, Howes, Hutchings, Denneys, and many others whose names are forgotten were leaders in this early trade. The Gills, were Massachusetts people and at first only traded here, but finally settled. At the time of the Revolution, 1776, many Royalists left the States and settled here, amongst the number were Mr. George Hutchings and his sister. He was born in Pennsylvania, and was a cousin of the Adames who were Presidents of the United States. His sister married Major Haley, of Bally Haley. The Gills were noted for the assistance they rendered the English fishermen in fighting the French, notably at Bonavista, and Mr. Hutchings was awarded property in the West End for services rendered the garrison at the time of the attack on Bay Bulls.

After the United States Colonies had revolted, the trade with the West Indies was for a time checked. The vessels of Virginia and Massachusetts dared not come on these coasts, only as privateers, and the Bermudian vessels could not run the risk to venture North. After the declaration of peace, the Revolutionists were not prohibited from fishing on the Banks and in the waters of Newfoundland, but they were prevented from landing and drying their fish. This restriction was a block to their West India trade and the Bermudians, who were closely connected with the Virginian people, made an attempt to take the place of the people of the United States in supplying the West Indian markets. The Bermudians claimed an equal right with His Majesty's subjects, to the making and husbanding of fish on the shores of this Colony, as well as taking it on the Banks. In 1788 the West Country merchants determined to exclude the Bermudians from the Newfoundland fisheries. By the Act 15 Geo. III., Cap. XXXI., "No person was allowed to fish in Newfoundland except those arriving from His Majesty's Dominions in Europe." This was intended to exclude the people of the United States, but by this policy Canadians, Nova Scotians and Bermudians might be rigidly excluded. The West Country merchants saw their chance, and upon the arrival of Governor Admiral Elliot they called his attention to the Bermudians fishing in the waters of Newfoundland, and he thereupon permitted them to continue to do so for that year only. Mr. Harvey was the agent of the Bermudians, and vainly endeavoured to set aside this restriction. It was represented that Bermuda was a British Colony, that the Bermudians had no staple commodity for exporting, they were altogether supported by their navigation and that they had upwards of 200 men employed in the navigation of their vessels. Notwithstanding all their representations the Act, above quoted, was put in force against them. Nothing daunted, however, the Bermudians established business places in St. John's, Mr. John Dunscomb being the first here, and a brisk business was done by the firm of John Dunscomb & Co., by

means of the Bermuda vessels, with the West Indian Islands. The Harveys, Dunscombs, Tuckers, Hunts, Woods, Gilberts, Wards, Darrels, Spencers, Williamses, Trimmingshams, Chaulkers, Waddlingtons, Kirkhams, Reeds, and many other Bermudians were well represented in this trade for many years. The firm of John Dunscomb & Co. was succeeded by Dunscomb & Kavanagh, (the latter a Jamaican) then Dunscomb & Harvey, which became Harvey & Tucker and since then Harvey & Co. The Harvey's, Tuckers and Dunscomb's were all connected with the old Virginian families, and many of their connections rose to prominence in the United States.

I have said that many of the Bermudian and Virginian families were connected. The Harveys were early settlers of Bermuda and among the first who held the charter of the Colony, they were related to the Tuckers, another old Bermudian family. Judge St. George Tucker, so well known in Virginia as an eminent Jurist was born in Bermuda in 1752, and went to Virginia before the Revolution. He married Mrs. Randolph, the widowed mother of John Randolph of Roanoke, by whom he had two sons, Henry St. George and Beverly. His eldest daughter married Alfred T. Magill, M.D., who was a professor in the University of Virginia. Henry St. George Tucker, became an eminent Jurist and was President of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, he died in Winchester, Va., in 1848. The Hon. John Randolph Tucker, the distinguished statesman and constitutional lawyer, was one of his sons. Beverly Tucker was a Jurist and writer who died in 1851. The well and widely known English writer of forty years ago, "A. L. O. E.," was a member of this Tucker family.

The Dunscombs and Magills were also intimately connected, the former being a well known family in Bermuda, deriving their ancestry from England. They were largely interested in the early West Indian trade. Mr. John Dunscomb's father and Mr. Charles Magill of Connecticut were closely connected in this business, their vessels trading even to Great Britain with West Indian produce. At one time, during the French war which ended in 1802, a frigate of H. M. Navy in making port at Bermuda ran on shore in the Channel, and in order to get her off, her ballast, which consisted of pig iron, was thrown overboard. When floated she could hardly stand upright and it was only by lowering some of her guns into the hold that she was safely brought to the Dockyard. As there was no ballast at Bermuda, the rock of the Island being a light coral, the officer

in command was puzzled to know what to do. A vessel owned by Mr. Magill, was laying in port and Mr. Dunscomb despatched her to the United States, for ballast. She returned in a very short space of time with a load of old iron, and was so deep in the water as to cause the people to wonder how she had ever reached Bermuda. For the quick despatch, and the service rendered, Messrs. Dunscomb and Magill were handsomely paid.

✻ For Avalon. ✻

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

I.

WE were in a happy company, a party gay and young,
And pleasant tales were told to us, and golden songs were sung;
And Albion's fame was gloried in, and Caledonia's hills;
And all our hearts were melted at the tale of Erin's ills;
But my breast was still unsatisfied, at something wanting yet,
For which my bosom panted, and at which my eyes were wet;
Amid the songs, I whispered, is there none for thee alone,
None for my native country, my queenly Avalon,
Isle of my heart?

II.

No words to tell the glory of thy deep and mighty bays,
Where the fisher-boats nod brightly on the gleaming waterways;
Of the thousand, thousand islets, and the silver-winding straits,
Within whose tortuous channels every sight of beauty waits;
None to recount the majesty of myriad iron-bound capes,
And of noble estuaries where each river's flood escapes?
Among the Islands famed in song, must thou be left alone?
Where is the bard to sing of thee, my sea-girt Avalon,
Isle of my heart?

III.

Is there no voice of music for thy dear green hills; and lakes
From whose pellucid waters his thirst the caribou slakes;
For the berry-coated barrens, and the great bluffs fierce and bare;
And the deep blue skies above them all of every change aware?
Must thy woods chant their ancient songs with no interpreter;
And thy blackbirds chatter blithely with no human echo near?
Amid the sound and silence, is there not one voice alone,
To make the dull world hark to thee, my lovely Avalon,
Isle of my heart?

IV.

Alas! I cannot do it yet, my reed too slender is,
Too slight to sound thy beaches' roar, or thy waterfalls' loud hiss;
Too clumsy to report the grace that breathes within thy woods;
Too saddened to evoke the joy that animates thy floods;
Yet wilt thou not accept the verse in which I sing thy praise
And bid me tune a sweeter, stronger pipe for other days?
For all my inspiration has been given by thee alone,
And all my heart beats true to thee, my home, my Avalon,
Isle of my heart!



Photo by J. J. Sutherby.

THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO., LTD., BUILDING—FLAVIN AND BOND STREETS, ST. JOHN'S.

The Master-Watch.

By Dan Carroll.

THREE thousand men of the Viking breed,
Will sail for the North to-day ;
An eager throng fills the city streets
And loud from each crowded quay,
The ans'ring cheer and the shrilly horn
Proclaim where the ships delay.

But, back in a dingy street, there lies
Enfeebled and faint and poor,
Begrizzled and gray and weak, a man
Whose sealing for aye is o'er;—
The master-watch of the fearless heart,
Who shall tread the "pans" no more.

Eager, alert and brave was he,
And fleet of foot as the roe ;
Thro' nights of stress he has cheered his mates
When lost on the running flow,
And his eagle-eye was first to sight
His ship thro' the whirling snow.

The damp of death is upon his brow
And his eyes with mist are dim ;
But a passing smile plays for a while
On the old man's features grim !—
He starts, as a loud hurrah is borne
Clear over the eaves to him.

Then 'wakened memory paints the scenes
Of many a vanished year ;
And he treads the quarter-deck again—
He leads in the lusty cheer—
And lo ! He speaks, and his furrowed cheeks
Are wet with the unchecked tear.

" Ah, yes ! I can hear their cheering now,
They're off to the ice to-day ;
Oh ! I've been with them for forty years,
And know where the white-coats stray—
I know where the main-patch drifting goes—
Where the seals in thousands lay.

" I've watched the winds and the currents long
And studied the omens, too,
That none but the veteran sealer knows,—
And knows with an instinct true;—
I've been in the seals—*my ship alone* !—
ALONE!! with a stalwart crew.

" To-day they sail, but I may not go,
Yet memory fondly sings,
Till in dreams I've found where the harps abound—
Where the hunters' cheering rings ;
My heart is away upon the flow
Where the blood-stained baton swings.

" I hear the cry of the young all night,—
I long for the morn to shine :
Now, I watch three hundred men away
Over the frozen brine.—
I see afar 'gainst the sinking sun
The flagged-pans lift on the line.

" The crystal berg and the north-lights gleam
And the lode-star clear o'erhead,
Breaks grandly bright on the northern night
Our ship once more has led !—
And captain—Lord !—yes—yes !—to-day—"

* * * * *

The master-watch is dead !



Photo. by James Vey.

CAPE BONA VISTA LIGHT HOUSE.



Photo by R. White.

GULL ISLAND LIGHT HOUSE—OFF CAPE ST. JOHN.

[The above illustrations are familiar aids to the Newfoundland sealer.]

Christmas—An Institution.

By Jas. J. McGrath, B.L.

INCREASING Drifts of Time, your biting blast
On blast availeth not to hide from view
The heart-food caches built the centuries through
By each recurring Christmastide. Repast
Rejuvenating ! Stimulated fast
The traveller is who sups. He feels anew
The glow of kindly thoughts that self eschew,
Which makes life's outlook cheerful, broader, vast.

The cynic's sneer, the pessimistic wail
Asphyxiated are by Christmas cheer,
And youthful joys lived o'er again avail
To deck with scented flowers the dying year :
And ears attuned by supernatural ken
Hear ever "Peace on Earth good will to men."

Daniel J. Carroll.

STRANGERS have remarked time and again that the Newfoundlanders are a very musical people. If an effort were made to combine and direct our musical talent, into such an institution as the Welsh Eisteddfod, and similar musical associations, the result would be very notable. Similarly for a small population such as ours, we have a more than average percentage of poetical writers, and many of the poems published from time to time possess more than ordinary merit.

Foremost among our poetical writers is Mr. Dan Carroll, a name very familiar to all our readers. Mr. Carroll possesses the true poetic instinct, and on occasions soars high above the average. He is an all around artist.

Born at St. John's West in 1865 he is now in his prime. He was educated at St. Patrick's Schools, where his favourite study,



DANIEL J. CARROLL.

the death of our late Poet Laurate "Isabella," our sweet singer Mrs. Jno. Harris, and our sturdy viking Capt. Arthur Jackman and others strike a high note, worthy of the theme.

The QUARTERLY and its readers are deeply indebted to Mr. Carroll. Some of his sweetest songs have found expression in its columns, and he has been ever ready to supply us with a musical contribution since the inception of this journal.

We reproduce his photograph on this page in the belief that many Newfoundlanders at home and abroad will be pleased to make the better acquaintance of one whose name is familiar to all our readers.

It may be said truly of him as it was of another poet, that he "touched nothing that he did not adorn."

He is intensely patriotic, and many of his poems ring with a love of our Island Home.

Mr. Carroll's poems have more than a local reputation. They have appeared in some good mediums abroad, among others Chambers's Journal, Donahue's Magazine, and the Boston Traveller.

We are pleased to say that a characteristic poem of his, on a peculiarly local subject, which will be read with pleasure by thousands of his countrymen, appears in another column of the QUARTERLY.

An exquisite conception of his which appeared in an early number of this journal is reproduced herewith. We quote it to give our readers a taste of his quality when he is in a musing mood. We are certain our readers will agree with us, that it possesses rare poetic merit.

Forever and Forever.

A SUN-KISSED wave stole up the beach one day,
The while his Mother Ocean gently slept;
Along the pebbled strand in laughter swept
And kissed a rose-lipped shell, and stole away.

Long years have passed and many a storm has flung
The wrecks of gallant ships that beach upon;
But ever in the shell's deep heart rings on
The music which that laughing wave had sung.

And thus it is, sometimes from life's dull sea,
A joy-lit wave shall swell our souls to claim,
And teach our hearts the music of a name
That fills our lives thro' all the years to be.

The QUARTERLY wishes Mr. Carroll a Very Happy Xmas, and expresses the hope that he will be long spared to us, to sing the songs of his native land.

Drawing, was directed by Rev. Bro. Prenderville. That he excelled in this line may be seen by some very creditable work which he has turned out for the B. I. S. Theatre, Littledale, and several of our outport Halls.

When he left school, he went to work with Messrs. Callahan & Glass where he learned wood carving, and learned it so thoroughly that for high artistic work he has no superior in the Island. The "originals" for the "enrichments" on the elaborate new ceiling of the R. C. Cathedral, are all from the chisel of our versatile friend. From wood carving to wood engraving was not far, so very soon Mr. Carroll was requisitioned to design and engrave fancy covers for our local Christmas Numbers and other holiday souvenirs. This task he did also tastefully and artistically. The cover of our present Xmas Number is an unpretentious specimen of his skill. His cartoons have played a conspicuous part in the political campaigns of the last twelve years, and considering the facilities at hand, his work is more than creditable.

But it is as a writer of touching little poetical compositions, he has excelled. His great sympathy and kindness of heart, have prompted some of his best efforts in the shape of graceful tributes to notable Newfoundlanders deceased. His poems on



Photo by A. English.

LOOKING UP LITTLE RIVER—THE ESTUARY.

Rev. Brother Ennis,

Superintendent at "Mount Cashel."

HIS Grace the Archbishop displayed his usual foresight when he secured his old paternal homestead at Mount Cashel, and commissioned the Rev. Bro. Slattery to establish there a home for the orphan boys of Newfoundland.

It was a charming old place, surrounded by meadows and gardens, with its leafy avenue and its sylvan beauty, conveniently situated near the city, and possessing unbounded possibilities for its future development.

Rev. Bro. Slattery, with his unceasing energy and great executive ability, was the man of all men to develop to its full measure the grand idea. He it was who transformed this estate into one of the finest, if not the very finest farms in

heart and soul. Each and all of them in turn, were teachers, farmers, cattle doctors, carpenters, shoe-makers, engineers, electricians, and in fact they seemed always willing and ready and able to turn their hands to anything and everything needed about such an institution, and to do it successfully.

Bro. Slattery knew that the rule of the Brotherhood regarding the transference of Brothers from one place to another at a moment's notice, would apply to him at any moment, and for years he was training a successor, and found a pupil after his own heart in the present Superintendent—Rev. Bro. Ennis.

Mr. Ennis was born in Kildare, in December, 1873, and is now just 34 years of age. He entered the Brothers in March, 1889, and came direct from Ireland to Mount Cashel in 1898. He is a man of fine physique, tall, and stately in bearing. He is bubbling over with energy and of a retiring disposition. Is it any wonder that the fading eye of the old "Father" of the Institution rested lovingly and hopefully on this young enthusiast who for years had been his strong right hand. Bro. Slattery's instinct was unerring, and when the word came for him to go to the Mother House and rest from his labours, he dropped the reins without a sigh and handed them to a successor of his own making.

Mr. Ennis took up the work exactly where his predecessor left it down. The institution is more flourishing than ever. The farms are being extended, the flocks and herds are increasing and multiplying, and the crops are increasing in bulk with each succeeding year.

There are now nearly eighty orphan boys, well fed, well clad, and well taught in the Institution. It is growing slowly but surely. It will take time and toil, and money to keep it going and bring it to its full function; but while the orphan boys of Newfoundland have such guardians, as the late one—Rev. Bro. Slattery, and his successor—Rev. Bro. Ennis, and such a staff of self-denying Brothers to teach and work for them, they may rest easy, as may also the Catholic people of Newfoundland, whose work these devoted Brothers are doing so ably and so well.



REV. J. F. ENNIS,
Superior Mount Cashel.

Newfoundland. To the old homestead were added, by his untiring work and forethought, large buildings containing dormitories, refectories, work-rooms, play-rooms, and to crown all one of the finest barns in America. Bally Haley Marsh from the old boundary fence to the Logy Bay Road was, by great toil and exertion, converted into smiling meadows. The boundaries of the farm extended under his touch north, south, east and west, till now it comprises an area of about 66 acres.

But Bro. Slattery could not work miracles. He did not perform this work unaided. He was always ready and willing, with voice and pen, to acknowledge the help and sympathy accorded to him by the good people regardless of creed or class amongst whom he laboured. Were it not for the practical aid and assistance, willingly accorded him on all sides, his task would have been a very up-hill one indeed. In addition to this he was fortunate in having the unquestioning devotion of a noble little band of co-workers, who, by skill and industry and willing assistance, lovingly and obediently rendered made it possible for him to work wonders. The Christian Brothers—Rev. Bros. Ennis, Brennan, O'Regan, Ryan and Eagan entered into his plans with



The Quarterly weaves for its readers a chaplet of gems, in prose and song. There is something to the taste of everyone. We had in our minds eye, when planning this number, our many friends in distant lands.

We have striven to make this number redolent of Newfoundland Xmas, so that it may be a fitting Souvenir to send to friends abroad.

Our contributors, grave and gay, speak for themselves. Our illustrations are no less eloquent. The reproduction of the Madonnas is appropriate at this season. They are classics, and though the masterpieces of artists long gathered to their fathers, are ever new.

If you want to know the live business people of Newfoundland, refer to our advertising pages. Some of these names are familiar to readers for over a century, others are newer, but none the less reliable. It is fitting that what's best in our business life should find expression through the medium of Newfoundland's one and only magazine.

The QUARTERLY will be a standing record: it is not used for kindling purposes, the morning after issue, but is a treasured guest in the homes of thousands of readers, both at home and abroad.



Pocket-Money.



A True Story—By a Newfoundlander.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In answer to your request for an article for your Christmas Number the following anecdote may interest your holiday readers.

There is a cosy and picturesque little settlement on the Southern part of this Island, where, fifty years ago, could be found lads who, if not up in the branches of Higher Education, displayed a wit on occasions that showed they were men of resources that only required development.

In the good old summer time of the musty-past, when fish for catching, and cod-seining was the principal mode of earning the cunning cod, and fishers kept their muscle up at boar the greater part of the day,—for the lazy man's invention had not yet been dreamt of, it is related how Ned G. and his two chums secured their pocket-money.

Fish was abundant, the stages were nearly crammed, and fishermen, especially salters, were getting played out. Salt was running short.

It was Sunday—a day of rest then, though there was no Lord's Day Alliance to keep people mindful of the Third Commandment. After a good meal of "duff" and a refreshing sleep, the boys assembled on some favored spot, usually a grassy bank under the shelter of a flake, to discuss the doings of the past week and the prospects of the next. But now the scarcity of salt was the special subject under consideration. Some of the skippers strolled along while the salt question was up—a matter of special interest for them: no salt, no fish. The "Bully Boat" lay off at anchor, and though her capacity was not large, some thought if they had the "full" of her it would supply demands for the present. A crew was made up by the skippers, and three—Ned, Pat and Stephen were selected to make a "run" to St. John's for a load of salt. Ned being the most experienced of the three, was given charge.

The dawn was clear, a light breeze blew off the land, and before the skiffs were on the move the long main sheet was out on the "Bully." Ned, being skipper, was given three orders for salt, one on Tessier, one on Alsop, and one on Fox. Ned kept the helm all the passage. The wind freshened with the sunrise, the coast was clear, and the boat being a smart sailor soon brought Cape Spear in sight. The three were delighted to get off for a few days, and were determined to make the most of the trip; but when they realized they had no pocket-money, not even a yaffle of fish, the thought threw cold water upon their hopes of a "good time." They were in St. John's before, had seen the shops, and probably recalled the sparkling bottles in the shop windows that may have made their eyes glisten and their teeth water for a "swig" out of one of them. How many poor outport men's dollars go, spring and fall, clearing those bottles? The remembrance of some "jollification" they had the last time may be when money was "flush," while now they hadn't a dime, took a lot of poetry out of the picture as the Bay opened out ahead, and Signal Hill looked down on the starboard bow. After discussing at length the subject of ways and means they finished without any practical solution of the difficulty.

Pat went down fore'd to cook a meal of "toutins"; Stephen lay out across the bollards to see what may be doing with fish about the "grounds"; Ned still stood at the helm, giving it a nudge with his heel now and then as the squalls off the Cape or Blackhead made the "Bully" luff a little too much. Now and then his eyes were fixed upon the deck, evidently working out some scheme in the direction of pocket-money. Pocket-money Ned must have; and this was the first time he found himself puzzled. He had never been wanting in resources, and would he "get left" this time?

All of a sudden Ned made a gesture like as if throwing his cuff on the deck. He had struck an idea, and at the same moment looking fore'd he saw the boat's head close to land to leeward of Chain Rock, and shouting out at the top of his voice, "Ready about," he brought Stephen to his feet to let over the jib sheet.

Casting an eye at Ned, Stephen saw by his looks he had something new in his mind.

There was a stiff breeze in the harbor, and as there was not much shipping at this season, it was not long till the "Bully" was lashed up to Tessier's wharf. A few Spanish vessels lay off in the "stream," but those did not attract much attention, as probably the boys were thinking of something stronger than the milk of a cocoanut. I do not mean to insinuate the lads were toppers; but there is a notion among some outport folk that a drop in the city is more palatable.

There was a strong smell of pork-fat up the "darmal" whenever the boat hove round, and all three were ready with an appetite to do justice to the toutins. The sails had scarcely dropped on deck, when Pat put his head through the "scuttle" and sang out, "Mug up." This is an expression among fishermen to signify the meal is ready. Let the reader find out why.

Wheeling salt was not light work; there was no supper till after six, so they laid in a dinner that would stand till Pat would be able to run to some corner shop for a dozen or two of penny-buns.

While dinner was in progress no one spoke till near the finish, when Ned broke the silence by remarking he "had three orders for salt—one on Tessier, one on Alsop, and another on Fox, and that if they wanted to start out of this afore to-morrow they'd have to hustle. If the wind hauls off," says he, "we may get a run up shore to-night and catch 'em asleep home in the morning."

"Hard lines," says Stephen, "if a fellow have to work that way, all the evenin' and not a drop to wet his whistle."

"Yes," chimed in Pat, "I wonder if the fellow in the store would credit us with a bottle of ould Jamaky till the fall. What say if we try him? The marchant know we got the cod, and if he don't make enough off us on the cull, he'll have it out of us on the salt."

"Well," says Ned, "I was ransacking my head coming along, and I hit on a plan that the beggars 'ill never find out till the fall, and then they may only say, it was a d— good trick, and sure the boys deserved it."

"What is it?" says Stephen.

"I'll tell you: I have three orders for salt, and ten hogsheads in each o' them. There 'ill be 30 shillings freight, and if we can get that it will keep us in pocket-money for the rest of the summer."

"You were always a smart fellow, Ned, but I'd like to know how you're goin' to manage that."

"Manage it," exclaimed Ned. "See here. This is how we can get the money. I'll be skipper here, and when the salt is aboard I'll go to the office and look for the freight. When we go to Alsop's you show the order there and get the freight like paid; and Pat, you can have this one on Fox's, and do the same. But mind ye the Foxes are cute people, and might smell a rat."

"You're a brick, Ned; I knew 'twas in you. But suppose we're caught, we'll be shoved in the 'Pen,' and, be gob, that's a poor place to get your 'rations.'"

"Never mind," says Ned. "They don't know us, and they're so full of fish now, and wantin' to get us away with the salt, they'll think of nothing, and will charge it to the skippers."

"It looks like cheater," says Pat.

Ned, who was a bit of a philosopher, cut off Pat from any further parley, with one of his wise sayings: "He who hesitates is lost." "Don't be an ass, man, they'll find it out by and by."

"Where'll they find it?"

"Where the youngster found the tommyhawk—on the tail end of their amount," says Ned. "And if all comes to all we can chip in a few Mexican dollars if His Reverence threatens the D— on us."

Stephen was listening all the while, and being rather inclined Ned's way, settled the debate by clapping him on the back, saying, "Begor, Ned, you're a smart fellow—too smart for this slow country—you ought to be in the States, and make a fortune."

"I wouldn't be without pocket-money, any how," says Ned.



Photo by J. J. Sutherby.

THE CROSBIE HOTEL—ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



Photo by G. H. M. Bursell.

LATEST METHOD OF SHIPPING CODFISH.—STEAM HAS SUPERSEDED THE SAILING VESSEL.

The S.S. *Jamaica* loading at Job Brothers & Co's. premises September, 1906.



The Wreck of "The Snorre."



By Avalonia.

"AND well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.

* * * * *

The fire with well-dried logs supplied
Went roaring up the chimney wide."

—Scott.



IN the brave days of old Christmas was the Feast of feasts in Newfoundland. The season's work was over; the larder well supplied, and with the exception of cutting up enough wood to last the twelve days of Christmas, there was little work to do. During the holidays the people would gather in to the neighbours' houses and make merry.

Seated round the large open fire place, where the ruddy flame "went roaring up the chimney wide" the song and merry feast passed quickly from one to another. Tales of ghosts, gold and pirates, and of deeds of daring were recounted, and it was seldom alas in Newfoundland that there were not tales to tell of wreck and disaster, that often tended to temper the merriment. Seldom indeed did Xmas come, but it brought its empty chairs. Those who go down to the sea in ships have to pay the toll. We pay it now, as did our forefathers; and now, as then, at Xmas-tide, tempers the merriment in many a town and village around our sea-coast.

These tales of disasters had always something to recommend them and lighten the gloom in which they were enshrouded. Very few wrecks happened that didn't give these brave intrepid children of the sea, uncommon chances for deeds of heroism, and the repetition of those, around the open fireplace, wove golden threads, into the warp and woof of their otherwise colourless existences.

Emulating the example of those gone before, I would like to contribute my little mite to the Christmas entertainment, and help to rescue from oblivion, an act of heroism performed by the brave men of Bonavista during the hurricane of 19th September last.

The brand new Norwegian clipper ship *Snorre*, arrived at Bonavista from Europe on the morning of the above day. She was consigned to Ryan & Co. with a cargo of provisions. She was duly berthed in the harbour, with both anchors out, and made all snug and safe. During the evening the gale freshened up from the North-east and it blew a hurricane, sending a tremendous sea into the harbour. The *Snorre* held alright, and at dark when the town's people caught the last glimpse of her she was riding safely at her anchors. As the night wore on the gale increased in its terrific fury. It would appear that scarcely anything human could withstand it.

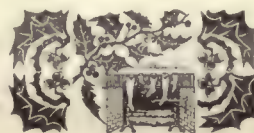
Suddenly at midnight through the screeching gloom came the sound of a cannon-rocket, which told the sleepless townsfolk that some fellow-creatures were in dire distress. Boom! boom! came the rockets, and then the watchers on the strand saw that the poor Norwegian was doomed. They struggled through the deluge of rain and spray, that almost swamped the water-front, and found that the Norwegian was driving to certain death on the jagged rocks at Canaille Head. The despair of the poor doomed victims, was almost equalled by the terror and despair of the helpless watchers. The gale had increased in fury, the

rain came down in sheets; the spray driven far inland cut the watchers like whip-lashes, and the terrible noise and uproar was such, that the loudest shout was inaudible a few feet distant. The ship drove rapidly now right to the most jagged and rugged point of that inhospitable shore. The watchers gathered with their ropes and lanterns, and watched her being driven to her doom, and strong and resourceful and eager to help as they were, they were as powerless as babes. At last the ship struck, the waves went over her mountains high. Loud as was the tempest, the cries and prayers of the poor despairing sailors rose over it, and rose not in vain to the Lord of the Tempest. The crew huddled in the rigging. The watchers formed a human chain, and were thus enabled to throw a line aboard the ship. One fine young fellow, seeing the lights and the shore so near, and the eager fishermen stretching out towards the ship, jumped in the water on the chance of getting ashore. He did not live a minute after. He was crushed and pounded into a shapeless mass in sixty seconds after he struck the water.

The Captain caught the rope which was thrown, and after a short time, he understood the use of it. He tied it to the foremast, then, as well as he could, he commanded the crew to hold on to the rigging till he tested the line which in a few seconds meant life or death. He caught the rope and came through the water hand over hand, till he touched the rock where the sea was roaring and raging with a fury beyond the power of mere words to paint it. He was buffeted as a bubble, he was engulfed in the angry waters; the strain was almost beyond human nature to bear, but a glimpse at the brave brawny fishermen, with their bronzed faces, showing in the flicker of the lanterns and their cord-like muscles stretched out on the other end of the line, gave him fresh courage. He made another effort, but flesh and blood could stand it no longer; his fingers relaxed and he became unconscious. But God had heard his prayer, and His instruments of salvation were close at hand. He was seized by a gallant Newfoundland fisherman (blood of our blood and bone of our bone); he was seized and held by a fisherman who in turn was seized and held by the living human chain behind him; and in a few moments both were laid safe, though unconscious, out of the reach of the vengeful waves. This was repeated four times till all the crew were landed safely. Just as the last man was landed out of danger a sea like a black, roaring, moving mountain, struck the ill-fated ship, and staunch, new, brave ship that she was, she was ground and smashed and broken into matchwood and nothing remained of her then, or to this day, large enough to make a gang-board for a fishing boat.

Looking at the place where the wreck happened and considering the circumstances under which the rescue was effected, one is compelled to confess that it was little short of miraculous.

These plain fishermen, in a most trying ordeal, did their duty. They saw it and did it without any hope or thought of reward. But it is our duty to see that their noble act, will not sink into oblivion. If there be medals for distribution for conspicuous bravery, here is a chance for the donors to honour themselves by pinning them on the manly breasts of those brave men of Bonavista.



Interesting Letter from an Old Newfoundlander

In Australia



THE following letter containing reminiscences of olden times in Newfoundland, from the pen of our venerable friend, Mr. J. B. Hutton, will be read with interest.

MOOLARA, SOUTH YARRA,
Melbourne, Australia,
5th August, 1907.

DEAR MR. EVANS,—I must apologize for being so long in acknowledging the receipt of your interesting letter, containing sundry questions, some of which I shall have pleasure in answering.

First about the London Tavern:—It was kept by a man named John Perkins, on Water Street, near the centre of the town, at the foot of a steep hill running up to Duckworth Street, on the West Side of the Court House and Jail, and facing the Graveyard of the English Church. I don't remember that Hill having any particular name. There was another hotel on Water Street, kept by P. Moloney. He was considered the poet-laureate of the town and on festive occasions always considered himself the privileged person to give a certain toast, viz:—"to the memory of the great Poet, Tom Moore."

I remember after a walk, one winter evening, the late Walter Grieve and myself went into Mr. Moloney's hotel, to have a warm drink, which we were enjoying seated on each side of the fireplace. Moloney entered the room and seeing us, simply remarked

"There's the tongs, and there's the fire,
And you're the gentlemen I admire,"

and then discreetly withdrew.

In my report of Mary March, I don't think I said *she* was the *last of the Beothuks*, because I know, that at least a dozen years or more after Mary March died, there were many still alive, probably thousands. (See your report of Mr. J. P. Howley's lecture, page 21 of March No. 1907.)

I remember old Mr. Ryan when proprietor of the *Royal Gazette*, and John Shea (his nephew) editor. His brother the late Sir Ambrose used to assist. John Shea paid a visit to Cork, got married and remained there. A few years after that, I crossed the Atlantic landed at Cork, found John Shea filling the Office of Mayor of the City, and spent a pleasant ten days there.

Among other enjoyable things, I was introduced to that great Apostle of Temperance, a grand and amiable man, the Reverend Father Matthew who invited me to dine with him and meet a few friends. Dinner over he asked me if I would like to see him administer the pledge to a number of people who were waiting for him, in another room. My answer was "with much pleasure." We found between thirty and forty waiting. The Rev. Father stood in the centre of the room, and they all made a large circle around him on their knees, and each in his turn took the pledge. On returning to the dining room, he did not ask me to take the pledge, but presented me with a beautiful large silver medal to keep in remembrance of him; his full length figure was on one side and a prayerful inscription on the other. I have the medal still, though between sixty and seventy years have passed since then.

Before the fire of 1846 another paper was published by a man who had his ears cut off on the road between Carbonear and Harbor Grace, for publishing an article that gave great offence to many of the inhabitants. I am trying to remember his name as well as the title of the paper. His place of business was close to that of Job Brothers, Water St. I think the name was Winton.

You mention the Revd. Francis Vey. I have not seen him for nearly a year, and then only on one occasion when he returned from his trip around the world. He called, and we had an hour's chat. We had no opportunity for a second talk as he accepted charge of a church in a part of New South Wales

North of the Murray River, a couple of hundred miles or more from Melbourne.

His mother and sisters reside in Geelong, a town about 50 miles from where I live.

I never heard of the Vey family being in Australia till the Revd. Francis became curate of our church in South Yarra, which was after the death of his father. I remember his father as a watch-maker in St. John's.

I have been a heavy smoker for over 70 years and only within the last six months have I begun to feel the effects, but cannot give it up altogether. It is only by refraining for a day or two that I can use the pen, so beg you to excuse me for sending you, such scraps and scrawls as the present.

Reading an account of a very sad shipwreck lately, reminds me of an event almost as sad if not more so, which happened to the officers and crew of a vessel (a small brig) in which I was one of five passengers crossing the North Atlantic one stormy cold December in "the stormy winter of 1835." We sailed from St. John's for England. When about half passage across, scudding under close-reefed main-topsail and foresail, the wind increased to a hurricane, and being a favourable one and the captain wishing to make a short passage, scudded too long so that it became dangerous to round too, or lessen canvass.

When changing watch at 8 a.m., with all hands on deck but one man who was slow in leaving the fore-castle, the captain told the mate to have the men ready at their posts, as he intended to lay to, till the wind moderated. The Captain who was standing in the companion-way called to the mate, "Are you all ready?" "All ready!" replied the mate. "Lee helm!" said the captain to the man at the wheel, and looking round as he spoke, and seeing a monster wave close at hand, the poor fellow gave what proved to be his last command on this earth,—*"Hold on till this wave passes!"*

That wave rose high, broke over the stern, carried away the man at the wheel—wheel and all; swept the companion way, and the Captain with it, and every soul on deck; together with the boats, every bit of bulwarks, both sides, and in fact everything smack smooth with the deck. It nearly filled the cabin with water and nearly drowned one of my fellow-passengers, Jordan by name. (His place of business was on the South Side of the harbour, near the River Head.) Jordan and myself scrambled through the water to the companion steps, and got our heads up through what was then only a hatch-way. At first not a soul was to be seen. The vessel was almost on her beam ends, till the canvass, under which we had been scudding, shook and went to pieces with a noise like a park of artillery. The vessel then righted somewhat, being broadside on.

The first thing we saw, when the foam cleared away, was a portion of the companion, with the Captain entangled in the rigging, about ten feet above the deck. We scrambled up the main shrouds, got the poor fellow down, and into the cabin, where he showed signs of life. On examination, we found his skull split, and a bone of an arm protruding through the flesh and other wounds. We laid him in bed and returned to the companion steps, whence we saw a man's hand in the foam about 30 yards off. Seeing a rope that rove out from a good way up the rigging, we found that the poor fellow had hold of it. We pulled him on board, and brought him down in the cabin, with the end of the rope, in his clenched hands like the grip of death. We thought he was indeed dead. However in about 15 minutes we saw a slight sign of breathing and he eventually recovered. His recovery gave us a crew of two sailors. The Captain, poor man, was past ever giving another order, or even recovering his senses.

Of the five passengers, three were perfectly useless, the other two, Jordan and myself, the latter from having been supercargo of some of his uncle's vessels, had picked up enough navigation from the Captains, to enable him to take an observation and work out the latitude, while relying principally on the log line

for longitude. I am now spinning this yarn too long, so to be brief they made me Boss.

The gale continuing in all its fury, and heavy waves breaking over us, we four i.e. Jordan myself, and the two sailors, tied ropes round our waists, and secured the ends to ringbolts. We balance-reefed the mainsail, and hoist the peak as high as our strength would let us. This improved our position. We tried the pumps and found what we verily believed saved us from going to the bottom of the Atlantic, the pump giving oil in place of water. Puncheons of oil formed part of the cargo; these got adrift in the hold, and smashed to pieces; and the oil floating up smothered the waves, and saved our lives.

The main topsail being gone, we found a spare one, and we four, went up and bent it, and close reefed it. We then got at the fore-topsail and loosed and close-reefed that also. We got the carpenter's tools and chiselled out the stumps from the barrel of the wheel, chopped down three handspikes and hammered them in, and lashed them round, thus giving us a three-spoked wheel. Before doing these things, however, we found a hemp hawser, and fastened it to the stanchions, (several of which were broken) all around the vessel, so that we should have something to lay hold off, should we slip on deck.

All this time we had nothing to eat but ship biscuit. We had no fire to cook any food, nor any means of getting a light. During these long winter, nights, we were in thorough darkness.

A continuance of gales hindered us from making much progress, besides having to lay to so often during sixteen days. We had no opportunity of getting an observation, the sun having been obscured every day at noon. Jordan with one man, myself with the other, kept watch day and night alternately.

Changing watch on mid night of the 17th day, the man at the wheel called out "a light ahead!" Not knowing whether it was on shore, or a ship's light, we lay to till daylight.

Just before daylight another light appeared much lower down, on which we found after, to be the face of the cliff, near the "Skelligs." The wind now veering from north-west to south-west threw us on a dead lee shore. We saw a break in the land, steered for it and passing between breaking rocks, plumped her on a rocky beach, and scrambled ashore.

People on shore said it was a miracle, how we passed between several rocks, the sea breaking over them, a mile from the shore.

Wet and starving, a man piloted us for about five miles to a village called "Cahiriveen," where we got shelter, and a big fire to dry ourselves, after being seventeen days without a change of clothes, wet all the time and in the month of December. From Dan O'Connells residence, Derry Nain Abbey, we got a conveyance to Killarney, thence to Cork and home to Liverpool.

The Mr. Vey you asked me to communicate with must be the father of the one I became acquainted with and who died some years ago; indeed I was not aware of his being in Australia until I heard of it from his son, the Clergyman, who is not old enough to know anything about Newfoundland in its olden days, besides being now beyond my reach in N. S. Wales. The mother and daughter live in Geelong. I have never seen them.

The Carter family I remember well—the old Judge lived at Ferryland. I used to pay him visits of a week at a time when I was a youth. I also knew the son, the Magistrate, and family very well, and a younger son who was a Naval Officer—Peter Carter a son of the Magistrate was a clerk in my office out here for several years, and on leaving me went over to New Zealand and may be there now.

I also knew old Mr. Hoyles very well. His son, Sir Hugh, the late Ambrose Shea, John Brocklebank and myself, in our four oared racing boat *The Maid of the Mist*, with young Jim Simms coxswain, won nearly every race on Quidi Vidi formerly. Miss Mary Hoyles (younger sister of Sir Hugh) who married Mr. Wilson, who like myself was burnt out in 1846, came out to Ipswich, in Queensland. Mr. Wilson passed away some years ago and Mrs. Wilson last year. Reminiscences of old times used to pass between us.

Waterside premises, as I can recollect them, from Magotty Cove up:—Mrs. Molly Woodly, stage and flakes, Magotty Cove; Messrs. Brocklebank; Robinson, Brooking & Co., formerly Hart & Robinson; Mudge's; Gill's; Government Landing Place; *Gazette* Office, Ryan & Shea; Hon. P. Morris; Hon.

John Kent; Lawrence O'Brien; Timothy Hogan; Henderson & Bland; Bland & Tobin; Tobin & Hutton; Bank of British North America, Millroy Manager; Winton, Editor, who had his ears cut off (I forget the name of the paper); Hunter, Tasker & Co.; Bully, Job & Cross, Job Bros.; Wm. & Hy. Thomas & Co.; Baine, Johnstone & Co.; Mr. LeMessurier; McBride & Co.; Bowring Bros.; C. F. Bennett & Co.; Stewart & Rennie; Jas. Stewart & Co.; Macley; Codner & Co.; Newman, Hunt & Co.

A number of old friends and acquaintances of my father in early days: J. Macbraire (made a fortune and returned to Scotland about 1820); John Brophy, Robert Lee, W. Mahon, John Grant Andrew Simpson, David Rowland, Donald McCalman. I never saw any of this last seven, but some of their descendants may still be alive in the Tenth Island. Macbraire I remember seeing when on his visits to my father, when we lived in Glasgow. I was then a boy about nine years of age.

I must tell you a true story of my father's, about his friend Macbraire, who was one of the principal merchants in those days.

"Among supplies wanted by one of his outharbour dealers was molasses. The storeman took the head out of a puncheon to give him the quantity wanted, when he found the corpse of a negro boy floating in the molasses. He ran to tell his master, who ordered him to head up the puncheon again, saying 'if we buy the devil we must sell him again.' The story of a black boy being found in a puncheon of molasses is a true one, but Macbraire's remark to his storeman was only a figure of speech not intended to be carried out."

The Admiral Bridge who was on this station for five years, was a son of the late Rev. J. H. Bridge, who succeeded the Rev. Parson Carrington as Rector of the Church of England, and who solemnized my marriage. The Admiral and I had several yarns about his early years in St. John's. His next appointment was to Chinese waters in the East. He now resides in the Old Country.

I must hurry and close this hasty scrawl, or lose the mail.

More to follow for next issue.

Yours sincerely,

J. B. HUTTON.

[Mr. Hutton is now nearly 95 years of age. He complains that his hand is not as steady as it was 75 years ago; but for all that his hand writing is so good that many a man, not half of his age, might envy him. He has been a heavy smoker for over 70 years, but he is compelled at last to be moderate, or give up altogether for a day or two when he wants to write, as he finds it unsteadies his hand.—ED.]



The Sailor's Christmas.

By Wm. Cox Bennett.

Blow, wind, blow,
Sing through yard and shroud;
Pipe it shrilly and loud,
Aloft as well as below;
Sing in my sailor's ear
The song I sing to you,
"Come home, my sailor true,
For Christmas that comes so near."

Go, wind, go,
Hurry his home-bound sail,
Through gusts that are edged with hail,
Through winter, and sleet, and snow;
Song, in my sailor's ear,
Your shrilling and moans shall be,
For he knows they sing him to me
And Christmas that comes so near.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome.

A Tale of the Kentucky Mountains.

By John Fox, Jr.



IT WAS Christmas Eve on Lonesome. But nobody on Lonesome knew that it was Christmas Eve, although a child of the outer world could have guessed it, even out in those wilds where Lonesome slipped from one lone log cabin high up the steep, down through a stretch of jungled darkness to another lone cabin at the mouth of the stream.

There was the holy hush in the gray twilight that comes only on Christmas Eve. There were the big flakes of snow that fell as they never fall except on Christmas Eve. There was a snowy man on horseback in a big coat, and with saddle pockets that might have been bursting with toys for children in the little cabin at the head of the stream.

But not even he knew that it was Christmas Eve. He was thinking of Christmas Eve, but it was of Christmas Eve of the year before, when he sat in prison with a hundred other men in stripes, and listened to the chaplain talk of peace and good will to all men upon earth, when he had forgotten all men upon earth but one, and had only hatred in his heart for him.

"Vengeance is mine!" saith the Lord.

That was what the chaplain had thundered at him. And then, as now, he thought of the enemy who had betrayed him to the law, and had sworn away his liberty, and had robbed him of everything in life except a fierce longing for the day when he could strike back and strike to kill. And then, while he looked back hard into the chaplain's eyes, and now, while he splashed through the yellow mud thinking of that Christmas Eve, Buck shook his head; and then, as now, his sullen heart answered: "Mine!"

The big flakes drifted to crotch and twig and limb. They gathered on the brim of Buck's slouch hat, filled out the wrinkles in his big coat, whitened his hair and his long mustache, and sifted into the yellow twisting path that guided his horse's feet.

High above he could see through the whirling snow now and then the gleam of a red star. He knew it was the light from his enemy's window; but somehow the chaplain's voice kept ringing in his ears, and every time he saw the light he couldn't help thinking of the story of the Star that the chaplain told that Christmas Eve, and he dropped his eyes by-and-by, so as not to see it again, and rode on until the light shone in his face.

Then he led his horse up a little ravine and hitched it among the snowy holly and rhododendrons, and slipped toward the light. There was a dog somewhere, of course; and like a thief he climbed over the low rail fence and stole through the tall snow-wet grass until he leaned against an apple tree with the sill of the window two feet above the level of his eyes.

Reaching above him he caught a stout limb and dragged himself up to a crotch of the tree. A mass of snow slipped softly to the earth. The branch creaked above the light wind; around the corner of the house a dog growled and he sat still.

He had waited three long years and he had ridden two hard nights and lain out two cold days in the woods for this.

And presently he reached out very carefully, and noiselessly broke leaf and branch and twig until a passage was cleared for his eye and for the point of the pistol that was gripped in his right hand.

A woman was just disappearing through the kitchen door, and he peered cautiously and saw nothing but darting shadows. From one corner a shadow loomed suddenly out in human shape. Buck saw the shadowed gesture of an arm and he cocked his pistol. That shadow was his man, and in a moment he would be in a chair in the chimney corner to smoke his pipe, maybe—his last pipe.

Buck smiled—pure hatred made him smile—but it was mean, a mean and sorry thing to shoot this man in the back, dog though he was; and that the moment had come a wave of sickening shame ran through Buck. No one of his name had ever done that before; but this man and his people had, and with their own lips they had framed palliation for him. What

was fair for one was fair for the other, they always said. A poor man couldn't fight money in the courts; and so they had shot from the brush, and that was why they were rich now and Buck was poor—why his enemy was safe at home, and he was out here, homeless, in the apple tree.

Buck thought of all this, but it was no use. The shadow slouched suddenly and disappeared; and Buck was glad. With a gritting oath between his chattering teeth he pulled his pistol in and thrust one leg down to swing from the tree—he would meet him face to face next day and kill him like a man—and there he hung as rigid as though the cold had suddenly turned him, blood, bones and marrow, into ice.

The door had opened, and full in the firelight stood the girl who he had heard was dead. He knew now how and why that word was sent him. And now she who had been his sweetheart stood before him—the wife of the man he meant to kill.

Her lips moved—he thought he could tell what she said: "Git up, Jim, git up!" Then she went back.

A flame flared up within him now that must have come straight from the devil's forge. Again the shadows played over the ceiling. His teeth grated as he cocked his pistol, and pointed it down the beam of light that shot into the heart of the apple tree, and waited.

The shadow of a head shot along the rafters and over the fireplace. It was a madman clutching the butt of the pistol now, and as his eye caught the glinting sight and his heart thumped, there stepped into the square light of the window—a child!

It was a boy with yellow tumbled hair, and he had a puppy in his arms. In front of the fire the little fellow dropped the dog, and they began to play.

"Yap! yap! yap!"

Buck could hear the shrill barking of the fat little dog, and the joyous shrieks of the child as he made his play-fellow chase his tail round and round or tumbled him head over heels on the floor. It was the first child Buck had seen for three years; it was *his* child and *hers*; and, in the apple tree, Buck watched fixedly.

They were down on the floor now, rolling over and over together; and he watched them until the child grew tired and turned his face to the fire and lay still—looking into it. Buck could see his eyes close presently, and then the puppy crept closer, put his head on his playmate's chest, and the two lay thus asleep.

And still Buck looked—his clasp loosening on his pistol and his lips loosening under his stiff mustache—and kept looking until the door opened again and the woman crossed the floor. A flood of light flashed suddenly on the snow, barely touching the snow-hung tips of the apple tree, and he saw her in the doorway—saw her look anxiously into the darkness—look and listen a long while.

Buck dropped noiselessly to the snow when she closed the door. He wondered what they would think when they saw his tracks in the snow next morning; and then he realized that they would be covered before morning.

As he started up the ravine where his horse was he heard the clink of metal down the road and the splash of a horse's hoofs in the soft mud, and he sank down behind a holly bush.

Again the light from the cabin flashed out on the snow.

"That you, Jim?"

"Yep!"

And then the child's voice: "Has oo dot thum tandy?"

"Yep!"

The cheery answer rang out almost at Buck's ear, and Jim passed death waiting for him behind the bush which his left foot brushed, shaking the snow from the red berries down on the crouching figure beneath.

Once only, far down the dark jungled way, with the underlying streak of yellow that was leading him whither, God only knew—once only Buck looked back. There was the red light gleaming faintly through the moonlit flakes of snow. Once more he thought of the Star, and once more the chaplain's voice came back to him.

"Mine!" saith the Lord.

Just now, Buck could not see with himself in the snow and *him* back there for life with her and the child, but some strange impulse made him bare his head.

"Yourn," said Buck grimly.

But nobody on Lonesome—not even Buck—knew that it was Christmas Eve.



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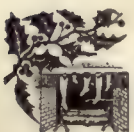
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An Act to Amend the Law with respect to Persons Carrying on Business as Money Lenders.

[PASSED 26TH MARCH, 1907.]

BE it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, in Legislative Session convened, as follows :

1. The short title of this Act is "The Money Lenders' Act, 1907."

2. In this Act "money lender" includes every person (whether an individual, a firm, a society, or a corporate body) whose business is that of money lending, or who advertises or announces himself or holds himself out in any way as carrying on that business; but does not include any person *bona fide* carrying on the business of banking or insurance or any business in the course of which and for the purpose whereof he lends money at a rate of interest (including any payment or deduction by way of premium, fine, or foregift), not exceeding ten per cent. per annum.

3. (1) Where proceedings are taken in Court by a money lender for the recovery of money lent after the passing of this Act or the enforcement of any agreement or security made or taken after the passing of this Act, in respect of money lent either before or after the passing of this Act, and it appears to the Court that the interest charged in respect of the sum actually lent is excessive or that the amount charged for expenses, inquiries, fines, bonus, premium, renewals or any other charges, are excessive, or that, in either case, the transaction is harsh and unconscionable, or is otherwise such that a Court would give equitable relief, the Court may re-open the transaction and take an account between the money lender and the person sued.

(2) The Court may, notwithstanding any statement or settlement of account or any agreement purporting to close previous dealings and create a new obligation, re-open any account already taken between the money-lender and the person sued, and relieved the person sued for payment of any sum in excess of the sum adjudged by the Court to be fairly due in respect of such principal, interest and charges as the Court, having regard to the risk and all the circumstances considers reasonable; and if any such excess has been paid or allowed in account by the debtor, may order the creditor to re-pay it; and may set aside, either wholly or in part, or revise, or alter any security given or agreement made in respect of money lent by the money-lender, and, if the money-lender

has parted with the security, may order him to indemnify the borrower or other person sued.

- (3) Any Court in which proceedings might be taken for the recovery of money lent by a money-lender shall have and may, at the instance of the borrower or surety or other person liable, exercise the like powers as may be exercised under this section where proceedings are taken for the recovery of money lent; and the Court shall have power, notwithstanding any provisions or agreement to the contrary, to entertain any application under this Act by the borrower, or surety, or other person liable, notwithstanding that the time for repayment of the loan, or any instalment thereof, may not have arrived; provided that a person shall not be entitled to apply to the Court under this sub-section unless application is made within one year of the transaction being closed.
- (4) Where it appears to the Court that any person other than the money-lender shared in the profits of, or has any beneficiary interest, prospectively or otherwise, in the transaction, which the Court holds to be harsh and unconscionable, the Court may cite such person as a party to the cause, and may make such order in respect to such person as it may deem fit.
- (5) On any application relating to the admission or amount of a proof by a money-lender in any insolvency proceedings, the Court may exercise the like powers as may be exercised under this section where proceedings are taken for the recovery of money lent.
- (6) The foregoing provisions of this section shall apply to any transaction which, whatever its form may be, is substantially one of money lending by a money-lender.
- (7) Nothing in this section shall affect the rights of any *bona fide* assignee or holder for value without notice.
- (8) Nothing in this section shall be construed as derogating from the existing powers or jurisdiction of any Court.
- (9) For the purpose of this section (but for no other purpose) the expression "money-lender" includes any person who lends money for interest at a rate, including any payments or deductions by way of premium, fine or foregift, exceeding ten per centum per annum.

4. (1) A money-lender, as defined by Section 2 of this Act,—

- (a) Shall register himself as a money-lender, in accordance with regulations under this Act, under his own or usual trade name, and no other name, and with the address or all the addresses, if more than one, at which he carries on his business of money-lender; and
- (b) Shall carry on the money lending business in his registered name, and in no other name and under no other description, and at his registered address or addresses, and at no other address; and
- (c) Shall not enter into any agreement in the course of his business as a money-lender, with respect to the advance and re-payment of money, or take any security for money otherwise than in his registered name; and
- (d) Shall, on reasonable request, and on tender of a reasonable sum for expenses, furnish the borrower with a copy of any document relating to the loan, or any security therefor.

- (2) If a money-lender fails to register himself as required by this Act, or carries on business otherwise than in his registered name, or in more than one name, or elsewhere than at his registered address, or fails to comply with any other requirement of this section, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, and in the case of a second or subsequent conviction, to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding three months, or to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, or to both;

provided that if the offender is a body corporate, that body corporate shall be liable on a second or subsequent conviction, to a penalty not exceeding two thousand dollars.

- (3) A prosecution under sub-section 1 (a) of this section shall not be instituted except with the consent of the Attorney General.

5. (1) The Governor in Council may from time to time make regulations respecting the registration of money-lenders, whether individuals, firms, societies, or corporate bodies, the form of the register, and the particulars to be entered therein, and the fees to be paid on registration and renewal of registration, not exceeding five dollars for each registration and renewal, and respecting the inspection of the register and the fees payable therefor.

- (2) The registration shall cease to have effect at the expiration of three years from the date of the registration, but may be renewed from time to time, and, if renewed, shall have effect for three years from the date of the renewal.

6. If any money-lender, or any manager, agent, or clerk of a money-lender, by any false, misleading, or deceptive statement, representation, or promise, or by any dishonest concealment of facts, induces, or attempts to induce, any person to borrow money or agree to the terms on which money is, or is to be borrowed, he shall be liable on indictment to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding two years, or to a penalty not exceeding two thousand dollars, or to both.

An Act to Amend the Law relating to Railway Traffic.

[PASSED 26TH MARCH, 1907.]

BE it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly in Legislative Session convened, as follows:

1. Every Company shall be liable for the loss of or for any injury done to any horses, cattle, or other animals, or to any articles, goods, or things, in the receiving, forwarding, or delivering thereof, occasioned by the neglect or default of such Company or its servants, notwithstanding any notice, condition, or declaration made and given by such Company contrary thereto, or in anywise limiting such liability, every such notice, condition, or declaration being hereby declared to be null and void: Provided always that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the said Companies from making such conditions with respect to the receiving, forwarding and delivering of any of the said animals, articles, goods, or things, as shall be adjudged by the Court or Judge before whom any question relating thereto shall be tried, to be just and reasonable: Provided always, that no greater damage shall be recovered for the loss of or for any injury done to any such animals, beyond the sums hereinafter mentioned, that is to say: for any horse, two hundred dollars; for any meat cattle, per head, eighty dollars; for any sheep or pigs, per head, eight dollars; unless the person standing or delivering the same to such Company shall, at the time of

such delivery, have declared them to be respectively of higher value than as above mentioned, in which case it shall be lawful for such Company to demand and receive by way of compensation for the increased risk and care thereby occasioned, a reasonable percentage upon the excess of the value so declared above the respective sums so limited as aforesaid, and which shall be paid, in addition to the ordinary rate of charge: Provided also that the proof of the value of such animals, articles, goods and things, and the amount of the injury done thereto, shall in all cases lie upon the person claiming compensation for such loss or injury: Provided also, that no special contract between such Company and any other parties respecting the receiving, forwarding, or delivering of any animals, articles, goods or things as aforesaid, shall be binding upon or affect any such party unless the same be signed by him or by the person delivering such animals, articles, goods or things, respectively for carriage.

2. This Act shall be deemed to be part of Chapter 32 of the Consolidated Statutes (Second Series), entitled "Of Railways and Railway Companies in the Colony," and all the provisions of the said chapter shall apply to this Act, and the provisions of this Act shall apply to the said chapter as fully as if the same were incorporated therein, and the said chapter and this Act shall be read together, and may be cited as "The Railway Companies' Act, 1892 to 1907."

Customs Circular



No. 15.



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1907.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, ✿ Hearth Brushes, ✿ Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

✿ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.
Newfoundland Penitentiary, November, 1907.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

INDENTS promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all kinds of British and Continental goods including:—

Boots, Shoes and Leather,
Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries,
China, Earthenware and Glassware,
Cycles, Motors and Accessories,
Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods,
Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Stationery,
Hardware, Machinery and Metals,
Jewellery, Plate and Watches,
Photographic and Optical Goods,
Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.
Commission 2 per cent. to 5 per cent.
Trade Discounts allowed.
Original Invoices supplied.
Special Quotations on Demand.
Sample Cases from £10 upwards.
Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS,
(Established 1814), 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.
Cable Address: "ANNUAIRA, LONDON."

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Government has arranged, with a view to encourage Industrial Education amongst the workingmen of this Colony, that Engineers, Artisans, Mechanics and Apprentices may hereafter be admitted, at specially reduced fees, to study in the night classes of the School of Art such courses of Technical Drawing as may be required in their various industries.

These Classes will Re-Open October 1st, 1907. All information as to hours, fees, etc., may be obtained of Prof. Nichols, Principal of the School. Early application is advisable.

ELI DAWE,
Mininister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
September 12, 1907.

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL ✿ ✿

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last preceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of imprisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or carcase of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of said section.

W. B. PAYN,
Deputy Minister Marine and Fisheries.

The Humber Valley—Its Beauties and Possibilities.

By Rev. J. M. Allan, M. A.—Bay of Islands.



AS ONE crosses country—in fact, is across—having passed the Quarry, with its rugged boulders of granite, past the Topsails, ever changing their sites so that it puzzles one to know which is fore or main, or mizzen or gaff; but all giving one the idea of this old land like a mighty ship at sea scudding before the winds—past Kitty's Brook which runs such a madcap race as it goes tumbling, tossing, scampering along; as I am sure Kitty never did, or never should, which one never passes in summer, but one longs to be out and follow its laughing, dancing waters, so tempting for worm or fly,—past, too, that strange weird uncanny piece of country at its foot, which looks as if mother earth had been in



THE HUMBER RIVER.

trouble; then after an hour of level running through woodland and marsh, one stops by the side, and almost at the head of a large and lovely lake.

This is Deer Lake, and you are now in the Humber Valley. The lake is about two miles broad and nearly twenty long. On the opposite side, almost in front of you, you see the two mouths of the Upper Humber,—Bennett island dividing it as it debouches into the lake.

The Humber takes its rise in Adies' Lake, flows fifteen miles North-East to Aldery and Birchy Lake, then turns on its course and flows about forty-five miles to Deer Lake. It drains a country extending from two to ten miles on either side of it, of fine lumbering and finer agricultural land. It is bounded on the background by mountain ranges which form a valley, that for lordly demensions, is in keeping with the lordly river which flows through it,—a valley that has not its equal in this Island, and is not surpassed by any in the Maritime Provinces. This is the Annapolis Valley of Newfoundland. It may not grow apples equal to the famed gravensteins: but we cannot tell; I, for one, would not be too sure about it. It can, however, grow plums—and especially the hardy and delicious damson, second to none. In regard to its adaptability for cereals, I have authority for stating, that wheat can be grown, yielding a fair

crop, and wheat such as cannot be excelled in the Canadian Northwest; a bushel of wheat was sent to St. John's and was found to weigh seventy two lbs. Barley, oats, buckwheat, hay, and I need not say potatoes, turnips and ordinary vegetables, give good crops, and for quality, excel all others grown on the West Coast. As one enters the river from the head of Deer Lake, and sees the giant trees, most of them of hard wood, that rear their giant stems to the sky and beholds the luxurious, the even rankly luxurious growth of either bank, one feels like asking—can this be in Newfoundland, and remembering what one has read of the rivers of more Southern climes, almost thinks he might see an alligator emerge from the thick undergrowth or a hippopotamus flop into the river before his eyes. Those fields under cultivation do not need fertilizers—at least they have not had any for over thirty years. The agricultural possibilities of this valley, are indeed not small, and it is not easy to tell how many hundreds and even thousands who to-day in large cities, are barely able to live, would here find a home of comfort and plenty.

As to the beauties of the Upper Humber these are, to a large extent, unknown or at least known only to the sportsman and lumberman. But, beauties it has, and of a rare kind. I would say it was the Rhine of North America. You have only to take your canoe or boat, and spend a day up the river, whose waters roll on in such stately fashion, that you sometimes cannot be sure they are actually moving, only you will detect a ripple—barely a ripple, a passing dimple on its lovely face, in which the trees are reflected far out from either bank, and you will be lost to everything but the joy of existence, in such lovely, such entrancing surroundings.

Thus far—we have had in view only the Upper Humber, sometimes called the Main Humber, though which has the best right to that name, the Upper or Lower, it would not be easy to decide. We have left ourselves little space in which to speak of the second half of the valley, that is Deer Lake and the Lower Humber, but perhaps that matters not so much, as the rare scenery of the river from Deer Lake to Bay of Islands is familiar to all your readers. Could anything be more charming? Often, as I pass it, and I have occasion to pass it often,—it never loses its beauty, whether it be on a bright day in early June, when the foliage is out in its first freshness, or in the full glories of a summer's day; or in autumn when the coloring, though in lacking the gaudy brightness of the maple, has a wonderous beauty of combination in yellow and green and darker green, or in hoary winter, when old piles of ice and snow, bring out into grander view those rugged mountains and cliffs almost perpendicular to the heights above, and to the river beneath. What a kaleidoscope that run of ten or twelve miles is, indescribably grand and beautiful, changing every moment; now you see the river—now you see it not, now you look back and bend and see not how you could come that way. Now you look ahead and see no way to emerge from the precipice which you are skirting along.

This is all familiar; but what now of the possibilities of this lower part of the Humber? They are only second, if they are second to those of the Upper. This I would like to touch on, as not being so generally known. From the first day I saw it, I have been impressed with its great possibilities. I do not allude to its cascades and falls, and water power, those are being taken note of in those days, but only to its agricultural and farming capabilities. And how can one adequately describe those miles and miles of level land enriched each year by the generous and over-flowing Humber, which as it recedes leaves a rich alluvial soil behind. Here is the place of parks, of lordly estates, and of prosperous farms.



By Shandon Bells.

By Rev. J. L. Slattery.



THE Editor of THE QUARTERLY asks me for an article or a story for his Christmas Number. I cheerfully comply, and, while looking round for a subject, it occurs to me that a brief description of Cork and of my new surroundings might be of interest to some of its readers, so without further reflection I note a few points in that direction.

This "North Monastery," as the people call our Lady's Mount, is a venerable seat of learning, having its origin just one hundred years ago. Towards the close of the 18th Century, a slight mitigation of the terrible penal laws, allowed Catholics to open Schools, and Ignatius Rice instituted the Order of Christian Brothers.

Seeing the good work thus started in Waterford, the Bishop of Cork called a meeting of his flock and told them of the Rev. Mr. Rice's great movement. As a result of the meeting, two of the principal merchants of the City, of unblemished character, volunteered their lives and fortunes for similar work. The movement thus inaugurated in 1811, was soon after affiliated to the new Order, and from that day to this, has been the source of untold blessings to the Catholic boys of Cork. There are thirty Brothers in this Monastery educating about two thousand boys, from the simplest elements up to University Degrees.

The extensive grounds are dotted with many clumps of magnificent trees, giants of their kind, giving abundant shade in the heats of summer and grateful shelter, too, from every wintry blast. In picturesque groups and by many winding avenues, are crowded rare and choice shrubs, giving the surroundings quite a tropical appearance. Indeed, in a small artificial pond beside the house is quite a shoal of Gold Fish that, winter and summer, enjoy the luxury of this mildest of Irish retreats. The House stands high up on the southern slope of "Fair Hill." Below us stands the quaint old Tower of Shandon, and farther down, lies the whole City of Cork. Beyond the city rises a number of well wooded high hills forming the southern boundary of this lovely valley of the "winding Lee."

Between our House and the School's, is the little private Cemetery of the Brothers, where, for nigh a hundred years, one by one, they have stolen to rest. Here lie many of the dear friends of my earlier days, and as I pass by they silently invite me to join them in the "better land." Well, dearly as I should wish to mingle my ashes with theirs—it may be a weakness—but I should prefer a corner in distant Belvidere.

Here lies dear Mr. Duggan who was superior of this Monastery when I lived here long ago. He was a most cultured, gentlemanly Religious, whose store of information was most interesting and entertaining. Born just at the beginning of the last century, he remembered the days of Waterloo, the early struggles of our Order, the stirring times of Catholic Emancipation and of the efforts of O'Connell for the Repeal of the Union.

The next grave holds all that is mortal of Bro. Burke, another dear personal friend of mine whose letters I still preserve as most precious relics. He was a giant in learning and the greatest teacher that Ireland has known for centuries. The present movement in Scientific and Technical Education is entirely due to his untiring zeal and wonderful foresight. Sad to relate, about two years ago he was run over by a hackney car and died in a few hours.

In this little Cemetery also, for nigh seventy years, lies all that is mortal of Gerald Griffin, the greatest novelist that Ireland has yet known. He wrote much poetry and some plays, but his fame will always be associated with his greatest novel "Eily O'Connor," a Tale of Garryown. Under the title of the "Colleen Bawn" it has been dramatized by Boucicault and played all over the world.

When Griffin's writings brought him fame and wealth, tired of the world, he tore up his manuscripts, retired from London and joined the Christian Brothers. Here within sound of

Shandon Bells, and near the schools where he labored, he rests in peace. Many of his works are still read and they give the truest pictures of Irish life that were ever limned.

Half a century ago, a book prize was put up for competition in our village school. It was not of great intrinsic value, but I won it. It was the "Life of Gerald Griffin," and—it made me a Christian Brother.

Cork, with its suburbs, must count its people at about one hundred thousand souls. The older parts are much congested, having very narrow streets, while the suburbs, where the city magnates and wealthy merchants reside, are singularly beautiful and interesting. It lies in the valley of the River Lee, and low down, almost on a level with the river's banks, are the principal business streets.

North and South of the City are hills of varying heights on the slopes of which are many fine residences and Institutions of different kinds. Within the City the River divides into several branches and many bridges connect the mainland with the islands thus made.



Photo by T. O'Mara.

KENT'S POND—ABOUT TWO MILES FROM ST. JOHN'S.

From Queenstown to Cork is about twelve miles, and the estuary is navigable up to the bridges. The River to Queenstown is broad and expansive, the slopes of the overhanging hills adding much to its loveliness,—it is truly a Royal Avenue to the sea, and is deservedly counted as one of the beauty spots of Ireland.

The Harbor of Queenstown is one of the finest in the world. All the Fleets of Europe could fight their battles within its extensive arms. It is about fifteen miles long and half as many broad. Last week the giant *Lusitania* entered and was quite easily manœuvred in the vast basin. All the great liners call here for mails and passengers on their passage westward as well as when homeward bound.

Striking and beautiful as are the scenery and surroundings of Cork, the visitor will most likely extend his pilgrimage farther inland. Well, Blarney Castle is only five miles from here and can be easily reached by anyone anxious to perfect himself in the use of a pleasing tongue.

But lovers of the picturesque will follow the course of the River back towards the Western Mountains, where it takes its rise:

"In deep valley'd Desmond, a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that Lake from their home in the mountains,"

and there, in "lone Gougane Barra" mid scenes of savage grandeur the lovely winding Lee is born.

Now the traveller is truly in Ireland, for quite near is Glengariff, whose climate rivals that of Madeira, and just over the mountains is "beauty's home, Killarney."

But while every Corkman is proud of his native river, of the lovely valley through which it flows, and of the noble estuary of Queenstown, he has in his inmost heart a warmer feeling still for the old steeple of the small Protestant Church called (St. Mary's) Shandon.

Many times during the week, and frequently on Sundays, from the Tower of this quaint old Church comes the pealing of the famous Shandon Bells. The sound is exquisitely sweet and musical, and not only the noisy school boy but the midnight reveller, pauses in their pleasures to drink in—yet once again, the glorious music of the venerated chimes.

The sea shell, when carried far over plain and mountain retains still the weird moaning it learned from the waves and the winds. It even reproduces the wild notes into ears that never heard the roar of the sea. So, the sweet pealing of these joyous chimes rings ever on in the hearts of those who were cradled within shadow of the old Tower.

Every child of Cork whose feet have wandered from his native City, looks longingly back, with tearful eyes to the "faire citie" and to the lovely river, while the "Bells of Shandon" like a fairy message, steal to him always, over land and sea, reminding him of friends and fireside and home.

"On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

Thus, in his student cell in Rome, sang the famous Father Prout as his heart recalled the heavenly tones. He had listened to the chimes of many famous churches,—in Rome, Paris, and other great cities, but they were not like Shandon:—

"Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells,"

* * * * *

"For, memory dwelling on each proud swelling,
Of thy Belfry knelling its bold notes t.e.e.,
Made thy Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

The ashes of the singer rest peacefully at the foot of the Tower whose music he has immortalized, but, doubtless, mingling with the music of the angelic hosts, his poetic spirit still hears sweet strains from the old Bells that swing by "the winding Lee."

On the Coming Great Festival I shall be in Newfoundland in Spirit. My one regret shall be that I cannot be there in reality. But to each dear friend, I wish a very Happy Christmas. May the Angels of Peace and good will find a home and fold their wings by every happy fireside and bear to its inmates a bright and prosperous New Year.

Our Lady's Mount, Cork, November, 1907.



The End of It All.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

TREAD softly o'er the threshold of that room
Within my heart where lies my Ideal, dead;
Sleeping in silken white, while round her spread
Carnations red, and white immortelles bloom;
For in this dusky chamber is her tomb;
And I have cunning combinations wed
Of heavy poppies, blowing white and red,
To smother memory with their dull perfume.

Ay, softly; though she will not wake again,
I know her features never can decay;
But her form's weight will never cause heart-pain;
Around her, votive tapers night and day,
Will glimmer on, in vague and restless play,
Lighting recesses of that crimson fane.



ST. GEORGE'S POND, NEWFOUNDLAND.

TO THE TRADE

.....WE WISH TO SAY THAT.....

IMPERIAL and MONT ROYAL

6s and 12s to the lb.

13s to the lb.

Are the best values in TOBACCO to be had.
Try them and prove the truth of our assertion.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY, Ltd.
St. John's, Newfoundland.

1907 Greeting 1907

JAS. J. CHANNING, desires to publicly thank his many friends for their kind patronage during the past year, and wishes them, one and all, a **Very Merry Xmas.**

We respectfully draw your attention to our Stock of
PERFUMERY!

It is the very choicest obtainable, and being put up in fancy boxes, baskets, &c., would make ideal Xmas Presents.

We also carry a full line of

Perfume Sprays,	Shaving Brushes,
Sachet Powders,	Fancy Toilet Soaps,
Toilet Boxes'	Smelling Bottles,
Hair Brushes,	Washing Gloves.

in fact a complete assortment of everything necessary for Toilet and Medicinal purposes.

A visit to our Store will convince you, that right here is the best place to buy anything in the above line.

We defy competition in goods or prices.

CHANNING'S DRUG STORE,

148 and 150 New Gower Street. Open till 11 o'clock every night.

Beauty in the Litholin.



There is beauty in the Litholin Collar, because it is made not alone for service, but for appearance as well. Litholin is a waterproof Linen Collar sold by us for **25 cts.** You clean it with a damp cloth.



JACKMAN The Tailor.

DON'T COME TO THE Union Grocery

If you are looking for old cheap Raisins, Currants, Citron, Lemon Peel, Spices, or Flavouring Extracts for your Xmas Puddings and Cakes. All Good Things at the **UNION**, 104 New Gower Street.

H. TAPPER.

M. PECKAM, Butcher,

149 Gower Street, and Duckworth Street, East

Have always on hand and for sale at very lowest prices,

Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, and Poultry;

also, Corned Beef and Fish a specialty. His Christmas Stock exceeds that of other years. Call and see for yourself before going anywhere else. He takes this opportunity of wishing his many friends and patrons a Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

All orders called for and delivered free of charge.

P.O. Box 184. Telephone 184. Cable Address "GIBBS" St. John's.

M. P. GIBBS,

**BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR & NOTARY PUBLIC.**

Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York.
Solicitor for the Merchant Service Guild, Liverpool.

Law Offices, **GAZETTE BUILDING**, Water Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

BAINE, JOHNSTON & Co.

WATER STREET,
St. John's, Newfoundland,

General Merchants and Ship Owners.

EXPORTERS OF

Codfish, Cod Oil, Seal Oil, Seal Skins,
Codliver Oil (Norwegian process),
Salmon, Split Herring, and Lobsters.

Sealing Steamers for Arctic hire. Steamers on Labrador requiring **COALS** can be supplied at Battle Harbor, at entrance to Strait of Belle Isle, where there is telegraphic communication.

Bowring Brothers,

Limited.

Ship Owners, Brokers, and General Merchants.

Exporters of Codfish, Salmon, Herring, Seal Oil, Seal Skins,
Cod Oil, Lobsters, Whale Oil, Whale Bone, Etc.

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Liverpool and Glasgow Underwriters.
Liverpool and London and Globe Fire Insurance Co.
New York, Newfoundland, and Halifax Steam Ship Co.
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Owners and Agents of the Newfoundland Royal Mail
Coastal Steamships *Portia* and *Prospero*.

Represented by **C. T. BOWRING & Co., Ltd.**, of Liverpool, London, Cardiff.

Represented by **BOWRING & Co.**, New York and San Francisco.

CODES—Scott's, Watkins, A. B. C., Western Union, Premier, &c.
Cables:—"BOWRING," St. John's.

GUARDIAN

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Of London, England.

ESTABLISHED 1831.



The Guardian has the largest paid-up capital of any
Company in the world transacting a Fire business.

Subscribed Capital - - - \$10,000,000
Paid-up Capital - - - - - 5,000,000
Invested Funds exceed - 25,000,000

T. & M. WINTER,
Agents for Newfoundland.

NEWMAN'S

Celebrated Port Wine,

In Cases of 1 doz. each,
at \$8.25 in Bond; also,

in Hogsheads, Quarter Casks and Octaves.

Baine, Johnston & Co.,
AGENTS.

Queen

Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS \$40,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

'Nothing Succeeds like Success!'

THE SUCCESS which has attended our **TEA SALES** clearly demonstrates the fact that we handle the TEAS that sell. We will forward our samples to any business place in Newfoundland, as we take pleasure in showing the excellent value we offer in **Tea**.

Thomas Smyth Co. Ltd.,

Wholesale Dealers in Provisions, Groceries and Fruit.

Miss May Furlong,

282 WATER STREET,
opp. Bowring Brothers.

Dress Goods, Mantles, Millinery, Furs, Feathers, Flowers,
—and Gloves.—

St. John's, - - - Newfoundland.

Coverings.

The following Regulations with respect to Packages and other Coverings are made by the Honorable the Minister of Finance and Customs, under the provisions of the Revenue Act of 1905 and the amendments thereon.

In making entry for Goods, the coverings enclosing which being dutiable, the value for coverings shall be as follows:—

Carboys containing acids	\$1.00 each.
Puncheons	1.50 each.
Hogsheads	1.50 each.
Half Hogsheads (Ale or Beer).....	.75 each.
Quarter Casks	1.00 each.
Octaves and Barrels.....	.60 each.
Half Octaves40 each.
Quarter Octaves30 each.
Bottles: Ale, Beer and Porter, quarts....	.20 per dozen.
Bottles: Ale, Beer and Porter, pints....	.10 per dozen.
Bottles: Brandy, Whisky, etc.....	.20 per dozen.
Flasks: no cups40 per case of 2 doz.
Flasks: no cups80 per case of 4 doz.
Flasks: with cups.....	.60 per case of 2 doz.
Flasks: with cups.....	.70 per case of 4 doz.
Decanters	1.00 per case of 1 doz.
Bottles: Gin, quarts.....	.10 per case of 1 doz.
Bottles: Wine20 per dozen.
Cases in which Dry Goods, Pianos, Musical Instruments, Stationery, Glass, and such like dutiable goods are contained, when not included in the cost of the goods, and costing at port of export over two shillings and up to four shillings, shall be valued at.....	40 cts.
Costing ten shillings and under	50 cts.
Costing fifteen shillings and under.....	60 cts.
Costing twenty shillings and under	70 cts.
Costing twenty-five shillings and under.....	80 cts.
Costing over twenty-five shillings.....	90 cts.

Casks not capable of holding liquids, or of being made up for that purpose, shall be valued in the same manner as cases.

Coverings such as bailing, including hooping or cording, in which dutiable goods are contained, when not included in the cost of the goods, costing at the port of export five shillings and under, shall be valued at	50 cts.
Costing ten shillings and under	60 cts.
Costing fifteen shillings and under.....	70 cts.
Costing twenty shillings and under	80 cts.
Costing over twenty-five shillings.....	90 cts.

Straw wrappings, when used as outside coverings on dutiable goods, and when not included in the cost of the goods, shall be valued half their cost at the port of export.

Crates, in which earthenware is packed (including straw) shall be valued at one-fourth their cost at the port of export.

E. M. JACKMAN,

Minister of Finance and Customs.

Custom House, St. John's, Nfld.,
23rd March, 1907.

Fee-Simple Land!

Licenses of Occupation of Crown Lands may be granted, subject to the following conditions: (1) Payment of \$5.00 for each lot of 160 acres; (2) Settle, within two years, one family on each area of 160 acres; and (3) for each 100 acres licensed clear two acres per annum for 5 years. If said land is so cleared and cultivated and the required number of families are continued thereon for a further period of ten years, the licensee shall be entitled to a **FEE-SIMPLE GRANT** of the land so licensed. No grant to exceed 6,400 acres. (See Crown Lands Act, 1903, section 5), or

under Section 6 of said Act a License may issue to occupy 5000 acres of land, and, if the Licensee shall, within ten years, clear and cultivate 25 per cent of the land and shall settle one family for each area of 320 acres, he shall be entitled to a **GRANT IN FEE** of said land free of cost; or

under Section 7 of said Act, Licenses of occupation of 50 acre lots may issue, and if Licensee continuously occupies same for five years and cultivates two acres he shall be entitled to receive a **FEE-SIMPLE TITLE TO SAID FIFTY ACRE LOT**.

For further information apply to

J. A. CLIFT,

Minister Agriculture and Mines.

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H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.



Public Notice.

THE Government of this Colony have been notified, through the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America have passed an Act regulating the Immigration of Aliens into the United States, wherein it is provided that Aliens who shall enter the United States after an uninterrupted residence of at least One Year, immediately preceding such entrance, in Newfoundland, shall be exempt from the Head Tax of Four Dollars.

R. BOND,

Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Nov. 12, 1907.

THE ...



Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VII.—No. 4.

MARCH, 1908.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Development in the Interior of Newfoundland.



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6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
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General Post Office.

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General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1908.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

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H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1908.



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The Newfoundland Quarterly.

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MARCH, 1908.

40 cents per year.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XXI.



THE Committee of the Nomenclature of Newfoundland, officially appointed by the Government, has been made the butt of so much ridicule and unmerited abuse; its decisions have been so deliberately defied, and it has received so little support from the proper authorities, that it would seem to have almost lost heart and given up the idea of making any other suggestions. It is taken for granted by unthinking critics that the Committee's only object is to change, at mere whim or caprice the names of places, on our coast.

Once before, I think, in this series of articles, I refuted this charge and showed that the spirit of the Committee is conservative, and not destructive or innovating. If our critics, knew the number of times we have refused to sanction changes proposed; if they could hear our debates and the reasons brought forward *pro* and *con* in case of any proposed change, they would have more respect for our decisions. Some time ago our Committee sanctioned a slight change in the name of

TILTON HARBOUR.

A change in this name was asked for by the Postmaster General as there is another place of the same name, and confusion was caused in the sending of letters. After deliberation and discussion the name was changed to

TILTING.

Good reasons were given for this change. They are fully explained in Article IX. of this series, nevertheless the change, when publicly announced, was received by the critics with a shout of derision. Now, quite unexpectedly, there came into my hands recently a proof of the accuracy of the Committee, and corroborating my reasoning in making this change, or more correctly speaking, the restoration of the old original name. This proof consists in documents of some antiquity. Among them is the "last will and testament" of "Daniel Bryan of,

TILTING HARBOUR."

It is dated 1820! Such then was the true spelling of the name in the early decades of the XIX. Century. Another of the documents, being an agreement between John and William Bryan, sons of Daniel, dated 1856, gives the name with the same spelling, viz.: "Tilting Harbour," while a third one, the will of the said John Bryan dated 1860 gives the name as *Tilton Harbour*, showing that about this time the change in the original spelling of the name began to creep in.

These documents are interesting also from another point of view, as they contain the records of some of the oldest families in Fogo, and their deeds of prowess upon the sea and land in prose and verse, they will form the subject of a paper to be read at a future meeting of the Historical Society.

In my last Article (No. XX.) I passed over with very slight notice the name of

MANUELS,

as I had no data of any certainty concerning it. Since then it has occurred to me that the name may possibly have a very remote and interesting historical origin. It will be remembered that in the year 1500, immediately after Cabot's second voyage, Gaspar de Cortereal came out from the Azores, of which Islands he was Governor. It is generally believed that the landfall of Cortereal was somewhere about the mouth of

CONCEPTION BAY;

and that he gave that name to that beautiful expanse of water as explained in Article XVII., that he explored this great estuary on both sides down to the bottom or head, giving all those Portuguese names which still hold possession up to the present day. Thus at the Northern point of the entrance we have Baccalho (now Baccalieu, see Articles I-II), *Split Cape*, supposed by some to be a translation of *Baya Funda* (deep bay), expressing not the depth of the water but the depth to which it penetrated into the land. Then we have *Bay de Verde* (Article VIII.) *Carbonear*, supposed by some to be named from a well-known and prominent Cape on the Portuguese Coast, named *Cape Carboniero* (Article XVII.). Then *Spaniard's Bay*, explained in Article XVIII. *Brigus*, which Dr. Patterson (Portuguese in America, p. 143), derives from the Portuguese word "Briga," a quarrel or fight and *brigoso*, quarrelsome or warlike. Then we have Holy Rood (Santa Cruz, Art. XX.), Portugal Cove, and Cape St. Francis the southern head of this great bay, (of which I will speak immediately) all of undoubted Portuguese origin.

Now, then, it seems to me most probable that Cortereal also gave the name of

MANUELS.

King Manuel I., surnamed "the fortunate," though not of much account himself, yet reigned during the most glorious period of Portugal's History, as far at least as the spirit of enterprise and maritime exploration is concerned. He reigned from A.D. 1495, to 1521, an epoch which produced a galaxy of illustrious men; navigators and adventurers who raised Portugal to be the first Maritime Nation in the World. Among these were Vasco da Gama, who in 1497 rounded the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the Indian Ocean and reached Calcutta. Alvarez Cabral, who in 1500 discovered Brazil; and in the same year Cortereal, in Newfoundland. In 1501, Amerigo Vespucci gave his name to the New World. Other distinguished names which adorned this period were Duarte Pacheco, Francisco de Almerido; Alfonso de Albuquerque: Joao de Nova, Magellan, &c., &c.

Now Cortereal sailed under a Royal Commission from King Manuel, and it is altogether most natural to suppose that he gave the name of his sovereign and patron to some portion of the newly discovered land. In fact he almost says as much in the legend attached to the Cantino map. This map was made by Alberto Cantino, the representative at Lisbon of the Duke of Ferrara, and sent to him on October, 1501. Cantino had the description of the voyage fresh from Cortereal himself, immediately after his return. The legend on the map, to which I have alluded above, is as follows: "*Esta terra he descobrida per mandado do muy excellentissimo Pri'cepe*

DOM MANUEL

Rey de Portugall, &c. Now as no other place in Newfoundland bears the name of Manuel I presume this name may be handed down from this early time.

Coming out the Bay from Topsail, (see Article XX.), we meet the name of

HORSE COVE,

of the origin of which I have no knowledge. Next we have *Broad Cove*, a name very happily replaced through the efforts of the V. Rev. Canon Smith by the more attractive name of

ST. PHILIP'S.

It is to be hoped that this name may become popular, and

generally adopted. If the annual boat-races be advertised as the "*St. Philip's Regatta*," the name will soon "take."

There can be no doubting the origin of the name

PORTUGAL COVE.

We have already seen that Cortereal called the land discovered by him "*the Land of the King of Portugal*," and as he landed in this Bay, the name became attached to this Cove which is the most important one on the south side of the Bay. The name next appears on the map of John Ruysch of very early date. It was published in Rome by Beneventanus in 1508. After this it appears pretty regularly on all the maps. On a map by Mr. Popple, of the date of 1733, the name of

CAP DES PORTUGUAIS

appears as designating the headland jutting out between Petty Harbour (*Petit Havre*) and Bay Bulls (*Baie de Bull.*) On this map neither the Portugal Cove of Conception Bay nor that at Cape Race is given; but on a map of nearly the same date (1744) by Belin, the name is given in Conception Bay, *Port des Portugais*. But it is not given at Cape Race on comparatively modern maps. I do not find this name near Cape Race till the Royal French Map, 1784 (translation from Cook's of 1763) where it is called

ANSE DE PORTUGAL.

Cape Race, for many years, figures as the most prominent point on the coast line of the newly discovered land, and as this land on the maps following Cortereal's voyage was called the land of the Portuguese, hence it is only natural that the name should be applied to a cape or harbour in the vicinity of this prominent and well known headland.

There is only one other place-name on the south side of the Bay, namely,

BAULEEN.

This is no doubt the French word *Baleine* (whale) pronounced in the broad *Patois* of the fishermen, though why it has received the name I cannot surmise, as I have never heard of the whaling industry having been prosecuted there. A whaling plant has recently been erected in a harbour to the westward of *Pushthrough* in Hermitage Bay, to which the name of

BALENA

has been given, that being the Latin name for a *whale*. This place was formerly called *Bonne Bay*, and as there is another and better known place of that name the change was wisely made.

Before leaving Conception Bay, I would wish to refer to another name. It is scarcely proper to call it a place-name, for it occurs frequently in our Bays and Harbours, and applies rather to the water than to the land, I mean

THE TICKLE.

This is the name given to the strait or strip of water which separates Bell Island from the main land. It is a name in frequent use along our shores, as Ice Tickle, Indian Tickle, Domino Tickle, Favorite Tickle, Jigger Tickle, &c., on Labrador. Dark Tickle, Tickle Cove (Bonavista), Tickle Beach (Fortune Bay), The Ticks (Salmonier), &c. It also is a common name on the Coast of Nova Scotia. It has always been supposed that this name is a plain English word, implying a passage of some danger, from sudden squalls of wind or sunken rocks and shoals, so that it is a "ticklish" matter to get safe through. The word in this sense is properly applied, as a ticklish job means a difficult, critical, job. It has, however, been supposed by some (See Patterson, *Portuguese in America*) to have a Portuguese origin. He says (p. 144): "On the coast of Portugal may be seen a point named

'SANTA TEKLA.'

It is situated on the north side of the entrance to the River Minho. It is a narrow projection some miles in length inside of which is a lengthy basin narrowed by an island. . . . What more natural than that the name should be suggested to the Portuguese sailors by places of similar appearance. The slight change in the sound will not surprise any person who

knows how Englishmen modify words into words of similar sound, &c." The name in Nova Scotia is still further corrupted into—"The Tittle," and "Tittle Passage" in the Gut of Canso, also on the Miramichi, New Brunswick." If this derivation were correct it would be another proof of the presence of Cortereal about Portugal Cove. I fear, however, the derivation will be thought farfetched.

We now come to the important point which forms the southern headland of the great Bay of Conception, and is known as

CAPE ST. FRANCIS.

This name was doubtless given by Cortereal. It is found upon the map of Majollo, one of the earliest maps in existence, dated 1527, and not only is it given in its right place as the southern point of Conception Bay, with Bacalhao as the northern point, and a *baia de c'cepçione* between them, all in their correct places, but more than that, the whole of the main land on the map, occupying what is now Nova Scotia, is called

FRANCESCA.

I have already stated that these early navigators were men of a high and exalted religious temperament. They were particularly devoted to the lowly saint of Assisi, the Seraphic St. Francis. Columbus, as we know, was a member of the "third Order" of St. Francis,—*tertiaries*, as they were called. This Order was instituted by St. Francis for laymen living in the world, who did not wish to become Monks or Friars, but still lived under a rule of life. They were bound to dress more soberly, fast more strictly, pray more regularly, &c. The Order became very popular and men of the highest rank joined it, even royalty. St. Louis, King of France; and St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, were members of it. Cortereal was a friend of Columbus, and it is most probable that he, too, was a member of this Order. He was Governor of the Azores and the name of the principal Island of the group, in which he held his seat of Government, was

TERCEIRA,

which is the Portuguese word for a *tertiary*. Hence it was to be supposed that he would give the name of his saintly patron to the first land he saw, or to some portion of it.

Rounding Cape St. Francis and coming southward the first settlement we meet is

POUCH COVE.

I spoke of this name when describing *La Conche* (Article VII.). I there presumed that, in the first place *conche*, was a mistake for *couche*, which means a cove or small harbour, probably from the fact of ships or boats lying there safe at anchor—(*se coucher*). I then supposed the Pouch Cove is a corruption of the same word, the initial letter *C.* being taken by some scribe for *P.* I have heard this place pronounced Pouch Cove (the "ou" having the same sound as in house) but this is a modern innovation, and an affectation. It has always been pronounced as if it were spelt *Pooch*. It is certainly a unique and not ineuphonious name, and I am sorry to learn that the inhabitants are not satisfied with it, and want it changed to "*Cape Town*." There are many objections to the latter name. If it were to be changed at all, I would suggest

"ST. FRANCIS."

Though I consider the name of considerable antiquity, in fact going back to our primitive discoverers still strange to say I do not find it on any of our ancient nor indeed *modern* maps. It is not even on Page's map, of 1860, and in fact the only map on which I find it is Howley's map of 1891. I would be glad of any information concerning the name or its appearance on any of our old maps.

The Stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
Ah! passing few are they who speak
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me. —W. C. Bryant.



Photos by G. Harvey, July, 1907.

CONCRETE DAM OF THE ANGLO-NEWFOUNDLAND DEVELOPMENT CO., LTD., AT GRAND FALLS.



COFFER-DAM AT GRAND FALLS.



SOME OF THE STAFF HOUSES AT GRAND FALLS.

The Newfoundland Forestry Association:

Its Formation, Aims and Objects, etc.

By J. F. Downey.



JOSEPH F. DOWNEY,
Secretary Newfoundland Forestry Association.



IN accordance with your request for an article for THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, covering the "formation, personnel, aims and objects of the Newfoundland Forestry Association," I don't know that I can do better, at the start, than preface, what I may say with the statement that in writing thus for publication I am doing so without consulting the Directors of the Association. Personally I am anxious to meet your views, as I realize that the proposed work of the Association is a most beneficent and very urgent one, and that consequently all possible publicity should be given thereto with the view of enlisting the active co-operation of the public therein. Yet, on the other hand, those with whom the idea of its formation originated, and who have given time and thought, and other material aid thereto, would prefer that their efforts should go unpublished, and would doubtless veto any intention to invidiously refer to them. In writing of the Association, therefore, I shall be unable to do justice to the efforts of its members in its behalf, and will merely say that His Excellency the Governor is Patron, and The Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond—the Hon. President of the Association. Under such auspices, and with the experience and capacity for constructive work, of its members and directors, it is not too much to expect that a policy will be mapped out for the Association that will be creditable thereto and of material benefit to the Country.

With the other features of this article, which you have outlined for me, I shall deal briefly.

Until within the past half century the timber producing countries of the world took no heed whatever for the future—reckless *butchering* of their timber wealth, for immediate gain was the sole motive of operations, and the duty of judiciously conserving for posterity this source of national wealth was utterly ignored.

In Germany the lamentable results of this short-sighted and selfish policy were first realized, and with the keen intelligence and thoroughness so characteristic of the Germans, they set about devising remedial measures, and so successful have been their efforts that to day all the other timber producing countries are procuring Forestry Experts from Germany, or sending men there to study German methods.

One of the most serious and far-reaching of the ill results of the destruction of a country's timber is in the curtailment, and unequal distribution throughout the seasons, of its water supply, and this inevitably follows in the wake of excessive denudation. Any material diminution of its water in the case of a country such as Germany, which is so dependent upon its great rivers and canals as arteries of trade, would seriously handicap its national aspirations, and hence no doubt Germany was first in realizing the two-fold danger inseparable from the destruction of her forests, and her efforts to counteract the impending results have been markedly successful.

The German procedure has been so perfected that it now ranks as a science, is administered by the Government as a special Department and the results achieved have been such as to compel the attention of the world and to dissipate all fear that any ill consequences can result under the system now followed.

Wasteful methods have been compulsorily eliminated, re-afforestation encouraged, and the quantity of timber cut annually is regulated by the increment from growth. The forest area has been very greatly enlarged and the value of the timber industry is annually increasing.



COUNTRY ROAD NEAR BISHOP'S FALLS.

The cost to Germany has been very large, as the equipment for every department of the work is elaborate. The thoroughness of the supervision of her forest areas is best attested by the fact that a Forester is assigned to every two square miles.

France and Italy have also realized that their national well-being was dependent upon, and commensurate with, the extent of their forest areas, and as both have been almost entirely denuded of timber, they are now making large expenditures to

re-afforest their watershed sections—France being now expending \$34.00 and Italy \$20.00 per acre for this purpose.

Sweden, Norway, the United States, and Canada have all realized the invaluable work done by Germany, and have organized Forestry Associations to grapple with the problem of forest preservation.

In the United States a National Bureau of Forestry has been established and is now actively at work—liberal grants for the purpose being made by Congress.

In Canada private enterprise, backed by Governmental assistance, has undertaken the work of conserving Canada's vast forest wealth, and Sweden and Norway have admirably administered Governmental Boards of Supervision. Even in England, which has long ceased to be a timber producing country, in a

past year, when only one-eighth of one per cent. of its forest areas was burned over. In the United States a Forester is assigned to every 14 miles square of forest.

Fortunately for Newfoundland lumbering operations on a large scale have been the creation of recent years, and the operating companies having acquired their "limits" at very considerable cost, it was incumbent upon them to adopt methods—taught by the experience of other countries—to prevent wasteful logging, and in this respect we have not suffered to any appreciable extent. But in proportion to area, our losses from forest fires have been enormous—so great that I would hesitate to quote in figures the probable extent thereof. The most deplorable feature of those losses is that they were almost entirely preventable.



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G.,
Patron Newfoundland Forestry Association.



RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.,
PREMIER AND COLONIAL SECRETARY,
Hon. President Newfoundland Forestry Association.

commercial sense, they are awakening to the possibilities in re-afforestation, and associations are being organized with this object in view, and at least one of the great Universities has included Forestry in its Curriculum.

The incalculable losses that have resulted to the forest wealth of the different countries by the want of system in the cutting of its timber, may best be appreciated by a consideration of the case of the United States.

Within living memory, the United States had nearly two million square miles of forest—more than sufficient if judiciously conserved to meet all the requirements of the country indefinitely. To-day it is admitted that, at the present rate of consumption, it has only about fourteen years supply of white pine left. What, it is pertinent to ask, has become of this enormous area of timber, only a very insignificant proportion of which went to meet the requirements of commerce? Everyone conversant with the industry knows that the want of system in logging operations and the culpable disregard of any precautions to guard against forest fires have resulted in the depletion of the country's enormous forest resources to an extent that creates a difficult problem for its Bureau of Forestry to grapple with to ensure a supply of timber for future requirements.

The chief end to which the United States Forestry Bureau has directed its efforts, is the preventing of forest fires, and its signal success in this direction is shown by the record of the

I am at liberty to state that the devising of practicable precautions, that could be enforced by Legislation, with the view of minimizing the danger of fires, is at present engaging the attention of the Newfoundland Forestry Association. The details of these contemplated precautionary methods, and of other work under consideration, I may not give at the present moment.

The advent in our timber industry of large Pulp and Paper Manufacturing Companies, will add a powerful factor to the forces operating to protect, in the future, our timber lands from the dangers of fire.

These Companies having invested immense sums in the costly permanent works that are necessary in their operations, it will be imperative upon them to enforce, at any cost, over their own limits, such methods and precautions as will safeguard them, and thus ensure a continuous supply of timber for an indefinite period.

That the Forestry Association can do a much needed work, in the interest of the conservation of our timber lands is admitted, and the results from the efforts of such organizations elsewhere have been highly beneficial, but to ensure practical results here the Newfoundland Association requires, and earnestly requests, the active co-operation of your readers and the public, and will welcome to its membership all desirous of aiding. A post card signifying such intention addressed to the writer will suffice to attain membership.



Photo by G. Harvey.

THE GRAND FALLS BELOW THE DAM OF THE ANGLO NEWFOUNDLAND DEVELOPMENT CO., LTD.

The Introduction of Reindeer into Labrador.

By W. J. Carroll.



WILLIAM J. CARROLL, AUTHOR.

that has wrought such a change for the better in the lives of a people, than this transplanting of reindeer.

The modes of life, as affected by climatic, geographic and economic limitations, in Labrador and Alaska, agree in nearly every detail. The rigorous climate; the precariousness of the food supply, the total absence of agricultural land and of horses, cattle, sheep and poultry; the want and sickness and misery that are the concomitants of such harsh factors, exist in all their hideousness on barren Labrador.

In Alaska similar conditions existed, but they have been wonderfully modified and changed for the better, by the wisdom and foresight of Dr. Jackson, to whom must be ascribed all the credit for working such a miracle. Let us hope that in the very near future, the miracle will be repeated in Labrador.

Dr. Jackson has proved that the reindeer is to the far North, what the camel is to the burning desert regions—"the animal which God has provided and adapted for the peculiar, special conditions which exist."

As draught animals they are far superior to dogs. On a long journey through barren, snow-covered country, a deer can haul 200 pounds, while a dog team can scarcely carry sufficient food to feed themselves. In summer a reindeer can pack 150 pounds, and give no trouble whatever for its provender supply. When the earth is deep in snow-drifts, it digs for its food, and in summer it feeds on the mosses, lichens and short rich grasses which abound in sub-Arctic regions.

By actual test it has been proved, that a journey over a well known Northern mail route, with heavy loads of passengers and freight, could be accomplished by reindeer in eight days, where it took dog teams from fifteen to twenty days to cover the same distance. In deep trackless snow they are infinitely superior to dogs; a team hitched double can draw over 700 pounds weight and travel at a good gait, both day and night, with ease.

They increase and multiply with amazing rapidity; a herd doubles itself in about three years.

Mr. Grosvenor cites the case of the United States Government granting a loan to some missionaries of 100 deer, who after a few years returned the borrowed animals and now possess in their own right, the offspring of those same deer, a herd numbering over one thousand head. They can be purchased cheaply in Lapland,—full grown deer costing from \$4.00 to \$7.00 each. A fawn costs its owner less than \$1.00 per year, and after that is worth in Alaska from \$60.00 to \$100.00 and sometimes fetches as high as \$150.00. They supply meat,—their hams and tongues are considered a rare delicacy,—milk, cheese, butter,



HE marvellous success which has attended the importation of reindeer into Alaska, must be highly encouraging to Dr. Grenfell and those associated with him, in their efforts to introduce them in Northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

In an instructive article in the *National Geographic Magazine*,—lately republished in the *Chronicle*,—Mr. Grosvenor very lucidly sets forth the conditions existing in Alaska, prior and subsequent to the experiment.

There is scarcely another incident in international economics

clothing and shelter to their owners.

It is estimated that within twenty-five years, there will be at least one million domesticated reindeer in Alaska, and that within thirty-five the number may reach the enormous total of ten millions. Long before that period elapses, economists figure that Alaska will be supplying annually to the United States markets from five hundred thousand to one million carcasses of venison, besides thousands of tons of delicious hams and tongues.

If these figures were dreams of theorists, the reader would be pardoned, if he had his doubts; but the project has long gone out of the experimental stage and has arrived to where the results may be surely computed, by simple arithmetical calculation.

The people of the United States have proved that they can do large things well. The gigantic scale on which they are preserving their large forest areas; securing immense tracts in all parts of the Union for National Parks; their complete system of game preservation; their vast meteorological and geological systems, and the success attending all these huge undertakings are sufficient guarantees that the Alaska reindeer project will be one of the best investments of the century.

What applies to the successful experiment in Alaska, applies equally to Labrador.

In Alaska there are about 40,000 square miles of country which appear to have been laid out expressly for the sustenance of deer.

In Newfoundland and Labrador we have a greater area supplied with waterways, and millions of tons of lichens, mosses and sweet juicy grasses, suited to the requirements of a vast herd of deer, and further we have the deer right at hand.

Our own caribou and the Lapland reindeer, if they are not identical, are very nearly so. They are superior to the Lapland variety in as much as they are on their native heath, and consequently are better adapted to the climate and food supply available; they are somewhat larger and heavier than the others; ought to be very much cheaper and easier to secure, and when in captivity are as kind and docile and as capable of being trained, as their congeners.

They roam the waste places in the interior in vast herds, and after three centuries of settlement we have made no more progress in utilizing this untold wealth, than did our predecessors the aboriginal Beothics.

Mr. Moulton, M.H.A., from his own experience and from information gleaned from Micmac and other hunters and trappers, estimates the number of caribou in the Island at two hundred and fifty thousand. Mr. Jas. P. Howley, F.R.G.S., is more conservative and is quoted by Mr. Millais, F.Z.S., as placing them at about one hundred thousand; while Mr. Millais, who spent several seasons in the interior and who claims to have penetrated where no white man ever before trod, thinks that two hundred thousand is a very fair estimate.

Millais in his book on Newfoundland quotes the game warden at Long Harbour who in 1906 saw a grand trek, caused by a fall of glitter in that country:—"As far as the eye could reach there were millions and millions of caribou, and he stood in astonishment the whole day as the pageant rolled by," and further:—"Several Indians saw the trails made by the mass of deer and described them to me as at least ten miles wide, with few intervals between."

Surely here is a problem worthy the serious attention of our local political economists.

If from the small beginning of the reindeer in Alaska, it will be possible in a few years, to supply millions of carcasses of meat annually to the markets of America,—leaving out of the question, the benefits derivable by the Alaskans in the meanwhile,—what are the value and possibilities of the hundreds of thousands of caribou, roaming to-day unused, unthought of, and neglected, at our very doors. Put them to their lowest use, as an inducement for sportsmen to visit us, and at the present time they are worth millions of dollars. Utilize them intelligently as a substitute for horses, cattle and sheep, and in years to come as a toothsome delicious fresh meat, for the clamouring multitudes who are willing to pay high for it as a commercial commodity,—and say what is their approximate value?

The man who solves this problem, will demonstrate how our 40,000 square miles of marsh and barren land, can be changed into smiling homesteads for a large and prosperous population.

If we ever hope to get people to settle in the interior of the Island, it is not upon our timber mineral or agricultural resources we must depend, but upon our caribou ranches, which are capable of being developed as fully as the cattle ranches of United States and Canada, or as the reindeer ranches in Lapland, Siberia, and Alaska.

With the five or six months of inclement weather preventing cattle from grazing in the open, and with hay ranging from \$20 to \$30 per ton; and further the enormous expense of housing and hand-feeding a large stock in this country during the winter months, cattle and sheep raising to any considerable extent, will prove to be a proposition neither attractive nor profitable enough now, or in the near future, to compel the serious attention of either capital or labour.

That the caribou can raise and support themselves without the aid of human agency, is proved by the fact, that they are increasing in numbers, (allowing for deaths caused by hunters, trappers, wolves, and accidents), by, at the very lowest figure, ten thousand, each year. Snow, sleet and glitter, and the hardships resulting from exposure in the woods or on the barrens, through the long dark, stormy nights of Newfoundland winter, do not appear to decrease their numbers to any appreciable extent. They live and thrive, despite hardships that would kill the hardiest cattle and ruin the wealthiest stock raiser. They have been caught and tamed in isolated cases, and have proved to be easily handled and cared for. Ten thousand fawns are born every spring. If systematic efforts were made a very large percentage of these could be easily captured and domesticated.

Mr. R. B. Stroud, one of our oldest, most experienced and most reliable guides, stated lately in a letter to a local paper, that he has successfully caught and domesticated caribou. He believes that it is easy of accomplishment, and offers, with the aid of another man, to round up the whole herd now roaming the interior of the Island.

Centuries ago the Beothics proved this to be practicable. Their fences by which they controlled large deer drives, are still visible in some parts.

The wild zebra of Central Africa which for centuries defied isolated attempts to domesticate them, have within the last few years been trained to rival the best horses in usefulness and docility.

Captain Nys, of the Belgian Grenadiers who, was commissioned to secure some for draught purposes for the Congo, to replace the numbers of horses and mules killed by the deadly tsetse fly, built a large stockade, and drove thousands of zebras into it. After a fortnight they were so tame, that they allowed themselves to be harnessed. They are now doing duty as beasts of burden throughout the vast territory of the Congo.

If a similar effort were made to capture a large number of caribou and domesticate them, in one year it would repay thousand-fold the money and labour involved in the scheme.

The United States Government for some years past have devoted \$25,000 annually for the preservation and increase of the deer herds in their northern territory. They have proved the investment a good one.

It is a proposition worth considering whether it would not pay us, to import a few Lapp families to settle in the interior and capture and train some of our native caribou. Our guides, hunters and trappers, would take very little time to learn the secret, once their attention was turned thereto, and then the fisherman and farmer could easily and cheaply acquire his own herd that would mean meat and money for him even if his crops and the season's fishery proved a blank failure.

The rate of living is so high in this country at present, and the taxes and cost of administering the Government have so increased, that we will need in the near future to quadruple our present population, and augment our earning power at the same time, in order that the ordinary workman will be able to exist on his average earnings. The time has arrived when the economic utilization of these great natural riches must be considered seriously. Their conversion into a prolific and neverfailing source of wealth and revenue seems insistent and imperative.

If we lack initiative, it is to be hoped that we have the imitative faculty sufficiently developed to emulate the Lapps and Alaskans, when Dr. Grenfell points the way.

DJAFAR.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

[Djafar was an Arab physician and chemist, who flourished about the end of the eighth century of the present era. He was acquainted with many drugs and chemical substances used at the present day, as Opium, Sulphur, Mercury, Arsenic. He first made nitric acid, and discovered nitro-hydrochloric acid or aqua regia, which has the property of dissolving gold.]

The red sun drops, and its last burning rays
Come piercing through this window towards the west
Into the fumes which fill my laboratory,
And make my strained eyes, used to this owl's light,
Blink painfully some moments; but its beams
Show clearly all the objects of my art,
Save that one skeleton pushed in the recess
Far from the fire; my mortars, astrolabe,
Huge porphyry pestles at whose weight I groan,
Three dusky tomes and, placed on them, the Koran;
Jars full of simples, beasts and serpents dried,
And minerals I have stolen from the earth;
My scanty stool, my bellows, and the fire
On which there simmers one long-mouthed alembic,
Whence drops come trembling down like women's tears.

Vestreen I placed there, as a new experiment,
Fresh vitriol, alum, and the roche saltpetre,
And plied my bellows till they fused together,
And watched what came of them; the acrid drops
Burned my hands yellow, and upon quicksilver
When they were poured, the spirit of the metal
Arose in hideous vapors, yellow, red,
With stifling odour. When I placed some drops
In water taken from the white rock spring
It tasted sharper than the vinegar
Thrice mellowed by the sun, and seared my throat.

And next I mingled sal ammonia
With the strange liquor from the alembic's beak,
In curiousness to see what would befall,
When carelessly my ring dropped in the vessel,
My gold ring given by an Emir once
Whose child I nursed through fever, and behold
I saw it melting there before my eyes,
So tossed it out; then tried a piece of gold
One of the scanty coins I have hid away,
And soon it too dissolved; with water then
I mixed it carefully until its sourness
But set my face awry, then sipped it down,
Little by little. Here am I the first
To drink the melted gold. Is this a step
Towards transmutation of all elements
To the most kingly element of all?
Is this the real, the true philosopher's stone,
Some paly colored fluid in a phial,
Or but a means for wealth's destruction, which
Will beggar the bold seeker? Can I tell?
Am I the God whose voice Mahomet is
The mollahs say? Yet there must be a God
Who made the truths that I alone have found
Of all earth's thinkers,—made the searching brain,
And pre-arranged coincidence between them.
The Koran tells not half the facts I know,
Or tells them wrongly, and I shrug or smile
In secret, at its simple childishness.

And yet, why should I put my head in peril?
If they kill me my secret may be lost
For many centuries, and the sons of men
Lose the light I can bring them. As of old,
I acquiesce if they will let me be.
'Tis sunset—Hark, the muezzin calls aloud,
And in obedience I prostrate myself.
There is one God,—yea, that indeed is true;
And—as they say—Mahomet is His Prophet!



Photo by C. O'N. Courvo.

MURPHY'S FALLS, SALMONIER RIVER.

THE LONE FISHERMAN.

ASTRA CASTRA, NUMEN LUMEN.

By A. J. W. McNeily, K. C.

THE crest of the Lindsays, Earls of Balcarres, is a "tent, *azure*,
semée with stars, *or*; pavilion and fringes of the same; on top
a pennon, *gules*." Motto, "*Astra castra, Numen lumen*," which for the
sake of rhyme, may be freely translated,—“The Stars my Camp, the Lord
my Lamp.”

I.

The azure tent of Heaven my canopy,
In the deep woods I pass this summer night,
From all the city's care and clamour free,
The Stars my Camp, the Deity my Light.
Clear-cut against the distant sky-line bright
Stand the dark spires of many a giant tree;
The pool beneath me flashes, flecked with white,
Whilst the full stream winds downward to the sea.

Here all is Peace: and here the saddened heart
Finds in the solitudes of Nature's calm
That peace which the Great Mother spreads abroad,
(And in the Woods doth sov'ranly impart):
Here the bruised spirit finds its healing balm,
Beneath the Stars, and in the Light of God.

II.

The night winds sleep, each in his forest cave,
A mystic silence broods o'er all around;
The diapason of the River-Wave
Pervades, but cannot break, the calm profound.
No voice is yours, ye sombre Hills that bound
My solitude; nor yours, ye Stars that pave
The fretted vault, ye utter not a sound;
Splendent ye burn, yet silent as the grave.

Silent; but when God's Spirit-Harmonies
On wings unseen have kissed the earthly ears,
He lifts the soul high over mortal bars;
And then the great TRISAGION symphonies
Of choral Earth are heard, and of the Spheres,
Here, in God's Light, and underneath the Stars.



The Effect of the Increased Educational Grant.

By Rev. L. Curtis, M. A., D. D.



FULL and detailed treatment of the above subject in THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY may be open to objection; chiefly on the ground that this would necessitate a considerable variety of statistics, and statistics are proverbially dry and uninteresting to the average reader. While, therefore, presumably the Editor who suggested the subject and invited the treatment, would be perfectly willing to shoulder the entire responsibility; it may be kind to make that burden as easily borne as possible; and, consequently, to avoid encumbering the valuable pages of the QUARTERLY with more figures than are absolutely necessary for general information. It is true, of course, that statistics play a very important part in the sum total of human life. And, indeed, there are times when statistics are of intense interest to everybody. In the great crises of national life, for instance, statistics concerning the offensive and defensive force of the nation—the numerical and potential strength of the army and navy—cannot be considered other than of the greatest moment. Nor in times of famine and pestilence are economic and vital statistics lacking in interest to the average citizen.

But it is doubtful if it can be successfully claimed that, up to a recent time, the subject of education has powerfully appealed to popular thought and imagination in the Ancient Colony. To a considerable number (there are many exceptions of course), it would seem to be the one thing unworthy of large personal effort. Physical necessities and even comforts are deemed well worth the price, and most generous contributions for religious purposes are not unfrequently forthcoming; but for the education of the young people almost everything must be left to the Government. In Great Britain, Canada and the United States of America, Governments do much, but the people themselves directly do vastly more. And when Newfoundland becomes fully alive to the importance of education, the people themselves will be ready to pay a larger price, and educational statistics will become vital with interest; for it is a well recognized principle that when a man makes a costly investment in any concern, an interest is immediately created, and it becomes his aim to make that concern as successful as possible.

Now it must be admitted that the Newfoundland Government deserves great credit for the splendid additions made to the education grant during the past eight years; and it is perfectly reasonable that enquiry be made as to the effect of those additional grants. And in order that some of the effects may be made manifest (there are effects, of course, which it is quite impossible to tabulate), a comparison between the conditions of eight years ago and those of the present time must be instituted.

The first and most important effect is the splendid increase in the amount paid in salaries to teachers. Indeed, if teachers of other denominations received increase in proportion to that of Methodist teachers, the aggregate addition in the salary item must have been about \$90,000. In 1899 the total income of Methodist teachers was reported as \$39,019.76; whereas in 1907 it had reached \$65,605.27—or an increase of \$26,585.51; and as Methodists, on the basis of Census of 1901, receive less than 28 per cent. of the grant; the increase in salaries possible to the teachers of all denominations may be easily computed. This increase in the salary item was felt in two directions; it brought a larger number of teachers into the profession, and it provided better remuneration for every certificated teacher employed. The latter was arranged by the Premier, who directed that at least 50 per cent. be added to the Teachers' Augmentation, and be paid upon the basis of teachers' grades. The increase in the General and other Grants, together with the amendment in the Act insisting that nine-tenths of grants be paid in salaries to teachers, enabled many Boards of Education also to considerably increase the amount payable in salaries; with the result that in the case of a large proportion of our

teachers—notably lady teachers—the remuneration for the hours of service and training required is probably more advantageous than that offered in any other profession in the Colony.

Another effect of the increase of Grant is the growth in the number of schools in operation and of pupils in attendance.

In the year 1899–1900, the number of schools and pupils reported was as follows:—

	Schools.	Pupils.
Roman Catholic.....	229	13,140
Church of England.....	254	13,148
Methodist.....	211	10,562
Total.....	694	36,850

In 1905–6, the latest year so far reported, we find, as follows:

	Schools.	Pupils.
Roman Catholic.....	314	15,426
Church of England.....	294	15,180
Methodist.....	268	12,958
Total.....	876	43,564

This makes an increase for the three denominations of 182 schools and 6,714 pupils in 6 years; while practically all the Salvation Army schools in the Island have been added meantime; thus considerably swelling the increase.

Still another effect of the increase of Grant is the stimulus given to education generally, as manifested in the greater efficiency of schools. Boards of education have been able, by the offer of larger salaries, to command the services of a better grade of teachers than before. The result of this can be best seen from the reports of the Council of Higher Education. Following is a list of the Applicants and Passes of 1899 and of 1907 respectively. In 1899 there were:

	Applicants.	Passes.
For Associate.....	20	13
" Intermediate.....	237	141
" Preliminary.....	344	183
" Primary.....	460	208
Total.....	1,061	545

And in 1907 the record gives:—

	Applicants.	Passes.
For Associate.....	72	39
" Intermediate.....	434	247
" Preliminary.....	1,007	499
" Primary.....	1,146	439
Total.....	2,659	1,224

But even these figures fail to show the whole case. In 1899 seventy institutions—principally the Colleges and Superior Schools—participated in the examinations; whereas, in 1907, no less than 250 schools had a share in the competition. This will indicate very clearly how great an impetus has been imparted to education in these years.

And then, as already intimated, there are effects which cannot be tabulated, but are nevertheless very apparent to persons in touch with the work. Some of the brightest young persons of the Colony have been applying for the position of pupil teachers—the number of applicants of late being considerably in excess of the accommodation, or even of the requirements of the work. The influence of the teacher is being felt, the thirst for knowledge is growing, many places are asking for better and more effective schools, and students everywhere are aiming at better training than the ordinary schools can impart. Indeed, for the *per caput* amount devoted to educational purposes, it is an open question as to how many parts of the world can show better results, or more rapid progress during the past eight years, than Newfoundland.



Modernism.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

"To contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the Saints."—Jude, 1,3



HAVE been asked to say something about Modernism, but the first thing I have to say is that we are almost as little troubled with it in the United States as you are in Newfoundland. I am, however, assured by friends in Rome, who are not excitable men, that the danger in Italy and France was serious. There was, therefore, only one thing for the Holy Father to do, and that to stamp it out at once, unless, indeed, he were to let things drift as Mr. Morley let sedition grow in India until it became almost uncontrollable, persuading himself all the time and trying to persuade others that the ignoring of realities is the removal of them. I will first say what Modernism is not. What



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

is condemned is not modern liberty or civilization or modern science, but a system of error which took the name of "Modernism" in order to make itself popular. There never was a Pope so determined as Pope Pius X. to confine himself to the spiritual sphere and to make his subordinates do the same. He has rebuked, and he has called on the American episcopate to discipline those priests (I cannot call them Catholic priests, for they have no religious zeal and no Catholic principles) who were exciting the war-fever against Japan, as Puritan ministers did against Spain; but not from the same motive; for the Puritan ministers were actuated by sectarian zeal, whereas these priests were actuated only by political zeal, because Japan had been wicked enough to seek the alliance of Great Britain. The Pope has reminded them that they were forgetting both the interests of their religion and the spirit and principles of their mission; that war is hostile to the spirit of religion and morality, and that it puts an end to the mission of the Church of Christ.

The Pope received much censure for putting down the "Christian Democrats" in Italy, but he really was only preventing priests from running wild with political excitement, and identifying the Church with a political party. He has been accused of saying that

governments ought to be absolute and to rule by force; what he did say was, that where religion is destroyed, where government does not rest on conscience, it must rule by force; that popular government will become impossible, and society must return to absolutism. It is not then liberty, nor civilization, nor science that is condemned.

Nor again is Modernism "Newmanism;" that assertion is not only false and unfounded, but dishonest and impudent. The editor of *The British Weekly*, whose conscientious desire to be fair to the Catholic Church it is a pleasure to acknowledge, has told the Modernists plainly that Newman's principles have not been condemned. I call the Modernist assertion dishonest and impudent, though these are strong words, because the only Modernist of any note in the English-speaking world, was attacking Newman last year and the year before. It is not now that I say this for the first time. Last summer in reviewing one of his books, I said that "we prefer his open attack on Newman to the conduct of those writers in France who are trying to propagate under the name of Newman, a theory much nearer to the Hegelian process of thought than to any principle of development which J. H. Newman would have sanctioned."

What then is Modernism? Perhaps the easy way to convey a notion of it is to say that it claims that a Catholic may take up the position of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of London, and still remain a Catholic. Or to put it another way, it is a denial of the supernatural; or to put it under another aspect, it denies that there is any knowledge of God possible, and that religion is anything more than a sentiment. We all know that religion is not mere theological science; that the heart as well as the head enters; that there must be love, devotion, and works flowing from them. But because the Pope condemns the assertion that religion is merely sentiment, they cry out that he condemns all the Catholic mystics. For my own part, I think that there is scarcely a proposition condemned by the Pope which would not be condemned by the overwhelming majority of Protestants in Newfoundland, where we still are a Christian people.

Let us look at the assertions of the Modernists. First, they are learned, and the orthodox are ignorant. The only noted Modernist in the English-speaking world, though a fine writer and a man of great rhetorical power, is clearly not a learned man, not learned in Catholic theology, nor in the history of doctrines, nor in Biblical Criticism; nor is he a man of great reasoning power. As for Abbe Loisy, he is certainly learned in Biblical Criticism, but in nothing else; and he has a visible bias, in every doubtful question to the negative or destructive. As for the orthodox, if they mean the Roman authorities, I speak of what I personally know. Cardinal Satolli, the Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, is, as will be admitted by all who know him, a man of the highest ability and the most extensive theological and philosophical knowledge; and he has kept himself in touch with the greatest experts in Biblical Criticism and in the history of doctrine. That there are narrow-minded and not very learned men who would like to enforce their own opinions as dogmas and condemn every one who differs, is true; but then, these men have not succeeded. Nor will the Pope allow that. The Modernists may say that the Pope is not a profound theologian, as if his authority to teach depended on his personal qualifications instead of his office. It is better that a Pope should not be a very learned theologian. If he were, he might be tempted to favour his own school and opinions against others. No army man wants a military Secretary for War; no Naval man wants a naval ruler to the navy, because such men would have fads of their own and enforce them,

The great Modernist of the English language says that the philosophy taught in Catholic Seminaries is unknown outside of their walls. Well, I should know something about that. The truth is that he and a little band of Germano-maniacs, who have got their heads addled with Kant, think they are the world. I will cite the acknowledgment of another Modernist that the Catholic philosophy is that which is natural, the philosophy of

the human race, the "common-sense" philosophy, and that the Modernist has to put his mind into an unnatural posture. "The Modernist categories," he says, "are unintelligible to the multitude; even the educated reach them with effort, and, when not philosophising, fall back on the conceptions of the past. . . . The distinctions between God and creation, between mind and matter, between substance and accident, nature and person, essence and existence, matter and form [natural and supernatural] have entered so deeply into the thought and speech of everyday life that we cannot divest ourselves of them. Later generations may emancipate themselves; ours will not." What then does the man mean who says that this philosophy is unknown outside of the walls of seminaries? This philosophy rests on the nature of things and on the constitution of the human mind. If the Pope were putting the Church in conflict with human nature, with the instinct of national independence, or with democracy, or the appetite for knowledge, the Church might get the worst of it. But this time the Church and human nature are allied; and though it needs must that offences come, yet the "offenders" will find that the Catholic Church and human nature together are irresistible.

The English speaking Modernist to whom I have so many times referred confesses that the Encyclical is an expression of "principles and tendencies latent in the Church from the earliest times." Does he then think that he shall be able to make the Church abandon her own principles, her own spirit her own *ethos*, for those of Rationalism? The Catholic Church says what she always has said—what indeed the (Protestant) Bishop of London told the American Protestants—that the mysteries of the gospel must not be explained away to secure the adhesion of those who will not accept the supernatural at all.

"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust."—I, Paul to Timothy, v. 1., 20.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphry see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock,
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

—Longfellow.

BISHOP'S FALLS.

WE print in this issue some photographs of Bishop's Falls, the site of the Pulp and Paper Industry of Messrs. Albert E. Reed & Co., Nfld. Ltd., in Newfoundland.

This Company commenced the preliminary work of the erection of their mills early last spring, and in the near future will employ large numbers of local workmen.

We hope, in a later number, to give an account of the Company's work at the Falls. Our photographs are by a member of the staff of Messrs. Reed with the exception of the one of the Company's Office, which is by Mr. Paul Moores, Postmaster at Bishop's Falls.



BISHOP'S FALLS.

(Note granite piers of the old Reid Newfoundland Railway Bridge carried away by ice some winters ago.)



OFFICE OF MESSRS. ALBERT E. REED & CO., NFLD. LTD.,
AT BISHOP'S FALLS.

Customs Regulations

As to Invoices.

1.—Every invoice of goods imported into Newfoundland shall be certified in writing as correct by the person, firm or corporation selling or consigning the goods, and shall truly show the whole and actual value of the goods in the currency of the country whence the goods have been exported directly to Newfoundland, and the quality and description of such goods, and the marks and numbers on the packages, in such a manner as to indicate truly the quantities and values of the articles comprised in each exportation package, all of which packages shall be legibly marked and numbered on the outside, when of such a character as to enable such marks and numbers to be placed thereon. (Form 11).

2.—If invoices are made out at lower prices, for goods exported directly to Newfoundland, than the fair market value thereof when sold for home consumption at the time and place when and from which they were exported, there must be clearly shown in a special column, or in addition thereto, the fair market value of the goods described therein, as required by the Customs' Act.

3.—In the case of goods consigned to a person, firm or corporation, other than the actual owners of the goods resident in Newfoundland, and in the case of goods which have not been actually purchased by the Consignee or importer in the ordinary mode of bargain and sale, or where purchased through an agent, there shall be annexed to the invoice of such goods a declaration to be made by the foreign owner or exporter of the goods in the form approved by the Governor-in-Council. (Form 6).

4.—When goods are imported into this Colony from any country, other than Great Britain, Ireland or Canada, the invoices thereof must show the cost of inland transportation, shipment and transshipment with all the expenses included, from the place of growth, production or manufacture, whether by land or water, to the vessel in which shipment is made, either in transit or direct to this Colony.

Importers, of goods brought into Newfoundland, will please take notice that no invoice will be accepted at the Customs unless the declarations, provided for by the Governor-in-Council, are attached thereto.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Assistant Collector.

Department of Customs,
2nd of January, 1908.

New Tailoring Goods!

Just Opened, our first shipment of new Spring and Summer Suits and Trousers. The latest from the English markets in Greens, Grays, Browns and Blues. **See our window.**

We invite inspection; it's a pleasure to us to show goods, because we know we are offering A 1 value. We guarantee **full satisfaction** in fit and finish.

 Samples and Measuring Cards sent to any part of the Island on application.

E. J. MALONE, Tailor and Clothier,
268 Water Street.

TO THE TRADE

WE WISH TO SAY THAT

Imperial and Mont Royal

6s and 12s to the lb.

13s to the lb.

Are the best values in **TOBACCO** to be had. Try them and prove the truth of our assertion.



IMPERIAL TOBACCO Co., Ltd.,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Miss May Furlong's Easter Show.

The **Very Latest** in Spring and Summer Goods
from London and Paris.

282 Water Street, - - - opp. Bowring Brothers.

Souvenirs from Oversea.

WHEN thinking of presents for absent friends, can you suggest anything nicer than some Photographic Scenes of the Homeland. We have a new Album of Views specially got up as a Souvenir of Dear Old Terra Nova. It contains 16 artistically colored views on art paper; size, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Each view may be detached without injury. The titles are—

A Misty Morning in the Harbor, St. John's.

Dry Dock, St. John's.

Arrival of the Allan Boat to Shea & Co., St. John's.

Duckworth Street, showing Crosbie Hotel.

Church of England Cathedral.

Cochrane Street Methodist Church.

Gower Street Methodist Church.

St. Thomas' Church (C. of E.)

Shipping in the Harbor, St. John's.

Haymarket Square, St. John's.

Prince of Wales Laying Corner Stone of Court House.

Laying Street-Car Rails, Water Street West.

Another Bit of Duckworth Street.

Making Fish at the Battery.

Landing of the Admiral at the King's Wharf.

Bank of Montreal, St. John's.

Only 40 cents for the Album of 16 Views.

Also, an immense stock of Post Cards in Colored—Black and White, Brown and Black, Callotype and Glossy Photos—all local views—from 10 cts. to 40 cts. per doz.

DICKS & CO. **POPULAR BOOKSTORE.**

The Channel Islanders.

By H. W. LeMessurier.



IN the last issue of THE QUARTERLY I gave it as my opinion that the Channel Islanders had a great deal to do with naming places in Newfoundland.

As early as 1560 Jerseymen were fishing here, and had regularly established "rooms." In the old Jersey records it is mentioned, that in 1591 John Guillaume was fined by the Royal Court for selling in France the fish which he had brought from Newfoundland.

They also record that by the end of the seventeenth century the Newfoundland-Jersey trade, which had brought a certain amount of prosperity to Jersey, had declined owing to Colbert, the Prime Minister of Louis XIV. having put a high duty on fish imported into France in foreign vessels. The trade revived, however, about 1730, and from that date to the French Revolution was a very prosperous period in the annals of Jersey and Newfoundland Commerce. In 1731 there were seventeen vessels from Jersey engaged in the Newfoundland trade, in 1732 there were twenty-four, in 1771 there were forty-five and in 1785 there were fifty-nine vessels. Besides these Jersey vessels there were a number from Guernsey.

Harisse, in his History, notes that in May, 1591, the fishermen of Guernsey, through one Colin, applied to the Municipality of St. Malo for permission to fish in Newfoundland, but they were refused. This refers to the Islands of St. Pierre and to Placentia Bay, which the Bretons occupied as fishing stations early in the sixteenth century. It is well known that the Bretons were the first French fishers in Newfoundland, and were here long before any Englishman ventured to cross the Western Ocean.

Haklyut says the Bretons were engaged in Placentia Bay, and as far west as the Magdalen Islands, very early in the sixteenth century, in prosecuting the cod fishery. The Bretons had a whaling establishment in Hermitage Bay, which my grandfather, Peter LeMessurier, succeeded to, and which he sold to Newman & Company.

The DeQuettevilles, according to old records, were here early in the sixteenth century. They had an establishment at Harbor Grace, one at Blanc Sablon and one at "Roches Blanche" or Rose Blanche.

The French did not resort to Conception Bay in the early history of this country, and are not responsible for the naming of Harbor Grace, which was no doubt called Havre de Grace by the DeQuettevilles or some other Jerseyman. At Harbor Grace two Jersey Rooms were known to exist, and their remains were shown one hundred years ago and spoken of as the old Jersey Rooms.

The property where the Post Office now stands, and the house and wharf occupied by Joseph Ross, was called the Jersey Room, and belonged to the Gushue Estate—"Gushue" is a corruption of "Guizot," the name of a well known old Jersey family. The waterside of this property is "made land," but the old residents say there was a big rock in "the dock" between Ross's and Munn & Coy's. premises. In this rock a large iron ring was fastened, for making fast the moorings of craft, and it was said that names or letters were cut in the rock in the old Jersey style.

The DeQuettevilles had a room on the Southside, also known as "the Jersey Room." It was about one hundred yards west of the present ferry wharf. A house on this room was known as "the Stone House," and was built of Kelly's Island free-stone. Only the foundations now remain. There was another

Jersey Room at Mosquito; on the opposite side of the cove, that is on the Southside, the stores and houses of Bristowes Hope's plantations were situated. Capt. Henry Thomey, now 86 years of age, says his grandfather built at Mosquito on the foundation of the old Jersey store.

There can be no doubt that the Jerseymen had to do with the early settlement of Conception Bay and the naming of the places. The explorers and voyagers of the sixteenth century were principally Spanish and Portuguese and they were the only cartographers who have left full records of their visits to the American Continent of that date. They visited the outlying portions of this Coast and named the places, all the early maps show this to be more than surmise. In no map prior to 1700, do we find any mention made of Harbor Grace or Carbonear.

In Archbishop Howley's last article on nomenclature he omits to give the definition of Bauline in Conception Bay. I am convinced that this place was named by a Channel Islander after "Baliene Bay" in Sark, which it somewhat resembles.

Much of our coast-line, being broken, would call to the Channel Islander's mind memories of the bays and rocks of his island home. All around our coasts are to be found places with names that are familiar to every Channel Islander, besides those I have mentioned in a former paper there are Collinette, St. Mary's, Trinity, St. Lawrence, Le Grande Mere, Connaigre, Petit Port, La Conche, La Crocq, Corbin, &c. At St. Mary's, on our coast, there was an ancient Jersey Room, which was last held by the Ridouts. Colinet, as it is now spelt, was evidently named Collinette, and because of its proximity to St. Mary's I am led to conclude that it was named by a Jerseyman who came from the Parish of St. Mary's. Jersey is divided into twelve Parishes which are, with two exceptions, named after saints. They are St. Owen's, St. Peter's, St. Brelade, St. Lawrence, St. Mary's, St. John's, St. Helliers, Trinity, St. Martin's, St. Saviour, Grouville and St. Clements.

St. Lawrence, near Cape Chapeau Rouge in Placentia Bay was no doubt named by a Jerseyman. According to old charts what is now called Little St. Lawrence, was evidently the place first named St. Lawrence, and here was situated, from the very earliest times of occupation a Jersey Room. The Nicolles held it for centuries, and sold the property to Newman & Company early in the nineteenth century.

It is not unlikely that the Jerseymen, settling here for the fishing season, designated the harbours they fished from, after the Parishes they belonged to. It was while studying the map of Jersey and noticing the close proximity of St. John's Bay to Bouley Bay I was led to conclude that Bay Bulls and St. John's were named by Jerseymen. St. John's Bay in Jersey is in the Parish of St. John's and Bouley Bay, but a few miles distant, is situated in the Parish of Trinity; hence we may also conclude that Bay Bulls Arm in Trinity Bay was first called Bay Bouley, as we find the Portuguese marking the name on their charts as Bay Boule.

But to return to Conception Bay, there is every evidence amongst the names of the people now living there that the Jerseymen left descendants in many places. There are quite a number of Channel Island family names about Brigus, Cupids, Bay Roberts and Carbonear. The Normans, LeDrews, Bonnels, Knights, Piccots, Pomeroy's, Vitches, Fureys (a corruption of Le Huray), Clements, Lamberts, Nichols, Noels, Paynes, Sacreys, Costelloes, Besants, Minchons, Gushues, Hawcoes, Nevilles, Filliers, St. Claires, Beauchamps, Bertins, Youltons, are all Channel Island names. Bay Roberts is not an English name. If it had been named by an Englishman he would have

called it Robert's Bay, it was evidently called Bay de Roberts. The most prominent spot from which a good view of the bay can be obtained is Prevot Hill, or as it is now spelt Prevo's Hill. Here we have a certainty as to who this hill was called after, for two brothers from Jersey named Prevot, (final / not sounded) carried on a business at this place nearly two hundred years ago. One of them died when on a visit to Jersey, and it was known that he left a lot of money, which was concealed somewhere in Newfoundland; it could not be found, although the surviving brother knew it was hidden in Bay Roberts. Tradition says that the man who purchased the dwelling house some years after the death of Prevot, purchased a vessel almost immediately after, although it was well known he had barely enough money to buy the house, and had never been possessed of any wealth.

Peter Le Seour, who was a convert to Methodism by Coughlan, and who afterwards introduced Methodism into Jersey in 1770, carried on business in Harbor Grace on the spot where Mr. Watts' store now stands.

The name Carbonear has long been a puzzle and I notice that His Grace the Archbishop has come to the conclusion that it is a Portuguese name. I have examined all the charts I could lay my hands on but cannot find it on any of the charts prior to 1700.

Baccalieu, and all the headlands are well defined on the Portuguese and Spanish Charts. Inside of Baccalieu, in Conception Bay, we have, on the French Charts of 1700 Baie Verte, Cap l'argent, Farillon and a few other names evidently French, before we come to Carbonear, which is spelt Carbonier. Anspach says that "Corbonier" was originally called Collier's Cove. He wrote in 1812, and resided in that locality for some time. If the original name was Collier's Cove it must have been named by some early English settler, long after the Portuguese visited and named the places to be found on their early Charts. Looking at the map of Jersey and the surroundings and position of Carbonear, and its island, I am inclined to think that the original name was Corbiere, called after that place in Jersey. The pronunciation would be Cor-be-air, which would be easily corrupted to Carbeair and finally to Carbonear.



Photo by J. Shortall.

TWO OF MESSRS. BISHOP & MONROE'S

FOREIGN GOING VESSELS.

"Empire."

"Golden Hind."

Newfoundland to the Hague.

By Dan Carroll.

I NEVER once dreamed that I'd see in my time
This long-abused Island pluck up as she's now,
And show that she's British in breedin';
To me 'tis a feat that is nearin' sublime
To see her right into the midst of a row
With nations who're front in the rallying line,
With notions of light and of leadin'.

But, sad Cinderella, whose place she has filled
For many a year in our Empire's plan,
Had Princes at last to attend her.
And hark, ye! a message quite recently trilled,
With tinglin' delight, to its uttermost span,
This land, and we're lookin' with pride to the man
Who is bearin' his arms to defend her.

We're goin' to the Hague, sir, and folk of our kin,
Who scarce recognised us, tho' livin' next door,
Now ply us with grand invitations;
For brave and reliant, we're movin' within
The highest top circle, where wisdom and lore
Are had for the askin', no wonder we'd win
The bows of our haughty relations;

Yes, sir, now our stand is lauded —
We're caressed, esteemed, applauded;
'Cross the Gulf there comes a clear
Loudly-ringin' British cheer;
Our big neighbor to the west
Cryin' "Put it to the test,
We are with you in the cause
That upholds Colonial laws,
From Atlantic to the shore
Where Pacific billows roar
Not a man but sturdily
Backs the Ancient Colony.
Even those who erstwhile jeered
Every time your claims appeared
Viewed them with a cynic smile and
Looked with scorn upon your Island,
Sayin', 'All we understand is
That this isle of Newfoundland is
Nothing but an interference
To the shippin' of St. Lawrence:
Nurse of fog and ice blockade
That are ruinous to our trade,
And our lofty sage opinion
Is, unless our great Dominion
Digs her from our river's mouth
We must swallow her.' No doubt
Something's cleared this vision vague
Since you're goin' to the Hague.

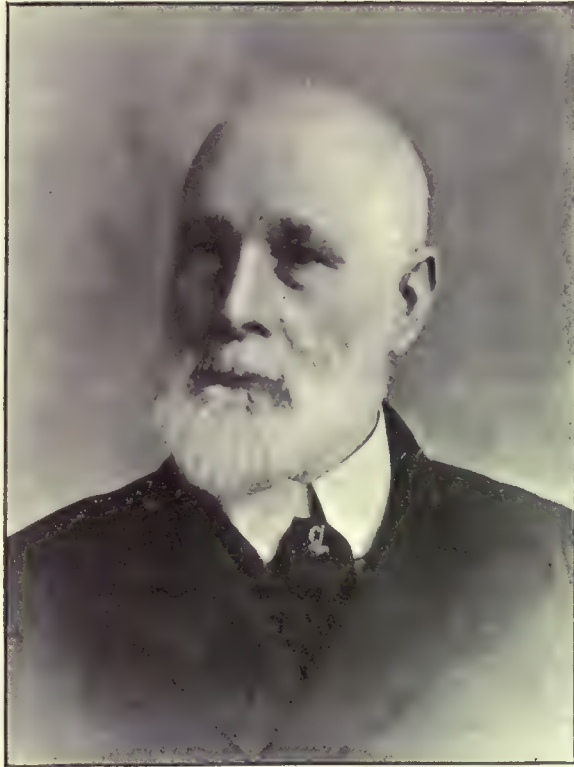
"Now, they're callin', 'Newfoundland,
We are with you heart and hand
In this quarrel 'bout our waters,
We are both Britannia's daughters—
Jointly let us fight the sham
Claims produced by Uncle Sam.'"

So the ancient waif, the first
To uplift the flag that nursed
Albion's empire, seeks the van
"In the Parliament of Man"
Where the Old World and the New
(May their white-robed reign increase)
Sit to set all quarrels true
Neath the outspread wings of Peace.



Extracts "From Ocean to Ocean To the 'Land of the Rising Sun' and Far Cathay."

By James Carter.—April, 1907.



JAMES CARTER,
Sheriff of Newfoundland.



LEFT Oakland, distant from San Francisco eight miles, for Los Angeles at 11 a.m. The day was very pleasant and warm with sun shining brightly. Passed several vineyards and orchards of plum and other fruit trees, all in blossom. At fifty miles from Oakland we found all the fields and farming land under water, occasioned by the heavy rains in March. This continued for miles, which has caused great loss to the farmers, as the land cannot be cultivated for some time, and the present crops are also destroyed.

During and since the early morning we passed through a number of tunnels under mountains with snow on the summits. At 8 o'clock we ran through a desert of sand, with wild grass and palms called "Needles." At 11 a.m. we again ascended the mountains, and after a few hours came down again into the plains. The desert is called Mojave, which is noted for the giant cactus which grows to the size of a tree, reaching to an average height of twenty-five feet, and attaining very often fifty feet; its diameter is two feet and sometimes even greater, with its spreading club-like branches, its trailing bark, and peculiar form. The yucca palm is indeed an interesting feature in the landscape. Another attraction is the peculiar form of the buttes, which rise from the desert sands on every side, varying in height from two hundred to five hundred feet, grooved and channelled by the elements. They give variety and interest to the landscape. A third element is the mirage which is mostly seen in the desert. After a few hours we ran along the plains, passing several fine orchards of fruit trees mostly in blossom, and arrived at Los Angeles the following day and took a carriage for the Hollenbeck Hotel, situate at the corner of Second and Third Streets, a fine hotel, handsomely fitted up, with comfortable rooms provided with bath, all well furnished.

The Valley of San Joaquin has been passed, the heights of Tehachapi have been scaled, and we are here at last, after our long journey over the Range, to the "City of the Queen of the Angels." From our cheery heights, as we approach the town, we gaze on a scene of entrancing beauty. Mountain-girdled, garden-dotted city, lying on the slope of the San Gabriel mountains, and watered by streams from the heights above, one hardly knows whether to call it a city of gardens and groves, or an immense grove and garden sprinkled with palaces and delightful homes. Health and prosperity seem to have made themselves the presiding Deities of the place. We gratefully decide that we have arrived at a point where it were well to let the train, like the busy world it typifies, pass on and away, while we rest in this paradise. A home indeed fit for the angels! And while we bask in its sunshine, gaze at its mountain peaks, catch glimpses of the ocean, breathe the perfume of its roses and geraniums, or listen to its mocking-birds and nightingales, we unite many a time and oft in thanks to the kindly fate which led our steps to Southern California, and the "City of the Angels."

In walking through the streets we found the air cool and pleasant. The ladies were all in their summer costumes. The streets and shops at night were very brilliantly lighted by electricity, lined with large arc lamps. The cafés and theatres appeared to be all well patronized. In the suburbs, the residences were of cottage architecture and situated in fine lawns and gardens, in which the orange, palm, cypress, pepper, acacia, catalpa, eucalyptus, umbrella and magnolia trees contrast their different shades of green with the brilliant hues of innumerable flowers of every variety. The blossoms of the creepers overrun hedges and trellised porches, side by side with the wisteria and the scarlet passion-vine. The gardens are in perennial bloom throughout the year, from the flowering plants and shrubs of which they are surrounded. I cannot name here all the flowering plants; yet room must be given to the poppies, butter-cups, clematis, columbine, larkspur, violets, lupins, bluebells, wild peas, and roses, clover, and primroses, that dot the country with brilliant hues in winter, spring, and early Summer. The poppy transforms acre after acre into a field of gold; calla-lilies grow lavishly in the valleys; and the climbing rose-bushes form avenues to every cottage home, perfumed and garlanded with flowers thriving in perennial beauty, over-arched with branches of the date-palm and magnolia trees; and, outside the immediate business centre, the streets are shaded with the slender, graceful eucalyptus and the drooping pepper trees. There is no city whose growth can be compared to Los Angeles, in fact no city west of the Rocky Mountains can boast of such rapid improvement. Thousands have come to Southern California simply to pay a visit, but soon become charmed with its wonderful climate and beautiful surroundings; so much so, that they conclude to remain permanently in this fair land of sunshine and flowers.

A great deal has been written, but, as the Queen of Sheba remarked on her visit to King Solomon, "the half has never been told." With the greatest climate in the universe, the richest and most inexhaustible soil, and the vast amount of valuable land in and around Los Angeles, it is no wonder that her present condition is so prosperous. The beautiful avenues extending away to the foot-hills on the east, and to the ocean on the south, the orange-groves within her limits, the magnificent public and private buildings, all tend to make the Angel City a place of wonder.

Went for a walk in Main Street and Broadway, both lined with fine wide architectural public buildings and extensive shops. It has a splendidly equipped service of street cars that encircle all parts of the city and suburbs. The shops were very attractive, with large plate-glass windows artistically filled with goods; jewelry shops were especially handsome, and well stocked.

Main Street, one of the principal, is the dividing line for east and west; First Street the division for north and south. The wholesale houses are scattered along Commercial, Aliso and Requena Streets, while the large retail establishments are to be found in Spring and Broadway. The streets are wide and well paved and bordered by composite and granite curbing. There are many beautiful parks within the city limits, and the ocean can be reached in less than an hour's ride and by a dozen different steam and trolley lines. It has a population of 135,000, is growing rapidly, and is a commercial point of much importance, as well as the centre of an agricultural paradise. A day's ride over the lovely country surrounding Los Angeles, through miles of beautiful, long, straight avenues of orange trees and thousands of acres of grapes, showing every kind of semi-tropical fruit growing side by side with the more hardy species, both being in the greatest profusion and of the finest quality, will convince the traveller from almost any part of the earth, that here is surely the paradise of the world. Los Angeles is chiefly modern, for its growth is recent, but there is much of the Spanish atmosphere about it. In the suburbs the Mexicans are numerous, and they have a quarter in the heart of the City. The population also includes several thousand Chinese, who maintain their separate quarter in all the malodorous picturesqueness characteristic of an American Chinese town. The religious element is also well established; there are some sixty Churches, Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations; Clubs and lodging places for all classes and divisions of Society, with the usual number of hospitals, banks, asylums, theatres and chambers of commerce. The observation car makes a tour of 160 miles through the fairest horticultural region of Southern California for the accomodation of tourists.

Los Angeles is a first-class American City, full of life and bustle. Where I am staying, at the Hollenbeck Hotel, as many as three thousand cars turn the corner every day. There are many fine wholesale, retail, and business streets, the largest of which ar Broadway and Main Street. It has a very fine and extensive castellated granite town-hall, occupying a whole block, and a large bank built of the same material. All the business establishments are large and roomy, fitted up very handsomely in the interior. Roller-rinks are much patronized in California; the roller-skates are much used by the young girls and children on the pavements, where they have a smooth surface. The floral shops are very attractive with a large collection of flowers for sale, of all varieties cut and in pots, and the fruit markets are well filled. Large size, sweet, Navel oranges are sold for twenty cents a dozen, and they can be purchased at the packers at the rate of twenty-five cents a box, that are discarded as unfit for shipment; also the poultry and vegetable markets are all well provided, and sell reasonably; eggs, 25 cts. per doz.; butter, 20 cts. per lb. The orange has two seasons, Spring and Fall. In some places they are lying in heaps at the foot of the trees, as the growers do not take the trouble to gather them, for they will not be taken by the packers if there are any mark or injury on the peel. The olive and lemon trees also yield good returns to the growers. The high price obtained for the fruits and the prolific returns from the fruit districts, have raised the price of land to a large degree. In every village you will find the land-agent's office, sometimes a mere shack or hut, and lots of land are being continually sold in every small town in the country to the speculators interested in that line of business. Everything points to a great future for this favoured land; there appears to be no poverty, and not a poor person is seen in the streets asking for charity. Labour is high, and capitalists can afford to keep it so with profit to themselves. At this season of the year the sun is warm and bright, and there is generally a nice cool breeze in the evening which makes it very pleasant.

One cannot enthuse too ardently about Southern California. There is scarcely language glowing enough in which to describe its beauties and resources, its surrounding hills and plains, its fringe of cities and villages and deep blue waters whose waves beat on a golden shore, shadowed by the sunlit mountain steps. There is no monotony in the landscape, hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise. Travelled all through the country by railway trams, automobiles, and tally-ho carriages to the borders of Mexico. Scaled the towering mountains by funicular

inclined railways. Like Moses of old on Mount Nebo surveyed the goodly land on which, like him, my feet will never rest. Interviewed the daughters for information which they kindly gave not only of the country but of their own sweet selves as well. Appropriated many lovely locations to rest from the heat of the day; to revel in flowers and oranges; roamed through bowers and magnificent trees to lovers' walks in shaded woody coverts, by the rippling brook and mountain stream, and contrasted it with scenes in less favoured lands, and so lingered on, lost to everything else but the beauty of the scene, for ten days, and like Jacob's service for Rebecca, they seemed to pass away before they could commence. The air sweet with the perfume of flowers and the fragrance of the orange groves, and wafted by the balmy breezes vocal with the music of birds, the hum of bees, with the laughing voices of happy children at play under the spreading branches of the leafy trees—Is life worth living? Yes, if anywhere it is here. What more could one desire? Life! It was in every movement and pulse of nature (perennial Spring!) Love! It was concentrated in our very being "To be in communion." Companionship! We were surrounded by kindred spirits. Why, the very air seemed full of Angels—"Los Angeles" The Angels. Is there any wonder that I was loth to leave it? Shall my eyes ever rest again on a scene so fair and enchanting? The rising sun will again flood the hills and valleys with gold, but my sight will be closed to its glory. As the last glance from a loving friend is never forgotten, so will Los Angeles be remembered.

California is unlike any other land under the sun. It cannot fairly be judged by comparison with other countries. Its scenery is unrivalled anywhere, and its climate is the softest known to the temperate zone. It is almost the only land under heaven where climatic conditions are not subject to the laws of latitude. Its range of productions is unparalleled in any single country of the world. Such a land must be seen through a variety of temperaments, looked at through the experience of years from large personal contact with it, and from many points of view, otherwise much that is written about it, and much that is justly said of it, will seem to be mere exaggeration.

On the mountains one is charmed with the richness of the verdure and the shrubs and wild flowers that greet the sight. Mountain mahogany, red-wood, pines, cypress, maples, chinaberry, sycamore, umbrella, greville, and oak trees, flourish in great quantities; ferns, mosses, and trailing roses in profusion and variety, while the sweet grace of the gold and silver ferns and the nodding coffee with exquisite grace seek shelter in hidden nooks.

The rose-trees grow to a large size with spreading branches, and they are so full of bloom that they have to be protected by crutches from breaking with the weight of the flowers of all hues and shades. It is the fruit growers paradise; the following are grown in great profusion and are very productive, viz., the pomegranate, bananas, guavas, peach, apricots, prunes, pear, apple, plum, olive, loquats, strawberry, nectarines, grape-fruits, almonds, walnuts, &c., and when these are mentioned the list is only begun. The three-year-old orange trees have been known to produce a full box of oranges each. It is not alone a land of fruitage and flowers; in the valleys can be seen orchards, vineyards, groves, cereals, and everywhere luxuriant vegetation. The "El Dorado" of the New World—a gift from the Angels—Pueblo de los Angeles.



OH! to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
'Round an elm tree bole are in tiny leaf
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now.
—Browning.

Just Among Ourselves.



WITH the present number, we complete Volume VII. of THE QUARTERLY. Our aim has been to establish on a high level, where it need not fear either criticism or comparison, a typical Newfoundland magazine. We have ever striven to make it a faithful reflex of the best and highest thoughts and aspirations in our Colonial life. We have been fortunate in attracting to our aid the great majority of local men of light and leading. Hence we have been always successful in producing an instructive and entertaining magazine, of such high literary merit that our subscribers are proud to send it to all parts of the world.

To prove that this is no journalistic egotism we quote just a few extracts from letters and criticisms of late numbers of the QUARTERLY.

Mr. P. T. McGrath, Editor of the *Chronicle*, and thoughtful contributor to the Magazines of two Continents, talking of our Xmas No. said: "This is one of the *best* issues of that excellent periodical that has yet appeared. The illustrations are admirable, some of them being in colours. . . . Editor Evans is certainly to be congratulated on the *splendid production* this number represents."

The *Telegram*, *News* and *Herald*, each spoke in the same strain, and the QUARTERLY takes this opportunity to acknowledge and thank each and all of them for the words of encouragement, and the journalistic courtesy always extended by our brethern of the daily press.

The "Dean," of the Montreal *Standard*, one of the best-read and keenest literary critics in Canada, paid the QUARTERLY and its Contributors a very graceful tribute, which we regret is too lengthy to republish.

'Tis a far cry from Canada to Australia, yet we find the QUARTERLY is appreciated at the other side of the world, as much as it is here: *Faulding's Medical and Home Journal*, Australia, has this to say:

"THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY is an illustrated journal issued at St. John's, the capital of the island colony. Wheat, wool, butter, and such like produce occupy our attention; but in Newfoundland, fisheries—herring fisheries, cod fisheries, seal fisheries, whale fisheries—are first and foremost. Accordingly, the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY has tales, articles and poems about fisheries, and the illustrations are mostly about fisheries and fishermen. The contributors are evidently of as *high a standing* as is the character of THE QUARTERLY, for amongst numerous other writers we notice the names of the Most Rev. M. F. Howley (Roman Catholic Archbishop of Newfoundland); Hon. John Harvey, M. L. C.; Judge Prowse, LL.D.; Mr. A. J. W. McNeilly, K.C., and the Rev. Dr. M. J. Ryan. Australia, large as it is, possesses no such *distinctive publication* as the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. The fishing colony has reason to be proud of its admirable magazine."

An esteemed Boston correspondent, after saying a word in praise of the magazine and its writers,—of admiration for those of our contributors who as writers, have more than local reputation,—and of encouragement for the new ones, with whom he's not familiar,—says: "The advertisements even, interest me. I read them as eagerly as I do the letter-press. I am glad to note that the old firms like the Jobs, Bowrings, Grieves, Harveys, Rendells, Bennetts and Hearn's are still to the fore. Some of these have been familiar to Newfoundlanders for over a century, and in my mind's eye, they stand as examples of that British solidity and integrity that has made England's name respected the world over. I have had experience of many

larger and wealthier American firms, but somehow, could never put them on the same plane of commercial respectability, that I have always allotted to the familiar old names of my childhood."

An American friend and admirer, residing in the city, who sent a late number of the QUARTERLY, together with favourable criticisms from our local journals, to a literary gentlemen in New York, sends us the following comments, received by him in reply:

"I have examined many issues of the QUARTERLY with great interest and pleasure. You ask if it is not Peculiar, Provincial, Insular, Local. It is!!! But so, if you please, is every blamed magazine that I have struck. I read the *Edinburgh Review* regularly, and some of those articles are awfully insular and cursedly pedantic, although that is the best magazine on earth for the chap who regards himself as "literary." In its last issue is one on the "Origin of Landscape" which is worthy of Capt. Bunsby.

"Bishop Howley's articles in the QUARTERLY would grace the pages of any magazine. To me that magazine is astounding. It's strong suit is heart-born writing. I know of no other publication where men write so straight from the heart. I have here about a dozen magazines, and it is not merely that I love that island that makes me take only that magazine home with me and read it often until far in the night, over and over again.

"And why should it NOT be Provincial? That is just what it SHOULD be; for it caters to a Nfld. audience. Your very best men of that island contribute to its pages. Some of its verses are so admirable that I have been delighted to pounce on couplets, quatrains, and even whole stanzas, and quote them at the head or in the body of my own articles. You are an honest people, are modest, know your insularity; and that consciousness in the articles gives a certain freshness to them that is far from greenness as is the North from the South. It is a fine periodical, and caters to its audience; and yet from time to time its literary articles have an excellence that surprises. But it has an island wildness and charm on a par with those of the woods and waters up there. The magazine is full "literary" enough. The Island's history, commerce, loyal, honest people, culture, hope, wildness, free waters and loose winds seem to me to be epitomized in the QUARTERLY. I have a critic friend who grabs that magazine every time he sees it in my rooms. Only last week he told me of it. 'That QUARTERLY is bully! I like to have it drift into my sky, like a care-free and well-balanced cloud.'

"No, dear sir, it is not too ambitious; it is parochial only in a vitally charming sense. That whole region is to almost all in the States a Wonderland,—full of winning mystery and invitation, so novel, unexpected, unique. And the magazine partakes of the theme preached by the location and mission of Newfoundland. Your people know they can't afford to lose it."

This is praise indeed coming from such a source and will have the effect of encouraging us to double our efforts to make the QUARTERLY in every respect typical and worthy of our Island Home.

The present issue, will be found as instructive, interesting, and entertaining, as any that has preceded it.

With the willing aid and encouragement freely rendered by our leading literary lights on the one hand, and by the interest and patronage of our principal business firms on the other, there is nothing left to us but to respond, and make the Magazine more successful each succeeding year.

We have a large number of subscribers in all our principal outports and in Canada and United States, but we are going to make an effort to double them up during the year.

Subscription to THE QUARTERLY is only 40 cents per year for Newfoundland and Canada. Foreign subscription, except Canada, 50 cents.

Business men in the city and outports would do well to Advertise in the QUARTERLY. It circulates in all parts of the island; it is kept for reference, and re-reading, and its Advertising columns are a standing index of the most reliable firms in Newfoundland.

The Micmacs in Newfoundland.

By J. Guillie Millais, F. Z. S.



Photo by S. H. Parsons.

THE STAG.

[THE following article on a colony of people who have resided in Newfoundland for over a century, will be interesting to our readers. The Micmacs are a people, of whom we know very little, and it is only on the rare occasions that we hear of a Micmac guide leading some party of hunters, that we realize that there are such people in Newfoundland. Mr. Millais, on his various trips to the Island, made a close study of their history and habits. He has embodied the results of his studies, in that magnificent work of his "Newfoundland: Its Untrodden Ways." This is by long odds the very best book of its kind that has yet appeared. It is interesting from cover to cover. It is illustrated with first class pictures from photos, and from his own pen and brush. We extract the following from the chapter on the Micmacs; it will give the reader a taste of his quality, and we hope, prove an incentive to many to secure and study the book more closely.]



THE Micmac Indians, who are a branch of the Great Algonquin race of Eastern Canada, first arrived in Newfoundland about the middle of the eighteenth Century. They were said to have been brought over to help to exterminate the unfortunate Beothics. But though I have no respect for the early Colonial Administration of the Island, I do not believe that this was the real reason of their coming, but that more readily explained causes contributed to their arrival. They had probably heard, perhaps from the Mountaineer Indians of the Labrador, who are themselves a branch of the Algonquins, of the excellent trapping and hunting to be found in the island, and had come for that purpose. There is little doubt that for years after their arrival they entertained a wholesome dread of the painted Beothics, or Red Indians, and left them severely alone in their hunting-grounds about Red Indian Lake and to the northwards, themselves only occupying places on the coastline and working into the interior by the Baie d'Est and Long Harbour and other routes.

The Micmac Indians in Newfoundland according to Cormack (1822), amounted to 150 souls. These were dispersed in bands in the following places or districts, viz.: St. George's Harbour and Great Codroy River, on the West Coast; White Bear Bay and Bay Despair on the South West; Clode Sound in Bonavista Bay on the East Coast; Gander Bay on the North-East Coast; and a few at Bonne Bay and Bay of Islands on the

North-West Coast. At this time a few Mountaineer Indians from Labrador joined them, and even Esquimaux from Labrador sometimes visited the Island.

Of the Micmacs there were twenty-seven to twenty-eight families, averaging five to each family. They all followed the same life, hunting and trapping in the interior. After October they repaired to the sea-coast and bartered their furs for clothing, ammunition, tea, and rum.

During this period the Micmacs did not acknowledge a chief, but certain members in each village were treated with a special respect. They considered, and still do, that Cape Breton is their home. Cormack speaks of the extraordinary endurance of the Indians, and that in his day individual hunters of great stamina could actually run down a stag, a feat even now performed by the Mountaineer Indians of Labrador. This could be done in a single day. At first the stag easily outstrips its pursuer, but after a run of four or five miles it slows down and is eventually overtaken.

In 1822 the Micmacs were professedly Roman Catholics, with a dash of the Totem Pole thrown in. They blended their own particular ceremonies with the worship of God, and were besides that very superstitious. To-day they are all Roman Catholics, and show the greatest respect for their priest, who lives in Harbour Breton and visits Conne River, twice a year for the purpose of holding the confessional, receiving subscriptions to the Church, and performing marriages. During these visits the Indians are very devout and listen to their pastor with close attention. They are very generous with their money, and do whatever he tells them. At Christmas, Joe Jeddore is high priest and conducts the Sunday Service.

It is a common saying in Newfoundland that the Indians are dying out, but the following notes given to me by Joe Jeddore and five other Indians speak for themselves. They are not dying out, but have left certain old stations owing to the pressure of the white man and the exhaustion of the hunting-grounds in the neighbourhood of the coast and railway. Consequently they have concentrated at the Conne River in Bay Despair, and make this their headquarters, from which they work the whole of the central portion of the main Island, south of the Red Indian Lake. Altogether there are twenty-five families at Conne River to day, consisting of about 125 souls. These, added to the few individuals in other parts of Newfoundland, make a



ON A LONG PORTAGE, UPPER GRAND LAKE.

total very similar to that given by Cormack in 1822. All the able-bodied men are hunters and trappers. They also do a little lumbering in the spring, and the routine of their lives is as follows. They live at home in their houses from February to April, eating dried fish, smoked caribou flesh, together with such civilized commodities as flour, bacon, tea, coffee, and sugar, which they either exchange for furs with the Gaultois and Pushthrough merchants, or purchase with their fur money. In April some of them go logging, and sell their timber to the mills, mend their nets and traps and do any odd work. During May, June, July, and part of August, they fish about the bays, creeks, and rivers, but never go to sea like the regular cod-men. Much of this fish is eaten; the rest is salted for the dogs and pigs.

In August the regular hunters take their packs on their backs, and walk to their "tilts" or birch-bark shelters in the interior. Here they have stores of food, ammunition and traps laid by.



SHOT AT UPPER HUMBER, BIRCHY LAKE.

Some few, like the Matthews and Benoits, proceed by boat. In August and September these Indians who generally live in pairs and share results, kill four or five stags apiece. The hide they use for many purposes, and the flesh is dried in the fire-smoke for winter use.

But their principal quarry at this season, is the black bear, of which they kill considerable numbers. Their methods are as follows. The hunter repairs at daybreak to the top of the highest mountain, and there waits the whole day till sunset, overlooking a wide area of burnt ground and blue berry patches. Sooner or later Bruin will appear, and the Indian stalks to within thirty yards, and shoots him with his doubled-barreled muzzle-loader—the gun they all use. In 1903 Noel Matthews killed seven in September at Crooked Lake, and in 1904 Nicholas Jeddore slew nine in the same month near Burnt Hill. Bears are in consequence becoming scarce in Newfoundland. About 15th of October the Indians set out their great circle of traps (each circle being a round of about five miles); most of these are the ordinary gins, but numbers are made for fox, lynx, marten, and otter, out of forest materials. The neatest of all is the wooden "deadfall" set for the otter.

From October to February the whole of central Newfoundland is covered with traps, and, as Joe remarked, a man could not go for twenty miles without having his dog killed or caught by the foot, unless he keeps the animal by his side. At the end of October the hunters go out to their homes on the coast, and then start in again in November to visit their traps when the snow comes. They then re-set the traps, put fresh baits, and kill a couple of caribou on the way to the coast, their trained dogs hauling them. The traps are visited again and reset in January or February, the dogs again hauling out one or two fat

doe caribou to the coast. Work in the interior then closes for the year, though in February many of the Indians travel inland a day's journey to the main herd of the wintering caribou and conduct a "surround." Caribou are in thousands near the South Coast at this season. The Indians depart at daybreak, and after locating a herd of several hundreds in a valley, they occupy all the main trails leading out of it and send some one to move the deer. As soon as they are started the caribou rush for the passes, where the Indians lie concealed, and a considerable number are killed at short range with guns loaded with swan-shot. On the whole, the Indians are not wasteful in their methods, far less so than the white man, as every part of a deer is used, and they never kill one unless it is for some special purpose. I doubt if each individual hunter shoots more than ten stag and ten does in a season, and this is not an excessive number, since we know how abundant the deer are. (Here shows a list of Micmac hunters, and their respective hunting grounds.)

The Micmacs now acknowledge a local chief, although they always refer all matters of extreme importance to the head chief, John Dennis who lives near Sydney Nova Scotia. In 1900 at the death of old Joe Bernard, Reuben Lewis was elected as a probationary chief of the Newfoundland Indians, and in June 1907 he will go in state with the principal men of Conne River to Sydney and be invested with the full right of chieftainship and the possession of the gold medal which is the badge of office.

I have been invited to witness the ceremony, which is partly of a private nature, followed by public feasting, dancing, and the wearing of the old Indian dress, but, much to my regret, shall not be able to see it.

Reuben Lewis is a quiet unassuming bachelor, of about forty years of age. He leads the same life as the other Indians and is generally accompanied by his sister, Souley Ann, a lady of generous proportions. To him are referred all questions and disputes about territorial trapping areas, and he has the power to give decisions, which are always regarded as final.

Reuben Lewis is one of the few men who has been badly mauled by a black bear. (I can hear of one other authentic instance of a black bear attacking a man. About forty years ago, a white man fired at a black bear on the shore near Bay du Nord. He wounded it badly, and then foolishly put down his gun and went in to kill it with an axe. The bear attacked him and bit him to death. Both combatants were found lying together.)

Lewis was hunting some ten years ago with Noel Jeddore near Burnt Hill. Reuben fired at a large dog bear, and badly wounded it. After tracking for a short distance they saw the bear lying still, and Reuben went up to it, and gave it a kick to see if life was extinct. The bear, which was far from being dead, sprang up and seized the hunter by one leg, at the same time flinging his gun out of reach. Reuben lay as still as he could, but the bear chewed up both his legs and one hand, whilst Noel ran



AT GRAND POND.



GOING UP GRAND LAKE.

round trying to fire, but fearful of wounding his friend. At last Noel came so near that the bear dropped Reuben a second to growl at him, and whilst doing so he obtained a shot and dropped the bear dead. After some weeks in camp, Reuben walked out to the coast and had completely recovered in three months.

The Micmacs live to a good old age, for old John Bernard, *doyen* of the community, is eighty-seven, and can see and walk, almost as well as a man of thirty. Noel Matthews, whom I saw in Bay Despair, is another fine specimen. He accompanied Mr. Howley in several of his arduous journeys. He is seventy years of age, and is still the most skilled man in a canoe in the island. He goes "furring" and packing just as he has always done. Until recently another remarkable old man was Lewis John, aged eighty-one, but he went in as usual, in 1906, and dropped dead one day as he was lifting his load. The curse of the Indian is cheap rum, and nearly all the young men drink hard when they get the opportunity. It is no uncommon thing for a trapper to make from 300 to 500 dollars in the course of a season's work, and to waste it all during a few days' debauch. This is all the more deplorable, because very often white fur-traders encourage them to drink, as soon as they have concluded a deal, and cheat the unfortunate men, if they once fall into their clutches. Many of the Indians, too, wander away with two or three bottles of rum in their pockets, and after being dead drunk, lie out for days in the rain and snow, when severe chills are contracted, which are generally followed by consumption. Numbers die of phthisis and measles, and the mortality is high. It should be made a penal offence to sell rum to the Indians. Yet the Indians, even when a habitual drinker, has marvellous self-control. The late chief, Joe Bernard, drank heavily until he was made chief, and then gave it up. The present chief, Reuben Lewis, was also of a bacchanalian tendency, until he received word from Sydney that he must abandon the habit on being elected, which he has done. It will give the reader some idea of the fearful mortality which prevails amongst these people from the above mentioned causes, when it is stated that Steve Bernard, my hunter in 1906, was the sole survivor of eleven strong children. Drink, consumption, strains, measles, and carelessness had killed them all except Steve, before they came to the age of twenty-one.

I am well aware that nothing one man can say, however true, will have the smallest effect on the Government of a country when that Government has to listen, as it always does, to the "Vox Populi" and to regard it as the "Vox Dei." Such a voice, however, is often only the cry of cruelty and oppression.

But at the same time I consider that the Indians have "rights"—rights which have come to them by custom and inheritance, just as much as to the white man, and that within reason these should be respected, before a tribe has been completely exterminated by war, disease, and rum. English and other Governments always become sentimental and kind-hearted when a race

is nearly extinct, since then there is no fear of future political complications. But is not this the very essence of selfishness? and would it not be better to try and make the original owners of the soil our friends instead of our enemies, by treating them with a little consideration, a little common sense, and a little knowledge of their manifest weaknesses? By so doing we might show them that there is some force in the arguments of Christianity over the Totem Pole. The half-breed Micmacs of Newfoundland are the most amiable and law-abiding of the North American tribes, and it should be the duty of the Government to know more of these people, to understand their rights in the different trapping areas, to keep in close touch with the chief, and to enforce laws by which it will be a criminal offence to sell them a single drop of liquor.

The sanctity of their trapping-grounds is considered inviolate by the Micmacs. They live on fairly good terms with the Newfoundlanders, but let another Indian or a white man come into their trapping area for the purpose of taking fur, and the amiable red man is at once transformed into a demon of rage and jealousy. I only saw Joe angry on one occasion, and that was when we were descending a rocky hill to the Gander, some distance above Rolling Fall, when we found two lynx traps made during the previous winter. Joe's eyes blazed, and he gave a grunt of fierce dissatisfaction. When we got to camp he put down my rifle carefully and disappeared into the woods, returning some ten minutes after with a face of thunder and lightning.

"It is I thought," he hissed; "they have killed *my* beavers, and I will get even with the devils," only he did not say devils. Then he proceeded to let loose his passion on the white trappers who had for the first time ascended the Gander, a province which Joe considered his exclusive right, and poured such a torrent of threats and abuse on their heads that I have seldom heard. I think that something will happen to the boats of those unfortunates next time they move into the interior, if nothing worse occurs.

"Joe is a very good fellow," said little Bob later, "but I should not care to meet him alone in the winter if I had a pack of 'fur' on my back," a sentiment in which both Frank and Sandy cordially acquiesced. In fact the Newfoundlanders generally regard the Indians with some fear and distrust. Indians either like you very much or they do not like you at all, and will leave you to starve in the woods. Personally I saw nothing to be alarmed at in Joe's attitude. "Furring" was his sole means of livelihood, and as he had first found the hunting ground and could get no other if it were spoilt, he naturally was incensed at the incursion of white men whose business he considered was amongst the ships. "The coast is the white man's; the woods are ours," is the Micmacs' motto.



TENTING ABOVE UPPER END OF GRAND LAKE.



Notes on Northern Italy.



By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D. Ph., D. D.



RAILWAY journey through the Italian peninsula should be one enriched with the memories of many centuries. The land which for a thousand years filled the world with the fame of its military prowess, and which once held under its sway large portions of Europe, Asia and Africa; the land of the Cæsars, the land of Virgil, Horace, Livy and Cicero; the land of Dante, Michael

Angelo, Raffæel and Manzoni; the land, too, of the discoverers of New Worlds—such a land must be of deepest interest to all even in its secular history. When, moreover, we view it as the centre of the vast ecclesiastical system, which for nineteen hundred years has been active in the religious history of humanity, the interest in Italy thus considered becomes more than redoubled. In fact it is the ecclesiastical history of Italy which gives light to its secular annals. But for the Pontiffs, Italy and its Metropolis would have, on the overthrow of the old empire in the 5th century, gone to universal wreck before the onswep of so many barbaric invasions. The Pontiffs safeguarded the city and country; they preserved its ancient monuments and devoted them to religious use: they treasured its literary wealth: they gave fresh inspiration to its scholars and poets, and so

In fact the law is such that nearly every man has to enlist for three years—thus giving every city and town in the country the appearance of a military encampment. A review in an Italian town is consequently too frequent to excite much public interest. The same holds for all the continental countries of Europe. The military, like the ice in the Ancient Mariner, are “here and there and all around.” The effects which such a system has on the industrial and general economic conditions of the nations are not such as to favor prosperity or content.

Turin is the first large city met after crossing the Italian border—a large commercial centre typical of Northern Italy.

Pisa, for its “leaning tower,” will claim the interest of the traveller.

Milan is full of historical and architectural reminiscences. Its Cathedral is one of the most impressive structures in Europe. The roof of the building is a perfect city of statues. They are said to number three thousand. The summit of the Cathedral is ascended and from it may be had a view of the Alps. The illuminated windows of this church are triumphs of art. They flood the interior with the “religious light” which pours through the many colored glass like sunlight on some richly tinted landscape.

In a crypt beneath the main altar rest the relics of St. Charles Borromeo—once Archbishop of Milan. The Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Rome, is one of the great monuments of that city. The feast of St. Charles Borromeo, is held in Rome with great celebrity on November 4, and as the students from all parts of the world are then gathered in the city, they assemble in hundreds at the Church of San Carlo for the vespers of the feast.

St. Charles died at Milan in 1584. During his Archiepiscopate a great epidemic broke out in Milan, and gave scope to his heroic self-sacrifice. To aid the stricken he despoiled himself of all his property and household goods.

The name of Milan, also, recalls the memory of Manzoni—the Historian, Novelist, of Mediæval Italy. His story—“I Promessi Sposi”—is called by no less an authority than the author of Waverley the “greatest novel ever written.”

Manzoni's pictures of Milan, during the epidemic; his strong, but pathetic drawing of Father Cristoforo fighting the battle of humanity against the all conquering sickness in the Lazar house of Milan; his stately Cardinal Borromeo—ennobling the rude period in which he lived; the stormy nobleman called Innominato, an Italian Roderick Dhu; Renzo, the conventional (but not the real hero) of the piece; Don Rodriguez, a Seigneur of the time; Don Abbondio, by no means a Fra Cristoforo; Perpetua, a person not lacking in power of expression; these are some of the chief figures in Manzoni's Drama. From “grave to gay; from lively to severe” the story throughout maintains the “unities.” The scenes are thoroughly Italian; but the story has all the elements of grandeur, baseness, sublimity, pettiness, knavery, honesty, piety, violence, gentleness, bravery, truckling, —self sacrifice and the reverse which make it not specially Italian in its application—but broadly international. The real central figure in the book is Fra Cristoforo who divides the honors with Cardinal Borromeo. The former a Capucin priest devoting himself to death in the fever wards to relieve the wretched; a mediæval Father Damien; the latter a prince of the church—protecting the people against the feudal despotisms then in vogue.

Renzo in an ordinary romance would be very nearly a hero, but Manzoni does not so intend it, at least so it appears to some who have carefully read the work. Walter Lecky a most competent literary critic told me that he regarded the English version of the book as a well executed translation.

The scenes of the Manzoni story are laid in Milan and the country round about. The Milan of the period, its gates and streets and churches are graphically shown. The territory near Lake Como—Italy's most known lake—is so described that



Photo by T. O'Mara.

ANGLING AT HOLYROOD.

became both the founders and guardians of the State. To make then a voyage through the regions of Italy—by recalling to memory a few of its cities may be the means of unfolding panoramically the history of the nation—at least small sections thereof—or at least of inciting some young reader to a study of that history.

Entering Northern Italy our train passes that frontier guarded by the stern barriers of the Alps. Their slopes clad with snow tower lofty. On their sides the Tropics and the Arctic Circle seem to contend—for the same mountain shows the olive groves and orchards of the South—and the glacial conditions of the ice-bound North. The Italian trains in all seasons are overflowing with travellers—literally from the ends of the earth. In the cars are heard intermingled all the world's languages—or at least many of its principal tongues. Germans, French, English and Americans seek a sort of *lingua Franca* whilst the dulcet tones of the *Lingua Toscana* tell that the frontier has been passed and our voyage is now being made on Italian soil. At every station groups of *contadini* or country people may be seen clad generally in the large open cloak—proper to the inhabitants of rural Italy. Also the ubiquitous soldier is there wearing his uniform of blue intermingled with white, for owing to the Law of Conscription the standing army of Italy is beyond all bounds.

to-day's tourist is largely drawn thither by reason of the interest aroused in it by this literary artist.

—The story opens with a description of this lake:

"Quelramo di lago di Como."

It picturesquely describes its mountain surroundings, its commerce; the industrial conditions of the places—and generally leads us into the very life of the Italians of the period.

Bologna—another North of Italy City—having a famous University; and Venice—a city of canals instead of streets, and gondolas instead of horses—have been centres of great history, but as we are making a mere survey of the country and in a general way—we shall take train for Florence merely reminding our young readers who are beginning to study general history—that Venice was long an Imperial City; that its Church of St. Mark; its Campanile; its Rialto; and its galleries are historic terms; and that it had been the Episcopal See of Cardinal Sarto—now gloriously reigning as Pius X.

Florence is a city built on the banks of the River Arno, which flows a broad blue stream between stone embankments.

It was from that city he went to Rome to plan the dome of St. Peter's—of which the celebrated lines have been penned. In one of the Florentine churches is a group of statuary called the "*Pieta*." It represents our Lord after the crucifixion upheld by the Blessed Virgin. The statuary was hewn out of one solid undivided piece of marble—by the chisel of Michael Angelo.

The churches in Florence are many and historic. That called *Santa Croce* is one of the best known. The churches contain memorials of Dante, Michael Angelo, and many other personages prominent in Florentine history. They are also filled with art treasures. A pulpit in one carved with figures in bold relief is a permanent monument to the artistic genius of the period in which it was wrought.

The art galleries of Florence are known as the Pitti and Uffizii. They have pictures of all schools of art. The Medici, once dukes of Florence, liberally patronized the fine arts—and splendid memorials still attest their munificence. But as they represented an oligarchical form of government, they were very cordially execrated by the Republicans. Fra Girolamo Sav-



BONNE BAY, WEST COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Along these embankments of the river runs a splendid promenade, decorated with long lines of branching trees, which are generally to be found in great perfection in all Italian cities. From these promenades fine views may be had of the river which is spanned by a bridge. On either side of this bridge is a shop built not on *terra firma* but, actually on the bridge; a perfect Charles Dickens scene.

Florence is full of artistic and literary associations. It has been named the Athens of Italy. It was long ago the field of many political battles. In its streets the Guelphs and Gibbelines used the unparliamentary weapons of swords to discuss their differences.

But Florence has nobler memories than these. Here lived Dante than whom since Homer no more princely epic poet has arisen. Shakespeare is peerless in drama—but for Epic the author of the Divine Comedy has scarcely another like unto him in all the centuries. His scenes and personages are not of this world—but with eagle wing and more than eagle vision—he soars into the "Land of the Hereafter" and pictures in human languages—as much as an embodied being may—the story of the world beyond. Nor is his poetry mere groundless speculation, but it is founded in the truths of Revelation. He was not alone a great singer, but also a profound Philosopher and Theologian.

The name of Michael Angelo is also associated with Florence.

onorola—a Dominican—was a great advocate of a Republican form of government for Florence. He preached like a Chrysostom or a Bernard, with a good dash of Demosthenes. He figuratively set Florence afire, and very likely the political agitation, of which he was the chief, would have overspread Italy, and perhaps Europe, but the state authorities in Florence, who had in him "a foeman worthy of their steel," managed to secure a condemnation against him. The place where he suffered death, at the stake is still shown—a railed space in one of the public squares. He lived and died a staunch Catholic—professing Catholicity at the very stake—and strengthened by the Sacraments of the Church.

I had the advantage of having as my conductor through Florence a man who had been in that occupation for half a century. He had some very interesting memories of the visit of John Ruskin to the city. The fact of my being in that city before enabled me to appreciate more exactly the matters mentioned by my conductor—who knew the city and its annals perfectly. In these old cities every historical memory is carefully treasured and tabulated. This is what really gives the interest from a traveller's view point.

We shall now go to the mountain city of Assisi, and I know that even should we grow weary of art and politics and natural scenery—an interest will always attach to the memory of that man who made Assisi—not the "least amongst the princes."

Seven hundred years ago a man of Assisi—wealthy and influential sacrificed all to follow the gospel. He founded a religious order—which has been one of the most famous in the church. The name of him is—St. Francis of Assisi—where seven hundred years ago—he walked voluntarily poor—to-day noble architectural monuments keep memory of him—and in the minds of the people from Assisi to Australia—is written more deeply the record of his sublime sacrifice of worldly goods. Francis of Assisi is held in veneration by peoples of all denominations, and his memory is treasured on the calendars of Catholicity—as a man of God—in the heroic degree. Near the town of Assisi is a mountain ascended by a winding road—which gives broad views of the olive covered plains and hills for many miles.

At the top of this mountain is the Monastery of the Order of which Francis was founder. Here are the rocky caves used as sleeping apartments by Francis and his seven companions. The scenes around are still wildly sylvan and rocky. In this desert place these seven men by prayer, and meditation founded that great movement, which was to do such Apostolic Service for God and man. Here you get an idea of the spirit of Francis of Assisi. Within the town are churches and convents associated with the great Assisian and beyond it a large church continuously thronged by worshipping thousands is a "Sermon in Stone" to his labors and his Apostolicity.

We leave Assisi by stage coach, and a three hours drive will take us to the good town of Perugia, formerly the Archiepiscopal See of Leo XIII. On our way we note the hills rising in waves above the fertile plains of Umbria. The district is a farming one, rich in wine, corn and oil. A stay is made on our journey to visit the Etruscan tomb, halfway between Assisi and Perugia.

Mr. Pickwick spent much time and money tracing the source of the Hams' earl Ponds, and also travelled much before coming on the historic Billstump Signature; but the man who found the Etruscan tombs fell in for the discovery in this way. As Horace would say "*Non longa est fabula*," so we may narrate it. The discoverer was a ploughman who one day cutting up his field, quite joyously, suddenly found the ground bending beneath his feet, and before he had time to ask why—himself, his horse and his plough-share were swallowed up. He scrambled from under the ground, and gave the alarm to the neighborhood. The country folk came and began digging; soon they discovered a stone, gothic shaped structure, and going in, found urns used for the dead; also a lamp long extinguished and a bronze serpent set as guardian of the Sepulchre. Inscriptions still decipherable showed that it was the vault of certain Etruscan families—and it may have been there three thousand years, for the Etruscans were even more ancient than the Romans. The name of the family was Volscii, clearly cut on the brown stone. The urns and the inscriptions show the burial of a number of persons of the same name.

Perugia is built on a hill-top, sloping over it on all sides. From its walls may be seen the plains of Umbria, stretching vast as the sea and rising gradually towards the mountain city. Look as you may towards the plains, all is cultivation. The town within is laid out in streets of stone gracefully embowered with trees and a parapet of stone surrounds it. Leo XIII. was Bishop of this See for thirty years prior to his succession to the Papacy. Literally:

"Hic illius arma
Hic currus fuit."

"Here were his insignia; here was his chariot." Here was his Seminary: here was his Episcopal Palace: here was his Cathedral Church: and here, too, within that Cathedral is to-day a statue, nobly presented by an American, representing the former Archbishop of Perugia seated in the Papal Chair and wearing the tiara as Leo XIII.

As the Pontiff looked forth on the Umbrian Plains from the mountain city, and saw the sun-browned "vinerole" bringing their produce up from the stone-fenced vineyards and olive plantations, he may have got many ideas for his encyclicals, and surveying the Italian landscape from the vantage ground of rock-throned Perugia the noblest of Virgil's lines may have occurred to him:

"Romanosque suo de nomine dicet,
His ego nec metas rerum: nec tempora pono:
Imperium sine fine dedi.
Veniet lustris labentibus ætas
Quum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenæ
Servitio premet ac victis dominabitur Argis.
Nascetur pulchra Trojanus origine Cæsar,
Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris.
Julius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
Aspera, tum positis mitescent secula bellis;
Cana Fides et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt; diræ ferro et compagibus arctis
Claudentur Belli portæ; Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis.
Post tergum nodis fremet horridus ore cruento."

The sublimity of this passage is such that the quotation may not seem too long, more especially as now so many of your young readers are making special study of the great Latin poet, and no doubt writing of Trojan Wars and Grecian Sieges in their mid-summer exams. The passage cited will be seen to be reference by the Pagan Poet to the extent of the Roman Empire, to its universal sway and to the cessation of war. Much of this may be referred to the conditions prevailing at the coming of Christ. For then, too, the "gates of war were closed" to the poet Pontiff of the Vatican, whilst yet ruling the Perugian Church may have been given the prospect of an empire, not bounded by any ocean, an Empire founded not by the iron weapons of the Cæsars, but by the wood of the Cross.



Motor Cycling in Newfoundland.

By G. H. M. Bursell.



THE present is a Motor Age, and as considerable interest is at present being manifested in motors in connection with the fishery in this country, it may perhaps be not amiss to give a description of the Motor Bicycle, that ready and swift means of locomotion, which is now beginning to come in vogue here, and which is so popular in most civilized countries, particularly in Great

Britain, where it has completely superceded the ordinary push bicycle.

Many who read this article have probably ridden an ordinary bicycle at one time or another, and will no doubt remember the

the suburbs, will easily perceive the advantages of owning a motor cycle for getting to or from business.

The motor cycle is known in England as the poor man's motor car, which title is quite justified by the low running expenses. Even in this country where the price of gasoline, from which is derived the motive power, is considerably dearer, a season's complete running has not cost the writer more than from six to eight dollars, which can hardly be considered excessive, considering the ground covered.

As a means of travel on a holiday the motor cycle cannot be excelled, and distance is no object if the desire of the rider is for a long run.



Photo by the Author

CYCLISTS NEAR ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

ster; 5, Dr. C. Macpherson; 6, F. Brehm; 7, Dr. N. S. Fraser.

A case now occurs to the writer in which two motor cyclists started at about 7 o'clock in the morning, on a fine summer day and went around by way of Witless Bay, to Holyrood, and thence to St. John's before dusk, with plenty of time to spare, and over an indescribable road for part of the way. The pleasure of the run has only to be experienced to be appreciated, the day in the open with the clear bracing air of the highlands between Witless Bay and Holyrood being decidedly beneficial after experiencing the dust of the city.

Pages might be written in a similiar strain describing the dvantages of the motor cycle for both business and pleasure, and the only advice that the writer can give to the reader, is oin for one, and experience the benefits derivable from the wnership of such a comparatively cheap and superior means of locomotion.

CONTENT.

By O. W. Holmes.

I CARE not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there?—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.



CAPT. CLARKE.

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under Section 6 of said Act a License may issue to occupy 5000 acres of land, and, if the Licensee shall, within ten years, clear and cultivate 25 per cent of the land and shall settle one family for each area of 320 acres, he shall be entitled to a GRANT IN FEE of said land free of cost; or

under Section 7 of said Act, Licenses of occupation of 50 acre lots may issue, and if Licensee continuously occupies same for five years and cultivates two acres he shall be entitled to receive a FEE-SIMPLE TITLE TO SAID FIFTY ACRE LOT.

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CONSTABULARY FIRE DEPARTMENT.---FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

- NO. LOCATION OF BOXES.
- 12—Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
 - 13—Factory Lane.
 - 14—Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
 - 15—Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
 - 16—Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
 - 17—Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
 - 18—Water Street, East.
 - 112—Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
 - 113—Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
 - 114—Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road.
 - 115—Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
 - 116—King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing.
 - 117—Opposite Government House Gate.
 - 118—Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

- 21—Head Garrison Hill.
- 22—Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
- 23—Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
- 24—Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
- 25—Court House Hill.
- 26—Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
- 27—Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
- 28—Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
- 221—Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
- 223—Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
- 224—Maxse Street.
- 225—Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
- 226—Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
- 227—Lime Street and Wickford Court.
- 228—Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
- 231—Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
- 232—Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
- 233—Flemming Street.
- 234—Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
- 235—Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

- 31—Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
- 32—New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
- 34—Waldegrave and George Street.
- 35—Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
- 36—Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
- 37—Head Pleasant Street.
- 38—Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
- 39—Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
- 312—Horwood Factory.
- 313—LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
- 331—LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
- 332—Pleasant Street.
- 334—Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
- 335—Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
- 336—Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
- 337—Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
- 338—Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
- 42—Southside, near Long Bridge.
- 43—Central, Southside.
- 44—Dry Dock.
- 45—Southside, West.
- 46—Road near Lower Dnndee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire, go to the nearest box, break the glass, take the key, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling the hook all the way down once, then let go and listen for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go. All persons are requested to note the locations of the alarm boxes, especially in their own neighbourhood, so that when a fire occurs they may be able to run at once to the nearest box and send in the alarm. Time at the commencement of a fire being of the greatest moment.

CAUTION.—Persons wilfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

"FIRE OUT SIGNAL."—Two strokes on the large Bell, repeated three times, thus: 11—11—11.

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Supreme Court of Newfoundland.---List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
Mobile	Ferryland	John T. Fitzgerald.	Belleoram	Fortune Bay	Joseph Camp.
Ferryland	"	George Geary.	Pushthrough	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.	Harbor Breton	"	Albert Kelland.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Matthew Nash.
Salmonier	"	Walter Young.	Ramea	"	Prosper A. Garcien.
St. Bride's	"	Jos. Collins.	Rose Blanche	"	James H. Wilcox.
Placentia	"	Peter Manning.	Channel	"	Henry Gallop.
Oderin	"	Howard Parsons.	Codroy	St. George	Thomas B. Doyle.
Flat Island	Burin	Stephen White.	Grand River	"	Abraham Tilley.
Burin	"	William G. Pittman.	Robinson's Head	"	M. E. Messervy.
St. Lawrence	"	Eli Harris.	Sandy Point	"	Simeon Jennex.
Lamaline	"		Wood's Island	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Grand Bank	"		Bay of Islands	"	John Tapper.
			Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Burge.
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Andrew Gullan.	Trinity	"	John W. James.
Little Bay	"	P. J. Leary.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Springdale	"	Jonathan Anstay.	Britannia Cove	"	Caleb Tuck.
Pilley's Island	"	William Lanning.	Shoal Harbor	"	George Janes.
Leading Ticks	"	Peter Moores.	Clarenville	"	George Leawood.
New Bay	"	J. T. Bendle.	Foster's Point	"	Charles Rendell.
Botwoodville	"	George S. Lilly.	Heart's Content	"	Moses Bursay.
Exploits	"	Alfred G. Young.	Hant's Harbor	"	Reuben Curtis.
Lewisport	"	Wm. H. Ash.	Old Pelican	"	Eli Garland.
Grand Falls	"	William Baird.	Bay-de-Verde	Bay-de-Verde	Ewen Kennedy.
Twillingate	"	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Lower Island Cove	"	Ernest Forward.
Fogo	Fogo	George Foster.	Western Bay	"	John Trapnell.
Barr'd Island	"	Philip Perry.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Eli Verge.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Robert Pike.	Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	A. Hielihy.
Gander Bay	"	Adam Bradley.	Bay Roberts	"	John Leamon.
Musgrave Harbor	"	N. Gillingham.	Brigus	Port-de-Grave	James Murphy.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.	Harbor Main	Harbor Main	William Maher.
Wesleyville	"	Peter Roberts.	Holyrood	"	Isaac LeDrew.
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.	Kelligrews	"	A. E. Rees.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.	Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	
Gambo	"	Edward Oldford.	Bell Island—Beach	"	
Salvage	"		Portugal Cove	"	

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W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, Newfoundland.

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Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.


CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1908.

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ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, March, 1908.

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ELI DAWE,

Mininister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
September 12, 1907.

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last preceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of imprisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or carcase of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of said section.

W. B. PAYN,

Deputy Minister Marine and Fisheries.

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In making entry for Goods, the coverings enclosing which being dutiable, the value for coverings shall be as follows:—

Carboys containing acids	\$1.00 each.
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Half Hogsheads (Ale or Beer).....	.75 each.
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Half Octaves40 each.
Quarter Octaves30 each.
Bottles: Ale, Beer and Porter, quarts....	.20 per dozen.
Bottles: Ale, Beer and Porter, pints.....	.10 per dozen.
Bottles: Brandy, Whisky, etc.....	.20 per dozen.
Flasks: no cups40 per case of 2 doz.
Flasks: no cups80 per case of 4 doz.
Flasks: with cups.....	.60 per case of 2 doz.
Flasks: with cups.....	.70 per case of 4 doz.
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Bottles: Gin, quarts.....	.10 per case of 1 doz.
Bottles: Wine20 per dozen.
Cases in which Dry Goods, Pianos, Musical Instruments, Stationery, Glass, and such like dutiable goods are contained, when not included in the cost of the goods, and costing at port of export over two shillings and up to four shillings, shall be valued at.....	40 cts.
Costing ten shillings and under	50 cts.
Costing fifteen shillings and under.....	60 cts.
Costing twenty shillings and under	70 cts.
Costing twenty-five shillings and under.....	80 cts.
Costing over twenty-five shillings.....	90 cts.
Casks not capable of holding liquids, or of being made up for that purpose, shall be valued in the same manner as cases.	
Coverings such as bailing, including hooping or cording, in which dutiable goods are contained, when not included in the cost of the goods, costing at the port of export five shillings and under, shall be valued at	50 cts.
Costing ten shillings and under	60 cts.
Costing fifteen shillings and under.....	70 cts.
Costing twenty shillings and under	80 cts.
Costing over twenty-five shillings.....	90 cts.
Straw wrappings, when used as outside coverings on dutiable goods, and when not included in the cost of the goods, shall be valued half their cost at the port of export.	
Crates, in which earthenware is packed (including straw) shall be valued at one-fourth their cost at the port of export.	

E. M. JACKMAN,

Minister of Finance and Customs.

Custom House, St. John's, Nfld.,
23rd March, 1907.

REGULATIONS

Relating to the preservation and improvement of Game Birds in this Colony made and prescribed by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of Section 9, of the Act 6, Edward VII., Cap. 20, entitled "An Act respecting the Department of Marine and Fisheries."

Whereas there has been imported into this Colony and set at liberty for the public benefit a number of Game Birds known as Capercaille and Black Game.

And Whereas it is desirable to prescribe regulations for the preservation and improvement of the said Game Birds the following regulations have been made by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said Act for that purpose:—

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive or give away, or have in his possession any Capercaille or Black Game or the eggs of any such birds within this Colony at any time from the 12th day of October, 1907, to the 12th day of October, 1917.

2. Every person who violates the above regulations shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs, and in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

The following description of the birds is published for general information:

THE CAPERCILLE COCK is a large bird, weighing from 7 to 12 lbs., of dark blue plumage, but white from the crop downwards and with white spots on the upper wing-coverts.

THE BLACK COCK, which is larger than the Partridge, is also of dark blue plumage, with white feathers under the tail and in the wings.

THE HENS OF BOTH SPECIES are the colour of the local Partridge in early summer, i.e. a light brown.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



Public Notice.

THE Government of this Colony have been notified, through the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America have passed an Act regulating the Immigration of Aliens into the United States, wherein it is provided that Aliens who shall enter the United States after an uninterrupted residence of at least One Year, immediately preceding such entrance, in Newfoundland, shall be exempt from the Head Tax of Four Dollars.

R. BOND,

Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Nov. 12, 1907.

THE ...

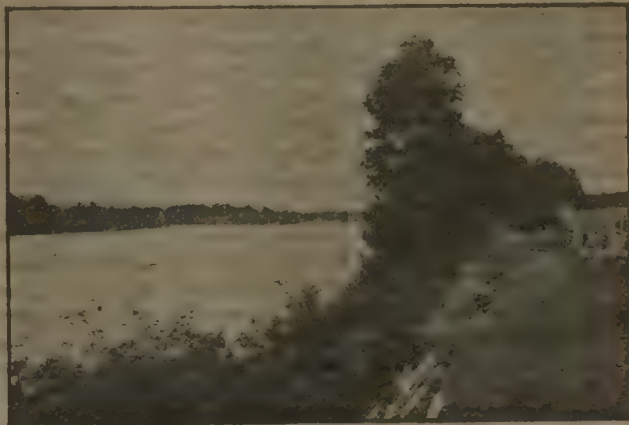
Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VIII.—No. 1.

JULY, 1908.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.



In the Interior of Newfoundland.



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All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, July, 1908.

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Only Drug Store in the City

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Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, July, 1908.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$0.85
To 1.00

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$1.10
To 1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, July, 1908.

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Fish, Oil, Lobsters, Furs,

and other produce on the most favourable terms.
Storage and Wharf facilities.

Baird's Building East side of Cliff's Cove.

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Assets, - - - \$558,000.00.

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Insurance Company.  Head Office, Toronto, Ontario.

Assets, - - - \$350,000.00.

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General Agent for Newfoundland,

Oke Building, St. John's.

"Songs of Manhood!"


A Book of Verse, consisting of about eighty pieces, nearly two hundred pages, written

By **Frederick Barnes Wood,**

of St. John's, Newfoundland.




Published by Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons, London; will be on sale at all the Bookstores in this city about the middle of July.

A London authority says of the verse:
"It is bold, manly, and very admirable."

 Orders may now be placed with any Bookseller, who, on receipt of the price, One Dollar, will forward it, post paid, to any address, local or foreign.

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In Our Business,  

And all goods in our Retail Departments
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The Newfoundland Quarterly.

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JULY, 1908.

40 cents per year.

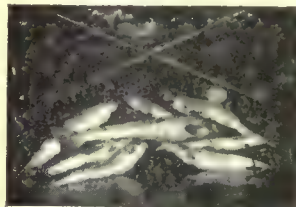
The Great Salmon Rivers of West Newfoundland.

By A. J. O'Reilly (St. George's).



HE train was bowling along on that section of the 'cross country route which lies between Crabb's and Fischel's, every few moments some new vista of unrivaled beauty in swift rolling wave or placid steady, short curve or long graceful sweep of the almost interlocking waters of our glorious Western Salmon Rivers.

There were few passengers on the train; but one, a sportsman and a stranger, looked with wonder and delight on the superabundance of flowing water and the emerald stretches of "interval" meadows sown with timothy and clover, and in surprise on the snow fences of the Reid Newfoundland Company, which seemed in some places to fence off the river bend from the farmers' interval land.



TWO HOURS' CATCH.

"What are those structures for?" he asked a guileless native, who was gazing with uninterested eyes on the flitting landscape. "Those fences!" said the man, letting his gaze rest on a 'Silver Doctor' which was the starting point of the halo of flies which surrounded his questioner's cap. "Those fences!" "Well, ye see it was this way; before these fences were put up the salmon and trout were that numerous in the rivers, and that eager to get to the pools in their first rush from the sea, that they never thought of swimming around those sudden curves of the stream, but made a clean break across the farmer's land to get to the river on the opposite side of the portage. Only a few yards, it is true, yet they destroyed such quantities of the settlers' best timothy and clover, that in self defence they had to erect these fences. Very warm day sir, isn't it!" and he went to the buffer car for refreshment.

Now, it is beyond question that our enthusiastic friend was exaggerating a little, but it is also beyond question that the rivers referred to are among the most prolific in Newfoundland. There is no handsomer fish to be seen than our West Newfoundland salmon, glistening in silver and amethyst fresh run from the deep with the sea parasites still clinging to his plump gleaming sides; and certainly no salmon on all the earth has flesh of a more glowing pink, or eats with a more epicurean flavor.

Crabbe's River has salmon of medium weight and in fair quantity, Robinson's River has about the same size fish, but in much greater quantities and is frequented by numbers of sports, of whom the fair sex form no inconsiderable part.

Fischel's teems through its whole length with the sparkling beauties, and there is a steady about twenty miles up where fishing is not sport, but more like slaughter, so abundant and easily taken are the salmon. Nature, however, has done considerable to preserve this stream as it is one of the most difficult in my experience to ascend by canoe or dory.

But, perhaps, of all the streams in the neighborhood of St. George's, Harry's River would be my favourite stream for an outing. The stream is so placid and easily ascended; the scenery is so beautiful; the islets of emerald verdure planted by design one would think, with beautiful balsam poplar, the great branches of which, laden with glossy green leaves, often overhang the stream in a manner once seen not to be forgotten. Then the superabundance of wild flowers in the fertile interval belt, bordering the stream; the deeply laden gooseberry bushes, the delightful little meadows a few miles up, cleared by nature to be the campers paradise,—and above all the fish! "All Newfoundland fish are gamey," said an American sport, "but the Harry's River trout and salmon fight like Satan!"

It was one of these 'Satanic fish' that towed an American angler two miles down stream during one strenuous afternoon before the fight was won.

Fishing on Harry's is not what it once was, owing, in my opinion, to nets in the Lagoon, which certainly, according to the fishery regulations, should be a Government Preserve.

It is useless for me to continue. Your magazine would not hold all the good things I might tell about our Western Rivers. Port-au-Port can claim a couple of excellent streams. Fox Island River is a good salmon stream, but it is renowned for its immense trout. On the shore of Port-au-Port Bay, going down towards the 'Serpentine,' every little dribble fairly swarms with beautiful trout. The little brook near the camp, where I spent two nights during my visit to Serpentine River last summer, and which I walked over, without getting my feet wet, furnished a breakfast of speckled beauties weighing from a pound to a pound and a half, and yet those brooks do not run fifty yards before they meet the precipitous hills. Take the voyage, dear reader, visit the teeming rivers of Bay St. George, spend a day at the Le Roux Hotel, and try for one of the monster salmon that abide in the broken waters of Flat Bay Brook. Go on to Harry's, and go up it a few miles, as much for the scenery as the sport. Then across to Port-au-Port, down the shore to Fox Island River, catch some of its immense trout, and in every brook along that shore that you wet a line you will catch a fish. On then around, Bluff Head, and take care that the sudden gust of southerly wind dose not lift your dory from the water and blow you up against the cliff or whirl the oars from your hands and send you drifting Labrador-ward! If you meet Warden Leitch he will tell you of our experience and relate to you some wonderful true stories of the strength of wind in that squally region.

On then to the Serpentine, where you can moor your boat in the deep tranquil waters of the estuary and rest from your labour.

"'Peace' sing the village maidens,
'Peace' ring the village bells
'The day of toil is ended,'
Breathes low from flowery dells."

Nicholsville---On the Upper Humber.

By Rev. J. M. Allan, M.A. (Bay of Islands).



AM off for an outing up the Humber River; I take the train at the Bay of Islands and we skirt along for a few miles by the shore of the Humber Sound. Passing two or three rapidly growing villages, close to which a huge forest fire has swept and left its bare and blackened background, we dive all at once into the Humber Canon, and find ourselves edging along by the banks of a dark slumbering river, the mountains high and precipitous on either side. The river winds in and out, reminding one somewhat, though on a smaller scale, of the Hudson, from New York to Albany. The woods

we joint up our rod and try the lake? But we have no bait. We get a shovel, and dig—but there is “narry a worm.” Just then we look across the Lake, and to our relief see in the narrow opening which is the mouth of the Humber a small speck. It gradually grows larger, and proves by and bye to be our expected boat.

We are soon rowed across the head of the lake, and enter by one of the openings, of which there are two, made by a lovely island on the Humber waters. And we become aware, that we are at once in scenery,—very different from anything we have seen in Newfoundland before. The forest is grander; the soil is the red loam; the growth is rankly luxuriant; it reaches out from the shore into the river. It looks like what we have read of in tropical countries, on the rivers of Africa. But this is only at the mouth. As one proceeds up, the banks are clear; and we note a close resemblance to the upper reaches of the St. John river, up about Woodstock, the same grand, steadily flowing rivers—as like as two peas,—the same high-colored banks, the same reaches of big trees on either side.

Soon after you enter the river, looking up a quarter of a mile distant, you see in a *cul de sac*, a number of farm buildings, with comfortable dwelling houses, imbound in trees and surrounded on both sides of the river by broad green fields. This is “Nicholsville,” the home of Mr. George Nichols and his sons. Mr. Nichols came to Newfoundland from Cape Breton and settled here some nineteen years ago. Mr. Nichols you have only to look at to see in him, the typical pioneer. He has four sons and their young families around him, all chips of the old block. He, and his wife, have worked hard to make for themselves a home in the forest primeval, and they have succeeded. I have seen many a successful home, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick begun in the forest, but not have I seen one that shows the results, in the same time that Nicholsville shows. The meadows do not even need to be tickled with the hoe—to smile into hay. The Humber tickles them every spring with its overflowing waters. Mr. Nichols told me this,—He had a present of a handful of potato seed (hen’s nest); he planted them. Next year he had a bucketful. Next year had a barrelful. And next year twenty five barrels-ful. There is much to



Photo by S. H. Parsons.

HUMBER RIVER NEAR NICHOLSVILLE.

here have but lately put on their summer attire, and are evidently admiring themselves, reflected in the mirror of the waters beneath.

On we glide, every now and again, my friend and I exchanging exclamations of wonder and delight. That white-faced cliff there sheer down, is marble mountain—one day to be a big marble quarry. That rapid in sight is a famous fishing run. After a few miles the gorge widens, and the canon opens out into a valley. The hills are now a mile or two off from the river leaving between them intervals,—stretches of very rich looking soil. The valley continues to widen until it is, I should say, about six miles from mountain to mountain. The glorious dark slumbering river rolls along. As an agricultural district, it is the Annapolis Valley over again; only in scenery, richer and more luxurious. It is about twelve miles in length.

Now Deer Lake breaks upon the view; a sheet of water eighteen miles long and from three to four miles wide. On either side, its whole length, we are told, the land is of the best. At the head of the lake, we leave the train at a section camp. We are to be met there, and taken by boat to Nicholsville, a short distance up the Humber, which flows into Deer Lake. But no one is in sight, as the train moves off. The section man is evidently away on his rounds. We take a milking stool left conveniently by, and enjoy the aloneness. It is far from the maddening crowd, rather should we say from maddening work and worry. It is very restful. After a little, we take a look around, at the section man’s habitation, at his little garden, the cabbage plants coming on and the rhubarb doing fine. Shall



Photo by S. H. Parsons.

SANDAY POND CROSSING.

interest one, even if we were not satisfied to rest, and enjoy the beauty on every hand. They have a fox run and quite a few foxes in it. A wire fence runs fifteen feet high around an enclosure. The wire netting goes three feet under ground. This may prove a very profitable venture, when fox skins—silver-grey and black—rise in price again. Here we stay for the night. We found the Nichols, as many a sportsman with rod and gun has found it, the right place to stay at.

Next morning, a young lad awaits us with a boat and takes us to a sort of lagoon which opens at the side of the river and where he says there are plenty of trout. We soon rowed up and one of the day's sport of a lifetime began. I am familiar with fishing in New Brunswick, on the Miramichi on the Bartibogue, the Restigouche and Metapedia, and my boyhood days were opened among the lakes and rivers of eastern Newfoundland, but these rivers of New Brunswick and eastern Newfoundland are simply not in it with the Humber. It was an ideal day; It was like fairy land all around. My young guide was a born sport, a grandson of Mr. Nichols. We had the best of luck, not a break in the gear, only one hook was lost, scarcely a trout did we miss, and then he had to wait such a short time for a bite. And all of them good sized trout.

When we got back to Nicholsville with our catch, I wished them looked after, so as to take them home with me the next day. But mine hostess says: "You are going out again in the morning—are you not? You will get all you want then to take home." I thought this rather risky. However, next morning the fun was again fast and furious. The trout were rather of a larger run, and so the fun was faster—and more furious if that could be. And mine hostess was right; I didn't need the catch of the preceding evening to take home with me.

That was all last summer; but the memories of it are fresh as of yesterday, and I hope to go up again this summer that is so long in coming.



More New Books.

SINCE writing the notice of Mr. F. B. Wood's forthcoming book, we have learned that at least two other local writers have at present a volume each in the press.

Mr. R. G. MacDonald, whose verses have appeared from time to time in the QUARTERLY, has completed arrangements with an English firm for the production of a book containing a selection of his poems. Mr. MacDonald is well known to our readers as an author of pleasing and polished verses (a specimen sonnet which we have pleasure in publishing, will be found in an adjoining column), and no doubt his book of poems will have a large sale locally.

Sheriff Carter, encouraged by the reception of his first book, has also in press a volume dealing with his travels in the Far East. Japan and China, at present, loom large in the public eye, and it will be interesting to get Mr. Carter's impressions of these countries at the present juncture.

We understand that several other authors have material in hand, and will doubtless make an effort to publish, if the forthcoming volumes meet with anything like an encouraging reception.

The QUARTERLY is glad to see signs of a literary awakening in our midst, and regards it as a very hopeful sign for the future.

In Memoriam:

E. M. Rendell.

His Last Request!

**"Comrades, Play the 'Dead March,' and Play it as You
Never did Before, for I Shall be Listening!"**

"Play the 'Dead March!'" as the swan's dying song—
Mournful and tender, and throbbing—yet strong!
We've played it, dear soul! but we miss the refrain
Of the comrade who's left us! who'll ne'er play again!

And e'en thro' its sadness, our tramp by "The Lake"—
Our fellowship sweet in the barrack and brake—
Our triumph, so recent, in cities afar!
(Ah! e'en then, the dark angel seemed chasing thy star!)
Come over our mem'ry and steeped in regret,
We play the "Dead March!" and we'll never forget!

The trail of June's sunset is sweeping the West—
"The Lake" is aglow with the sheen of her crest!
You are list'ning, dear heart! to the throbs of "Our Band,"
In the heaven of conquest, the soldier's bright land.

E. C.



KENT'S POND, NEAR ST. JOHN'S.

A Modernist.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

HAD I been born by the Saronic strand
When Greece was warm and fair in ages gone,
And, gazing up towards the Parthenon,
Could in its glory see the sun's bright hand
Bind Pallas' helmet with a glittering band;
And the Acropolis which they stood upon
Thronged with her votaries, should I not pass on
Pierced with a pang I could not understand,
A yearning for a thing which ne'er might be?
Should I not—why I could not compass then—
Pine for these hard brown English speaking men?
Born out of due time, longing hopelessly
For this unknowable Isle beyond my ken,
These bracing waters of the Northern sea.

Fishing Experiences.

By John Syme.



THE time has come round for the fever to take hold of the disciples of old Isaak, and as the dying Indian hears the voices of the dead calling him to the "happy hunting grounds," so in spirit, the enthusiastic fisherman hears the torrents war, the murmur of the wimpling brook, the buzz of insect life, or the swish of the lordly salmon when he challenges his lord and master to a duel; all calling on him to take his rod; and beside a shady pool, separate himself for a time "far from the maddening crowd."

To the admirers of nature, both animate and inanimate nowhere can the bent of ones mind in that respect be so fully gratified and satisfied as when plying the gentle art by the side of a salmon pool on a lovely summer evening.

Some will say your thoughts can't be very elevating as they are intent on breaking the sixth commandment, but as it is a fair contest between science and weakness, versus stupidity and strength, the fisherman will not object to a verdict being returned against him of "salmon slaughter without mercy" and sentenced accordingly.

Terra Nova holds a unique position for the fly fishing sportsman,—its numberless lakes swarm with brown trout, and its rivers in the season teem with salmon and sea trout, and these rivers although so accessible, are so numerous, and so well supplied by nature with fish, that even multitudes of sportsmen will never impair the exhaustless supply. If these advantages were fully known as they ought to be, the country, during the summer season, would swarm with tourists, and every year an ever-increasing stream of visitors would revel in our delightful and health giving summer weather, as well as indulge in the fascinating sport of fly fishing.

The tourists will also be gratified to know that there are neither, snakes, adders, nor frogs of any kind or description in the country, and with the exception of the attentions of the friendly little mosquito who sticketh closer to you than a brother, the sportsman can roam the woods without fear of annoyance. It is also a source of pride to Newfoundlanders to make known to visitors, that our guides are men of high character and that the visitor and his belongings will be as safe with them as if surrounded by a regiment of soldiers. All these advantages and recommendations should be disseminated far and wide so that intending visitors may understand the reliable class of people they can depend upon to make their visit both pleasant and successful.

If one was in a reminiscent mood what yarns could be spun about the fishing excursions in the days of auld lang syne when Mr. Joseph McLarty, Mr. Paddy Casey, and our esteemed friend Mr. Richard Shortall who is still in the flesh acted as guides philosophers and friends to the boys visiting Paddy's Pond, the Grassy Gullies, or over the *Rudge*; and how *Charley Shelly* threw open his hospitable mansion and his bedrooms for the accommodation of his sporting friends, and what splendid concerts were indulged in on these occasions. After a return from the Silver Springs, with Charley Shelly as chairman, perhaps if Mr. Shortall was interviewed he would give you, Mr. Editor, some interesting matter for a future article on angling in Newfoundland during the latter part of last century, coupled with the names of departed worthies of whom it may be truly said we shall never see their like again.

A New Book of Poems.*

OUR local literati will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Routledge & Sons, of London, are publishing a volume of poems from the pen of Mr. F. B. Wood, of this city. The title is "Songs of Manhood"; the volume will contain 200 pages, and nearly 100 poems. Many of these have appeared in the *QUARTERLY* and other local papers, and some of them are now being printed for the first time. They range over the whole gamut of human emotion, and express the yearnings and sentiments of the poet in musical cadences. They consist largely of virile verse dealing with large human problems; while occasionally the muse soars into fervid patriotic apostrophes, or sings of the old sweet strain beloved of poets since the earliest days. It is encouraging to those interested that Mr. Wood has blazed the way, and we hope his example will be followed by other gifted writers in our midst, whose verses have so often given pleasure to readers of our local journals. We bespeak a warm welcome for "Songs of Manhood" for their own inherent value; and for the reason that we all ought encourage the efforts of local writers; and for the pride that we ought all feel in having, in a modest way, a literature of our own. Every local library, public or private, great or small, should contain a copy of every work by local writers. We append three specimen poems from "Songs of Manhood," which will partially show the range and style of the work. "Blow, Blow Ye Winds" deals with the "old, old tale of Cupid's touch," and has a musical lilt that grows on one with every reading; "Good Bye" is a pen picture in six lines, of human life from the cradle to the grave; "Nature's Conqueror" is a sonnet descriptive of puny man's success in harnessing the almost irresistible forces of nature, and demonstrates the reward of successful effort.

Blow, Blow, Ye Winds.

BLOW, blow ye winds, blow high or low,
Blow foul or fair, blow fresh or free,
I know sometime, I know somewhere,
'Tis yours to waft my love to me.

The winds blow foul and fierce storms sweep
In fury o'er the surging sea,
I know right well, in God's good time,
The one I love, shall come to me.

Blow, blow ye winds, blow foul or fair,
From north, or south, or east, or west,
All winds are but the breath of God,
And every wind that blows is best.

Though winds blow foul, or winds blow fair,
Though storm or calm, possess the sea,
The loving soul shall claim its own,
In Time, or in Eternity.

Good Bye.

WE scarcely learn to draw our breath,
Before we hear thy call, oh Death!
The hour of dawn, gives place to noon,
Then follows night, alas, how soon!
A sunny smile, a deep drawn sigh,
A warm hand's clasp, and then—good bye.

Nature's Conqueror.

DAME Nature hid her choicest truths from man,
Who soon set out with eager anxious eyes
To penetrate her deepest mysteries,
And read aright, the riddle of her plan.
Great obstacles she placed upon his path;
She seemed to hold his utmost strength in scorn;
It mattered not he of her womb was born,
She poured on him the vials of her wrath;
He turned not from the task he had begun
But with set teeth endured the shafts of pain,
Until at length his dauntless courage won—
His centuries of toil were not in vain!
Then, lo—Dame Nature on the victor, smiled,
Proud in her conqueror, to behold—her child!

* Songs of Manhood, by F. B. Wood, St. John's, N.F.; Messrs. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, England, Publishers, \$1.00 net, of all local booksellers.



Newfoundland Name-Lore.



By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XXII.



BETWEEN Cape St. Francis and Pouch Cove there is a small creek called

SHOE COVE.

This name is given to many such small coves around our shores, and it is difficult to tell the origin of it. The British Pilot (1755) speaks as follows of this cove: "Within the point of the Cape (St. Francis) to the southward of it is a small cove called *Shoe Cove* where boats used to come a *Tilting* (using the fishermen's expression), that is, to split and salt the fish they catch and, blowing hard and bad weather, cannot get to places they belong to in time." Here we note the word "Tilting," as a general expression of the fisherman, with a meaning, however, slightly different from, though cognate to, that which I gave when explaining "Tilting Harbour." (Art. IX.)

About twelve miles south from Pouch Cove we come to the important settlement of

FLAT ROCK.

This place is well named from the large smooth inclined plane of rock which does duty for a beach, and up and down which the great swell of the Atlantic is constantly driving its seething waves. The "English Pilot" 1755, however, seems to derive the name from a rock further out to sea. It says: ". . . The north point (of Torbay) is called *Flatrock*, so that if you come from the northward by *Flatrock* (which is a low black point with a flat rock lying off it), and breaks (*sic*) on it, your course is, &c. . . ." Some people may think that, this name of *Flatrock* is too flat and commonplace, and I should not be surprised to hear of an application being sent in to have it changed to something which may be thought more euphonious. I should very much regret that such were the case. It may perhaps be information to some of my readers to hear that this name possesses much historic interest.

The name appears on the maps as far back as, Thornton's 1689, and Fitzhugh's, 1693: but it is in reality the *very oldest* name known in connection with Newfoundland.

In an article written by me some years ago and published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1898," entitled "Vinland Vindicated," I endeavoured to show that the "Helluland" of the Northmen was no other than a part of Newfoundland. It means "*Flat Stone or Flat Rock, land.*" I do not believe, for reasons given in the above article, that the *Flatrock* of which I am now speaking, is the exact spot discovered and named by the Norsemen. On the contrary, I believe it was in the Straits of Belle Isle, at the spot now called Pointe Riché. Nevertheless *Flatrock* is the only place in Newfoundland, as far as I know, which retains this very ancient and historic name, and it should on no account be changed. The description of the Helluland of the Norsemen does not tally with the surroundings of *Flatrock*. It is as follows:—"A plain of flat stones or flags, some of very large dimensions, 12 ells (about 25 feet) long.—High mountains covered with snow some distance inland." This description gives a most accurate picture of the land about Pointe Riche and Port aux Choix, as I will show, when I come to that place.

Between *Flatrock* and Torbay is a small cove called

GALLOW'S COVE.

The origin of this name has been fully descanted, on, in Nos. XIX.—XX. of this series. I may here add, however, that I notice on Howley's new Geological Map, the name of

HANGING HILL.

near Heart's Content. It does not appear on the original map, (1891) and I know nothing of the origin of it. I may here recall that in No. XX. I quoted from V. J. Rev. Canon Smith that he doubts if there be any authentic record of any "hanging" being done by the "Surrogate Magistrates" at "Fishing Admirals." This name may possibly mean overhanging.

We now come to the very important settlement of

TORBAY.

There can be not the slightest doubt that this place was so called by the doughty Devonshire men, in memory of their own beautiful Bay, of the same name. The fine bold headland of the northern point of the bay, with its sheer perpendicular cliffs; and the more gentle rising ground of Torbay Point at the southern entrance; the graceful sweep of the coast, forming the bight which includes

MIDDLE COVE,

Outer Cove and Logy Bay, and is closed on the south by the remarkable hill of "*Sugar Loaf*," the low-lying wooded hills studding the Coast. All these must have strongly reminded the home-sick adventurers of the picturesque acclivities, the well-wooded limestone cliffs forming the environs of Torquay. The word itself is of course well known, being the old Anglo-Saxon "*Tor*," which means a tower, and in a secondary way, a tall cone-like mountain, presenting some appearance of a tower. The word is found forming part of very many place-names in England, especially about Devon and Cornwall. As in Tor-bay Tor-quay, Torrington, &c. The bay in Newfoundland is called on one of the old maps (Jacobz's, 1621)

THORN-BAY.

This of course is a mistake, though some of the first settlers in the place were a family of the name of Thorn, some of whose descendants are still living there. On Mason's Map, (1625), the name is given correctly as *Tor-bay* and on all subsequent maps, also by Abbé Beaudouin in 1696-7.

Torbay is one of the most thriving, industrious and progressive settlements in Newfoundland. An idea may be formed of its marvellous progress, when we read in the "English Pilot" of 1755, only about one hundred and fifty years ago, that "There live *two* Planters at Torbay!" These were probably the Codners' and Gosses' families. The population of Torbay by the Census of 1901, was about fifteen hundred souls (1495). Everything else has progressed in due proportion. There are over 300 horses, 500 cows, nearly 3,500 acres of land occupied, &c. New farms are being constantly opened up; new dwellings erected; broad cultivated fields spreading inland in every direction, so that the settlement presents a most thriving appearance. Nearly all this splendid improvement and development is due to the great efforts and noble example of the worthy Pastor, Rev. Fr. Clarke, who for the past forty years has fostered in every way among the people habits of sobriety and industry.

On the north side of the harbour there is a small cove or creek where ships anchor, it is not very safe with N.E. winds, but it is the only anchor-ground in the bay. It is called in the Sailing Directions

GREEN COVE

but in the "English Pilot," *Green's Cove*. The cliffs rise perpendicularly on both sides, but a natural green sward clothes the top over-hanging the sea. Off the southern head of the Harbour, *Torbay Point*, there are two rocks called the

TANTAM ROCKS.

I have no knowledge of the meaning of this name.

Coming southward the next two places on the coast are named

MIDDLE COVE, and OUTER COVE.

any person standing on the cliff at the northern head of Torbay and running his glance along the coast-line following the gentle curve of the bight of Torbay which is closed on the south by the prominent and remarkable hill of

SUGAR LOAF,

will see at once the meaning and the appropriateness of these names. "*Middle Cove*" forms a slight indentation right in the centre of this bight, while further outward stands *Outer Cove*, better known to us from the prowess of its stalwart rowers on the race-course of Quidi-Vidi. There is only a very poor harbour even for fishing punts at Outer Cove. Hence the men

have always to be on the alert, and many times not being able to land, have to row away to Torbay for shelter. It is owing to this fact they are such splendid oarsmen, their bicipital muscles being developed almost from childhood upwards.

Next, just under *Sugar Loaf*, comes

LOGY BAY.

This place also has but a very poor landing cove, the huts and stages being built up against the sides of the cliff, and during every storm great damage is caused here to boats and rooms.

The name is somewhat of a puzzle as to its origin. In the authorized "Sailing Directions," published by James Imray and Son, 1898, and supposed to be of the highest authority, "compiled from the observations of English and French surveyors from the time of Captain Cook, &c.," this place is given as

LONGEY COVE.

This is certainly a mistake, as the name appears on all old charts and maps as *Logey* or *Logy Bay*. Thus in the "English Pilot" (1755) it appears under the same title on Thorton's Map, 1689. I have heard a derivation given for this name as applied to the Cove, and I give it for what it is worth. The word *Logy* is an orthodox English word from *log*, meaning, heavy, dull, sluggish, &c. It is particularly applied to animals as, a logy horse, to fish, &c. Now it is said that the fish caught at this cove are generally of a very large size and heavy weight, hence *Logy* fish, and so the name became attached to the Cove.

A few miles south of *Logy Bay* there is a small inlet or cove, uninhabited, which is called

ROBIN HOOD'S COVE.

In Article XV., of this series, will be found some remarks concerning this name, as given to a place in Trinity. They were supplied me by Rev. Canon Smith.

We now come to a name which must have been given for the reason alleged by the Irish guide for the building of the "Round Towers of Ireland." When asked what they were built for, he answered, "To puzzle posterity!" For the same reason it would seem was conferred the name of

QUIDIVIDI; OR KITTY VITTY.

I have never found anyone yet who can give a meaning, at all probable or likely, for this name, and it would seem from the variety of modes of spelling it, that the old writers were as much in the dark about it as ourselves. I find no less than *twelve* different varieties in the orthography of this mysterious name; some of them reaching back over two hundred years. The first mention I find of it is in 1678. An application was made by Wm. Downing, of St. John's, for the Governorship of Newfoundland. He proposes the appointment of Deputy Governors, and Collectors in the principal outpost settlements. Among the rest he names his brother John Downing, who was then a planter at *Que de Vide*, (Prowse, p. 176). Again, in 1680, it is mentioned as *Quitevide*. It seems to have been as much a puzzle to the French as to our own people. Thus the Abbé Beaudouin, in his account of the capture of St. John's by the French from Placentia, in 1696-97, rings us the following changes on the name: *Kerevidi*; *Kerividi*; *Kirividi*, and *Quivividi*. In French despatches published in the "Documents relatifs à l'Histoire du Canada,"—of date 1704, we find *Quidimiti* and *Quimiditi*. From this I think we may conclude that the name is not of French origin. They had evidently no knowledge of the name, and were endeavouring to spell phonetically some English sounding word. In 1709 the inhabitants of St. John's, in making terms with the French General—St Ovid, spell the name as we do to-day, *Quidividi*; but in Commander Crowe's report (1711) it is spelt *Quitty Vitty*, which is coming nearer to the correct pronunciation. In Lord Colvill's despatch of 1762, concerning the rescue of St. John's from the French, we come at last to the plain orthodox KITTY VITTY, which seems to me to represent the correct pronunciation, and which is adhered to pretty generally thereafter with, however, occasional exceptions. Thus, in a work published in 1800, the "Life of Bomfield Moore," by Carew, he speaks of visiting St. John's, Torbay, and *Kittaway*!

Several explanations of the name have been offered, but none are convincing. For instance it is said that an old woman named Kitty Vitty kept a public house or *Inn* there, which was a very popular resort, but this is highly improbable. There is

no tradition concerning it. Such a family name as *Vitty* was never known in the country, and it is impossible that such a man as John Downing should write it *Que de Vidi* if it was only a common-place name like Kitty Vitty. Others try to derive it from Latin *Quid Vidi* (what have I seen?), or Italian *Qui divide* (here divide), &c., all of which have no meaning.

Mr. LeMessurier tells me that he has heard it explained as a corruption of "*Guy's Divide*," namely, that it was fixed on as a dividing line to protect St. John's against the encroachments of John Guy's people. But that appears very far fetched, improbable and unmeaning. The peculiar spelling of *Quimiditi* reminds us somewhat of *Shananditi*, and suggests Beothic origin. If the name be of Beothic origin I believe it would be the unique example of a surviving Beothic name in the country. The names of *Cuckhold's Head* and *Cuckhold's Cove* have already been explained in Article XVI.

We now come to the capital of the country,

ST. JOHN'S.

The discussion of this name might well claim a separate article to itself; and probably may be referred to again. I will now, however, say a few words here concerning it, before passing on. It is unfortunate that the devotion of the early navigators was so exuberant towards the Great Precursor, St. John the Baptist, that they seemed desirous of conferring his name on almost every other headland they met with. Thus on the coasts of Newfoundland alone there are at least five places bearing the name in one form or other. There is Cape St. John, in Latitude 50°, the western head-land of Notre Dame Bay, and well known as the eastern limit of the French Fishing Rights determined in the Treaty of Versailles, 1783. This and others, St. John's the Capital; Bay St. John in Fortune Bay; C. Jehan in St. George's Bay, and St. John in the Straits of Belle Isle, have been alluded to in article IX. Then we have River St. John on the Canadian Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, near the West end of Anticosti. Lake St. John, at the head of Saguenay River, Isle St. John, a name given by mistake to what is now Prince Edward Island: The City of St. John, in New Brunswick, &c.

Waving for the present the disputed question as to the "Landfall of Cabot," or the precise spot first seen by him. I do not think that it can for a moment be doubted that Cabot saw, entered, and named the Harbour of St. John's on June 24th, 1497. It is so stated in the records of Bristol. "This year" (1497) on St. John the Baptist's day the land . . . was "found by the merchants of Bristow." The same is stated on the legend of the Cabot map, the particulars being added that it was "early in the morning (*por la manana*) and that they gave to an *Island* the name of St. John "on account of its being discovered on the same day." The same is stated on the inscription which was on the map of Clement Adams, at White-Hall, Westminster; adding the further particular that it was "at five o'clock in the morning *circiter horam quintam bene mane*."

This does not conflict with the theory held by Prowse and others, viz., that Bonavista was the Landfall. They may very reasonably have seen the land off Bonavista very early in the morning, that would be the "landfall;" but pursuing their course with a fair wind they might easily have entered and cast anchor in St. John's Harbour before night. Prowse himself admits this theory (p. 10) and so we can safely "*componcre lites*," i.e., "bury the hatchet." I am surprised then to read in Mr. LeMessurier's article in last QUARTERLY his opinion that "nobody has discovered who named St. John's, there have been various conjectures, but nothing definite. I have no doubt that it was so named by Jerseymen from the Parish of Saint John's in Jersey. Close to it is Bay Bulls, the origin of which name lies in mystery; in some old charts it is called Bay Boule, which leads me to believe it was also named by a Jerseyman, after Bay Bouley in his native Island." But we have just as much reason to believe it was called St. John's by the Bretons who frequented the coast at that time, and who also had a great devotion to St. John, and a place in their own home named from that saint, namely, *St. Jean de Lus*. Hence I think the evidence for St. John's, being named by the Cabots, is too strong to be set aside by mere conjecture.

† M. F. HOWLEY.

The Champlain Celebration in Quebec.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.



REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D., AUTHOR.



THE coming celebration in Quebec, at which the Prince of Wales will represent the King, brings back to my memory a pleasant trip which I had there a few summers ago. Quebec is a city which possesses a special interest for a Newfoundlander; for some Newfoundlanders took part in the defence of the city in 1775-6. They still remember that for us in Canada, though we have forgotten it ourselves. On the last night of the year 1775, when the invaders, weary of their expedition, thought to carry the city by a desperate assault, there was one outpost of defenders, numbering only 80 men, whose cool courage and deadly aim beat off one division of the stormers. In that small, gallant band there were representatives of all the components of the Empire. There were French-Canadians, and Frenchmen who in 1763, had elected to stay under the British flag, and Channel Islanders, and Englishmen, and need I say, when the British flag wanted defenders, that there were Irishmen? and last, by no means least, there were Newfoundlanders. And among them all there was no rivalry but to show who could do his duty best. It was pleasant to think, as I strolled through the city, that our own people had a hand in the keeping of it. The city in many ways differs from Montreal, and is more like an Old-World town, such as those I wandered through twenty years ago in Italy or France. What struck me most was the moral civilization of the place, the order and the law-abiding habits of the population. In those warm, summer nights, we walked about the city till midnight, and everywhere we saw nothing but peace and quiet. In old quarters, once occupied by the aristocracy

which Louis XIV. tried to found, now inhabited by professional men, one saw the doors opening immediately upon the side walks in those narrow streets, and one noticed that the beautifully carved and polished oak or mahogany never received so much as a scratch from the youngsters, and one could not help wishing that our own mischievous urchins had a little of this respect for the beautiful. Very pleasant it was, also, to see the spirit of unity and brotherhood between all races. Begotten of the spirit and principles of the Catholic religion, this union grew strong through the wars of 1775-6 and 1812 in defence of British America; and it is typified by the juxtaposition of the names and the statues of Wolfe and Montcalm. Well may the monument in the Governor-General's garden declare that valour gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common memorial. Go where you will, go to the Plains of Abraham, or look up at the front of the Parliament House, and you see them honored together! and it is good to behold the pride with which your French guide will say to you, "See! Montcalm and Wolfe." There they stand, twin sentinels, shoulder to shoulder, guarding the land for which each of them died. Nor is it only the French and the English that are united. When I first saw Quebec, there was a great new C. P. R. steamship lying at the wharves, and the Irish in Quebec had given her a great reception. She was painted green outside, and fitted up in green inside, and her captain was an Irishman, and her name was the *Empress of Ireland*, and, in fact, the C. P. R. had elected for its own captain, Sir Thomas O'Shaughnessy, an American by birth, a British subject by choice, an Irishman by descent, character and sympathy. And when I was walking through the Parliament House, our guide, who was French, said to us, "Do you notice that the decorations are in *green*?"

"How did that happen?" I said, for green is not a French colour.

"Why," said he, "the Provincial Treasurer who got this work done was an Englishman, and he painted the House green for the sake of the Irish."

The Irish had chosen for their representative an Englishman, and he showed his gratitude by covering the French men's House with the Irish colour. One of the sights that filled one's heart with pride, mingled with mournfulness, was the monument in the Park to the dead of the companies of Quebec volunteers, who rushed to the help of their English fellow-subjects in South Africa, and who gave their lives at Paardeburg, and many another place, in the cause of justice, freedom, and union, to secure for S. Africa "government for the people, of the people, and by the people."

On Church of Bonsecour makin' ready for de tour
See dem down upon the knee all prayin' dere,
Every good Canadien man, wit de rifle on de han',
An' affer dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere!

Yaas, Sir,

Dey're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

It is impossible for a traveller through Canada not to go back in memory to the conquest of Canada, and to ask himself how it is that one and the same party in Great Britain should glory that it was their party who conquered Canada, and should denounce the war that prevented the secession of the Transvaal. The reason why they glory in the one and censure the other is obvious enough, and there can be no more signal exemplification

of the bigotry of faction and sect. The conquest of Canada was in one sense foolish enough. Among all the follies of the Liberal party was there any equal to that of allowing the New Englanders to drag Great Britain into a war for the expulsion of French power from North America? Even Lord Acton, fanatical admirer of revolutions as he was, admits that the Americans were attached to their mother-country only by fear of French power: "Therefore, Montcalm foretold that the British, if they conquered the French colonies, would lose their own. Many Frenchmen saw this with satisfaction, and the probability was so manifest that Englishmen saw it too,"—when it was too late to remedy the blunder of the Whigs. Bancroft, who is sufficiently anti-British, says in his history of the United States, that then "no human skill could have averted" the American secession, and he cites a Swedish traveller Peter Kalm, who visited America in 1748, and who says that even the British in the Thirteen Colonies had no affection for their mother-country, and adds: "Some people are always discontented and love change; exceeding freedom and prosperity nurse an ungovernable spirit." It was lately remarked by the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* that Burke on the American Revolution is as unreliable as Sarpi on the Council of Trent, or Macaulay on the revolution of 1688. In fact, Benjamin Franklin twisted both Burke and Chatham around his finger. It was, however, a distinct gain for Great Britain to exchange her own ungrateful and lawless children for a loyal, conscientious, law-abiding people such as the Canadians. It is only in recent years, when impartial American historians have removed the systematic misrepresentations of "Liberal" Englishmen and Scotchmen, that we have found out that the American revolution was not a mere rebellion, or secession, such as the secession of the South, for the averting of internal change, but that it was an internal revolution social as well as political. The mere change from monarchical to republican institutions involved a moral change; for since the time of Aristotle, political philosophers have noted that republics neglect the formation of Character.

Cavour said: "We must not have a republic in Italy, for republics are always selfish; a republic never thinks of the general interests of civilization." The ingratitude of republics is proverbial; it was a fixed maxim with Bismarck that gratitude might be expected from a monarchy, or an aristocracy, but never from an unmixed democracy. "Envy," said Longfellow, "is the vice of republics." In addition to these vices, there was the spirit of the age; it was a change to Deism, indifferentism, and secularism both in the government and in education. Father Phelan of the *Western Watchman* (St. Louis, Mo.) lately told the Catholic Irishmen who were trying to make out that the Catholic Irish had been on the side of the American revolution that they had better leave it alone; that the only Irish in America who had been revolutionary were those from Ulster; and that the Irish need not be ashamed that their ancestors had been loyal, for nearly all the respectable people in the Thirteen Colonies had been Loyalist, and it was the mob who were the revolutionists. The principles of the American revolution were the same as those of the French; but fortunately for America, the principles of the Declaration of Independence were partially abandoned in the formation of the constitution in 1783, (when they returned to English principles), were washed out in blood by the Unionist armies in 1861, and are to-day openly derided. But British America has the advantage of never having been infected with the revolutionary and lawless spirit; and this is chiefly due to the influence of the Catholic body. If there be any disaffected Catholics in the Empire, if there are

foreign Catholics hostile, that is in despite of the spirit and the principles of their religion. Dr. Drummond in those delightful poems which the French-Canadians hailed as the truest expression of their sentiments makes the countrymen of Laurier tell us in their dialect of English, as spoken by the *Habitants*, why they are loyal. When they lost their old mother-country, "De new step-mother she's good an' kin' an' it's all right bimeby"—

Spikin' Francais lak' we alway do, an' de English dey mak' no fuss,
An' our law de sam',—wall, I don't know, me, 'twas better, mebbe, for us.
So sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han';
Knowin' each oder, we lak' each oder, de French an' de English man.
For it's curi's ting on dis worl, I'm sure you see it agen an' agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse enemi, he's comin' de bes', bes' frien'.
So we're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, wen las' of de fightin's done,
Dat plaintee is say, de new Canayens forget how to shoot de gun;
But de Yankee man's smart (all de worl' know dat) so he's firs' fin'
mistak' wan day

Wen he's try cross de line, fusil on hee's han' near place de call
Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad ting for poor Yankee man, De Salaberry be dere
Wit habitant farmer from down below, an' two honder Voltigeurs;
Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose was fightin' so hard dey can,
But de blue-coat sojer that don't get kill, is de locky Yankee man.
Since den w'en dey're comin' on Canadaw, we alway be treat dem well,
For dey're spennin' de monee lak' gentil hommes, an' stay on de bes'
hotel,

Den "Bienvenu" we will spik dem, an' "come back agen nex week
So long you was kip on de quiet an' don't talk de politique!"

* * * * *
An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly,
With deir English broder les Canayens is satisfy leev an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev' us wen dey're fallen', on Chateaugay
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de flag we will kip alway.

Well, British America is a great country, with a greater future before it; and now with the sure prospect of the triumph of preferential policy in the United Kingdom, a boundless vista opens before us with an horizon that we know will move on forever in proportion as we advance. And perhaps in the continental part of it the finest province is Quebec. But somehow, as I wandered through the heart of the Dominion, my thoughts turned then, as they do now, to the part of British America, where I was born, and where my parents and grand-parents and great-grandfather were born too. Many a mile I have wandered since I left Newfoundland ten years ago; and if I have seen some States in this great Union that are more prosperous, I have seen several that are worse than Newfoundland; I look to a great future for Newfoundland, and I look to see all of my countrymen's thoughts broaden so much that though they may never enter the British American United States, they will learn to feel that all British America is one common country, the object of a common patriotism, and that it is not less absurd and immoral for a Newfoundlander to be anti-Canadian than it would be for a Bell-Islander to be anti-Newfoundland. But, still I love that little island of my birth more than any other part, and I like to see it and its people, "kindly of heart and strong of arm" every year:

And now in wisdom's ripier years
(Ah, wisdom! what a price we pay
Of sorrow, grief, of smiles and tears,
Before we reach that wiser day!)
We meet to greet in joy and mirth
The white-haired parent of us all,
Our childhood's memory to recall,
And bless the land that gave us birth.



A Sheaf of Local and Other Angling Idyls.

*Of recreation there is none so free as fishing is alone; All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess; My hand alone my work can do so I can fish and study too.*

"The Angler's Song"
ISAAC WALTON.

Angling—The Ideal Recreation.

NO LIFE, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up in business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling."

—*The Compleat Angler.*

The Lone Fisherman.

ASTRA CASTRA, NUMEN LUMEN.

A. J. W. McNeily, K.C., in *March Quarterly*.

THE crest of the Lindsays, Earls of Balcarres, is a "tent, azure, semée with stars, or; pavillion and fringes of the same; on top a pennon, gules." Motto, "*Astra castra, Numen Lumen*," which for the sake of rhyme, may be freely translated,—"The Stars my Camp, the Lord my Lamp."

I.

The azure tent of Heaven my canopy,
In the deep woods I pass this summer night,
From all the city's care and clamour free,
The Stars my Camp, the Deity my Light.
Clear-cut against the distant sky-line bright
Stand the dark spires of many a giant tree;
The pool beneath me flashes, flecked with white,
Whilst the full stream winds downward to the sea.

Here all in Peace: and here the saddened heart
Finds in the solitudes of Nature's calm
That peace which the Great Mother spreads abroad,
(And in the Woods doth sov'ranly impart):
Here the bruised spirit finds its healing balm,
Beneath the Stars, and in the Light of God.

II.

The night winds sleep, each in his forest cave,
A mystic silence broods o'er all around;
The diapason of the River-Wave
Pervades, but cannot break, the calm profound.
No voice is yours, ye sombre Hills that bound
My solitude; nor yours, ye Stars that pave
The fretted vault, ye utter not a sound;
Splendent ye burn, yet silent as the grave.

Silent; but when God's Spirit-Harmonies
On wings unseen have kissed the earthly ears,
He lifts the soul high over mortal bars;
And then the great TRISAGION symphonies
Of choral Earth are heard, and of the Spheres,
Here, in God's Light, and underneath the Stars.

Where the Speckled Beauties Lie.

Random Rex, in Trade Review.

[DEDICATED TO A. J. W. MCN.]

I KNOW a spot that is hidden far in the wild woods' devious way,
In a deep ravine—green hills between—where the tumbling waters play.
And just below, where, like flakes of snow, the bubbles eddy by,
Is the home—'neath the foam—where the speckled beauties lie.

I keep my secret locked apart from all but a life-long chum,
And when Nature dons her Sunday clothes, when the summer time is come,
We tramp—through the damp of the marsh in the hot July;
For 'tis cool—near the pool—where the speckled beauties lie.

How far from the weary world we seem in our sequestered nook,
Where the birds sing tenor in lays of love, to the bass of the brawling brook;
And the breeze—thro' the trees—joins in with the treble high,
Making song—all day long—where the speckled beauties lie.

Your hand, old chum! the summer's come, we'll off to our grot of green;
And incense raise, in old Walton's praise, through "My Lady Nicotine."
And then for the swish of the sweeping rod, and the flash of the floating fly,
For we go—where we know the speckled beauties lie.

The Lonely Angler.

W. J. Carroll, in *Recreation*.

WHERE the stately, sweeping currents hurry, ripple, dance and leap,
And their myriad, mystic voices rise and blend
With the mellow diapason of the deep-toned rocks they sweep,
Ere their rippling, booming, tuneful anthems end.

Where the rhythmic babble merges in a deep, dark shady nook,
And the salmon and the sea-trout laze and play;
'Tis there a favoured angler with his rod and pipe and book,
Dreams dreams, the whole, long, golden summer day.

Where all sordid care is alien; devotee at Nature's shrine,
His responsive inmost being glows aflame;
His spirit harmonising, soars aloft in realms divine,
And in praise, he breathes the Great Creator's Name.

All the forest voices blending, peace and love their sweet refrain,
And the visions of his day-dreams real and true;
Beside the teeming waters, undisputed in his reign:

* * * * *

I do, really, lonely angler, envy you.

Lonely Angling.

L. F. Brown, in *Shooting and Fishing, N. Y. (Extract)*.

"WHERE the rhythmic babble merges in a deep, dark shady nook,
And the salmon and the sea trout laze and play,
'Tis there a favored angler with his rod and pipe and book,
Dreams dreams the whole long, golden summer day."

—W. J. Carroll.

And he needs no comrades: rocks and streams are talking to him where
The changing panoramas of the woods—
The rivulets and sighing pines, the flowers sweet and fair,
Weave the spell of nature's ever-changing moods.

Yes, he lays aside the rod and dreams; he cares not for his books.

He's drinking in the messages of peace
There he dreams and loves and loves and dreams, and fondly hears and
looks,

As the orchestras of nature never cease.

* * * * *

And all the time within his heart is knowledge glad and sharp,

The joy that chorded in his soul's a bond—

An answering lyre within that's tuned to Nature's sacred harp,

Playing best here where his trout rod is the wand

That, presto! opens vistas grateful to his wakened sense,

And floods the soul harp with the anthem-chords,

The sweet world giving promise as his heart finds recompense—

Knows the fullness of the earth is our dear Lord's.

Successful Angling.

Anon.

GLADYS Young was fond of fishing,
So she fished from morn till night;
But to tell the truth about it,
Glady's never had a bite.

Hat awry and cheeks like roses,
Empty basket on her arm,
Told the giggling lads and lasses:
No wee fishes came to harm.

"Where's your fish?" they cried in chorus,
"Lovely day?" and "stream so still?"
Glady's blushed; "I caught but one fish,
And he's climbing up the hill."

A Likely Spot.

A RONDEAU.

M. W. F., in *Holly Branch*.

"WIMPLING, dimpling, straying never, lipping, gurgling, ever going;
Sipping, slipping, ever flowing, toying round the polished stone."

Upon the bank he sits alone,
Ah! bank and brook to him well known;
The stream runs by with murmuring sound,
Kissing the rocks it circles round,—
And soothing is its monotone.
His troubles to the winds are blown,
The grassy bank's to him a throne;
He rubs his hands, he knows he's found
A likely spot.

He feels the place is all his own
His pipe is lit, his fly is thrown,
A rise, a splash, and on the ground
Soon lies his fish—at least three pound.
Ah, likely spot!



Father McLeod's Salmon.



"He that views the ancient ecclesiastical Canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed to Clergymen, as being a harmless recreation—a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.—PISCATOR.

"ALL went well until one day
Came a strange fish up the bay."



VER the strange and mysterious Island of Newfoundland the summer season brooded with a far north glamour of sifted sunlight and sea-cloud mistiness.

On Avalon Peninsula the dense growth of pine and spruce, of juniper and larch, cast an emerald sweep to the west and south, their tops carved green against the sky, their shadowed trunks

standing thick and straight as assembled warriors.

Ferns sprang up, and many wild flowers lent their fragrance to the season, and balsam and other evergreen filled the wild air with pungent aromatic tang.

his chimney's signal, made a hearth stone, welcome to the saint and to the unsanctified.

Fr. McLeod was a mixture of heartiness and asceticism, of jolly good-fellowship and stern integrity, which gave you the clue to his mingled ancestral blood. There was a dash of Scotch in his blood, a taste of the Irish, and a good strong cast of stubborn English traits in his blend, and you could not be with him, a day, no, nor an hour, but these facts of his nature, would present you, each its own particular spark.

Now it might be that those bagpipes in the corner of his front room looked out of place if you were prone to criticize, and even the eight-ounce fishing rod held neatly in place by two caribou prongs surely hinted of the sportsman's inclination.

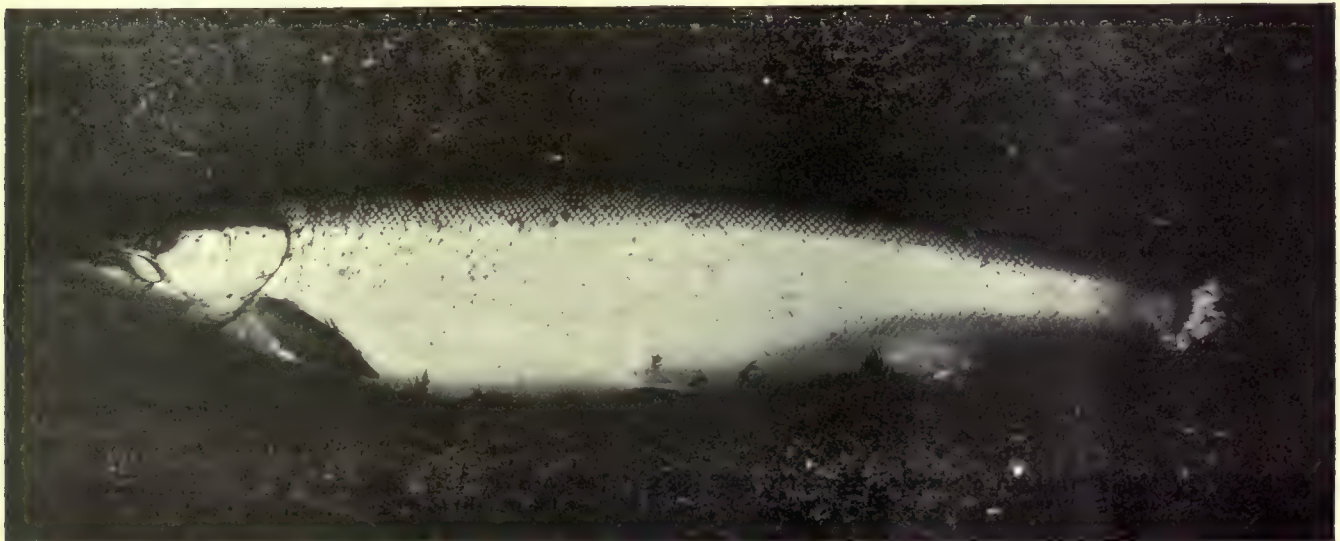


Photo by James Vey.

A NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON THIRTY-NINE INCHES LONG.

St. Mary's Bay dotted here and there with the snowy sails of wandering fishermen, lay to the southwest, and its two arms, Salmonier and Colinet extended upwards into the peninsula, says the *Chicago Tribune*, with Salmonier river flowing south-westerly into its salt-water harbour.

Out from toward the head of Salmonier River lay the rugged course of an unnamed stream which cut abruptly into the Salmonier, with a great rush of seething water, and a resistless leap and embrace of foamy waters, and just here, and high upon a snug slope by a little clearing stood the house of Father McLeod.

Just a bit of a cottage, perched among the hills, a retreat from the haunts of men, a way station for the faithful, a haven for may be, the loggers, the fishermen, the farmer. What would you have? Shall a man christen himself when an infant, marry himself in the fire of his twenties, or bury himself when the shadows lie longest toward the West?

Here where conditions were primitive, men and women mated, died, and gave in marriage; and at christening or wedding the services of a man of God were a necessity. So the good father bided in his white-painted little home, and gave solace and good greeting whether to stranger or friend, and the thin keen spiral of

And to see the Reverend Father draw his sharp clasp knife from a convenient pocket, and carefully slice away at a slab of black tobacco, preparatory to filling his short stemmed pipe, was to acquit him of any prejudice against that particular failing of mankind. But indeed there was the saving grace of sheer humanity in the man, and those who knew him best, loved him best, for his brotherhood in the matter of hobbies.

The bagpipes discoursed fluently under his skilful touch, and where was there a man in the country, aye, or from the States, who could cast yon so artful a fly, so deft and alluring cheat into the waters of Salmonier, or his twin brother of swirling waters?

In the conjunction of the two currents great brook trout lurked, and during the season, lusty sea trout came up the river, while the lordly salmon, king of the tumbling currents sent its barge-like body lazily along when at leisure, or took the foam-flecked falls like a pole vaulter.

Just to step down to the bank and draw from their hiding places a brace or so of spotted salmon *fontinalis*, or to land a fighting, wiry gymnast of a six pound sea trout was almost an every other day diversion of his reverence.

In slippers and black canonical trousers, even with his cheeks fresh from the clerical razor, he would take the eight-ounce rod

and a pair of favourite flies, and slip down to the river, and before a half hour had elapsed, he would be back with the mid-day meal, still squirming in the creel.

Now, on this particular day, as the sturdy father related, he reached for the tough, reliable rod, from its place on his wall, and, clad lightly in collarless shirt and dark pantaloons, his feet encased in thin slippers, he strode easily and vigourously down the slope, that led to Salmonier.

A cup of coffee, a single slice of toasted bread, and a mere radish had sufficed for his morning meal, for his appetite had lain dormant for the while, and he had somehow a mind to the spiritual, more than to the gastronomic that morning.

It was nearly nine o'clock, when he whirled the fly around over an underhanging bush at the bank's edge, and as lightly as a shadow, the lure touched the network of foam that eddied there. A rush, an inflexion of the trained wrist, and the trout was hooked. Here and there it darted, leaped, dove and sulked, rose and fenced for the liberation of the barb. But McLeod's practised hand, refusing an inch of slack, soon conquered the glittering prey. Slowly he guided it to the shallows next to the shore, and transferred it, to his creel on the grassy declivity that rose up toward the cottage above him.

A second cast, an another trout struck and was played and landed. They weighed together about five pounds. "Enough and to spare," said his reverence. He stood in the sunlight, now and then checkered with roving cloudlines, and watched the river's surface, wrinkled at intervals by crawling winds, and drank in the primeval and wilderness sweep of it all, with a hungry eye for its beauty.

He looked at the remaining fly. It was a salmon fly. Again he mused, but this time, his thoughts roved to something more than the loveliness of stream and cloud, of wind—woven ruffle and gliding sunshine. "I wonder," he said, "now I wonder if it be that the salmon can have come up? or may be a sea trout is lying over there."

He tied the salmon fly on and made a wide and free untrammelled cast over the churning waters where they met at the angle of most resistance; and I promise you a salmon worthy of the King's own rod, struck it as swiftly and tenaciously as a feathered arrow, from an aboriginal bow might pierce the shoulder of a towering reindeer.

Here was no comparatively insignificant weight of square-jawed brook trout; nor rush and volt of voyaging sea trout, either. Here was the monarch of waters, the salmon himself, stung by an inch or so of steel, cheated by a fly of shimmering tinsel, hooked, held for a second, by that instinctive wrist motion of McLeod, but up into the air with a curve of pictured silver, and down with a sullen plash that meant a challenge to the priestly angler. McLeod was no ordinary man, either in spirit or physique. Six feet in height, his gray locks floating back in the morning wind, and framing a head and face, of Beethoven-like ruggedness, he did not hesitate an instant as to his course.

"Into the water I went man," he said, the light of reminiscent battle glinting in his eyes as he spoke, "and the first thing I lost was my slipper. I kicked the other off to feel comfortable," he continued, "and the fight was on."

There was never such a gladiator before nor since he told me. A hundred times he believed the great fish had escaped; a hundred times he had believed the steady strain of rod, reel and barb had conquered the champion of the inland waters. The hours sped and the contest was not yet at an end.

"My blood was up," McLeod said, "a fair field and no favour." When the States fishermen who came by from the

upper waters, offered to have his boatman help with the gaff, I shudder to think how near to swearing was McLeod, if, indeed, he ever so far lost control of himself. But the States angler stayed it out—"he was a fine chap after all," said the Priest, "and I had him with me for a week afterwards."

The housekeeper on the hill came down with something to eat about twelve but "hoot mon," said my informant "I wanted nothing then, no nor coffee that she fetched later."

Such a racing and chasing o'er Canobie lea, as that salmon gave, and then the runs to the end of the line, the sulking at a deep pool above, and a wading out further by the Priest and throwing stones in the pool to stir his majesty up once more.

All the artifices of salmon subtlety were brought to bear by the fish to break away from the tantalizing steel, and as steadily as fate, and with a coaxing pressure and remorseless skill the arm of McLeod met every leap and curve, every twist and rush, and the afternoon wore away until almost two o'clock. Nine times he had guided the salmon into the shallower water, and nine times, as the fish caught sight of his foe, had he summoned strength and courage to battle his way back to the enveloping currents of the meeting waters.

His dazzling leaps had at last been robbed of their lofty curves, and even his tumbling swirls on the surface had dwindled in strength and frequency. But he was a "braw stubborn customer," as McLeod put it, and the line had been tested to its limit, and as for the hook, it was a marvel that so slender a shank had withstood all the wild rushes, and the long drawn out struggle of the day.

"There was a bit of tobacco in my pocket," remarked McLeod, "and my hand brushed it as I eased a bit on the rod," he went on "it was just a wee bit of a chip and I stiffened the rod to give him a taste of the but, while I dived into the pocket for the tobacco. Man, that was the sweetest morsel I ever put in my mouth. Don't it seem sacrilegious to say it! I crunched it in my jaws and I gave just the least more edge o' the butt. I felt amaisht I had him then. "There was not an inch of me that wasn't dripping," he continued, "I was as wet as if I had slipped into the reever. You see I could get him up to the shoal, but I daurn't try to drag him over the sand for fear the line would break, and one last fling might send him back to deep water, and may be he would die there and I lose him after all that grand battle."

But he weakened suddenly at the last, did this noble fish of that wild land, and finally McLeod fetched him softly along the water's edge, and guided him close to the gravelly beach that fringed the bank.

He was willing to lie along the sand then, for his fighting spirit had been exhausted. McLeod tested him a little with the hook and approached him cautiously at first, and confidently later, as he saw the fish's listless movement with one thrust of his hand into the salmon's gills, McLeod lifted him to the bank and, as the fish left his element for ever, the priest sat down to rest for the moment almost as exhausted as his capture. He drank a cup of coffee then and took his dinner late.

"Ye don't ask how big he was?" queried McLeod, suddenly bristling his shaggy eyebrows at me.

"I don't care," was my reply, "he must have been a splendid fish and you both fought fair."

"Ye're right," said the father. "I didn't weigh him nor measure him."

"Would you rather have caught him or had him get away, after a good long fight?" I asked.

The priest shot a keen glance at me and reached for his pipe. He cut the plug and crammed the pieces into the pipe. His English stubbornness refused to answer the question immediately, and his Scotch caution was considering a reply. But at the last the Irish blend came out triumphant.

"I'd rather have caught him," he answered. "But if it had been impossible to have caught him, I'd rather he'd broke away. He was a braw saumon," went on McLeod, scratching a match preparatory to lighting his pipe; "man, it'd have broken my heart to lose him."

Lumbering in Newfoundland.

The Grand Lake Lumber Company, 1905.

Photos by E. H. Davey, M.H.A.



FIRST BROW OF LOGS, WITH HORSE (HARRY) IN FRONT.



SECOND BROW OF LOGS, AT GRAND LAKE.



THE MILL.



THE COOK-HOUSE.



POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT GRAND LAKE.



JUNCTION BROOK BRIDGE, GRAND LAKE.

With the Sea Trout.

By W. R. Warren, B.L.



WILLIAM R. WARREN, B.L., AUTHOR.



WELL, some of you small fellows are a green lot," said a big silvered sea trout to a number of smaller and younger ones. "This morning when we were anxious for breakfast, and were undisturbed, you were lower down the river; but now, with the sun pouring down on us, when we want to bask and do nothing, you come up here and keep jumping at that queer looking insect which is eternally pitching on the water in the same spot, just over my head."

A large body of sea trout were lying in a river, noses up stream as usual, fins and tails just quietly moving to and fro, trying to keep cool, while the sun beat brightly down on the water. At the side of the river were two ardent anglers on mischief bent, as far as the trout were concerned.

"Some of you small fry will get into trouble if you don't behave yourselves," continued Mr. Silvered; "why, only this morning, when at breakfast, we lost eight of our number. Where they went I do not know, but they got to chasing and jumping at a nice looking fly with a silver body and blue wings, and one by one they disappeared. Serve them right, I say!"

"That's just because none of them were related to you," said a large Mrs. Trout, who looked as if she had been the mother of them all.

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Mr. Silvered. "Look out! where on earth are you coming to? Get away from here! Get along! he repeated to a small fish who appeared to be struggling violently with a long, almost invisible line in his mouth, which in the next moment disappeared, much to the relief of Master Small Fish who shook his head and said:

"What on earth was that? I saw that fly coming my way and just swam up for him when I was nearly pulled out of the water and something bit my gills."

"That was an artificial fly, young sir, with a sting in the tail which strikes us if we are too eager, and takes us away to regions which most of us know nothing of—although I have known some fish who had been there and returned to us again. Only yesterday morning, as I was coming through the tidal pool, I was talking to a salmon who told me of a remarkable experience he had had."

"Oh! do tell us," chorused those near him. "It will interest us and keep us from watching that horrid insect or fly which keeps pitching over us."

"Well, this salmon," went on Mr. Silvered, "last year went up a river called Salmonier. Nothing extraordinary happened until we got to the top pool which, I am told is called 'Murphy's Pool'. While there, one afternoon, he heard strange noises near, so, taking a jump in order to have a look around, he saw Larry with three old men, with dark beards, dressed in a most peculiar fashion. They wore boots over their trousers, and apparently they had not washed for weeks. He could not see everything, so shortly after he took another jump and saw two of them with long poles and lines wading out into the pool. A minute or so afterwards a nice fat fly pitched just over his nose and after it he went. Judge of his surprise when the fly bit him in the tongue. Out of water that salmon came like a flash—trying to get rid of the fly, which had now fastened itself deep in the tongue. Jump after jump, then a rush from one end of the pool to the other; then a few more jumps and another rush or two, then he stopped to rest. But no sooner had he stopped than he felt himself being drawn steadily towards the bank of the pool. He let himself be drawn along, until looking up he saw one of the men with a net set in a circle of metal with a long handle. This made him dash away again, and jump once more; but his long journey from the sea had tired him, so almost unconsciously he let himself be drawn along until he felt himself lifted out of the water and placed on dry stones on the bank of the pool. He immediately squirmed and twisted to get back to mother water, but he was firmly grasped by one of the men.

'Well hooked!' said one, on taking the fat fly out of his tongue.

'Fresh run, too,' said another, commenting on the fine colour the salmon was.

'Let's wet him,' suggested the third, whom the others addressed as Nervy Nat, who carried a peculiar looking bottle. They then proceeded to mix up various kinds of water, while the salmon was gasping for water and quietly squirming along down the bank. Just as one man said 'Here's to twenty more!' the salmon felt his tail touch the cold water, so without more ado he turned and twisted, and with a splash, felt his body covered with good water once more.

Immediately six legs and six arms were churning up the water trying to grasp him, but with a quiver of his tail he shot back into the pool. As he went he heard some one say 'Well, I'm —— blessed.'

That salmon told me that he never wanted to undergo such an experience again. He also told me that one could sometimes recognise one of those stinging, biting flies from the more tasty article, and perhaps later I'll tell you how to do it."

"I think those men wet the wrong fish," said Mrs. Trout, as she swam away from a splash made by one of the anglers.

A'Pon My Word Story of a Caribou Hunt.

By H. Fraser.—Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

PART I.



THE shooting of partridge being prohibited by law during the year 1904, a party of sportsmen decided upon spending their annual vacation caribou hunting at some place along the line of the Newfoundland Railway.

Accordingly in the den of the most experienced of the party, a canny Scotchman (who before that time had on more than one occasion helped at the killing of a railway box-car load of venison,) they met for the purpose of making out the provision list and deciding upon what camps and camp equipment were required for the trip. The party consisted of three sportsmen from St. John's; a backwoodsman from Placentia; and a sportsman-fisherman from Torbay, who was to shoot, cook, and make himself generally useful about the camp, in consideration of his railway fares



ARRIVAL AT GAFF TOPSAIL.

being paid by the party. Of the three city men; the canny Scot, before referred to and known as "Paddy," a name given him possibly owing to his pardonable pride in the land of the heather and his contempt for all other nations, was a man of big frame that covered a big heart, anything herein written to the contrary notwithstanding, and he was also the happy possessor of a big well filled fist. The second of the party called Frank, was a younger man; but as keen a sportsman as ever waded knee deep through a bog, followed a dog over the barrens from sun-up to sun-down, or stretched himself at full length for an hour at a time in a wet marsh. For the third and last the less said the better except that he was as enthusiastic as any of the party, and named Hu.

After considerable discussion they agreed upon taking one large tent to accommodate the whole party and one of smaller size to be used for storage of provisions, a list of which, containing quantities enough for a trip with Peary, was made out and sent to a prominent grocer, a member of the Twing Twang Club, who to his credit be it said, omitted nothing and packed with such care that all turned out intact at destination.

Paddy undertook to look after the train accommodation, and on arrival at the station they found that he had secured the drawing-room in the sleeper for the party. The Torbay fisherman-sportsman was on hand with his muzzle-loading, eight-foot fowling piece, and at 5 p.m., on the 15th of September, they found themselves actually started on a trip that had been talked of more or less since their outing of the previous year.

Within five minutes after leaving St. John's station they enter Waterford Valley, and a little later Caine's Valley, two of the prettiest valleys that the sun shines on. A little further on Conception Bay opens to view, an exquisite bit of scenery at all times; but especially when seen as they saw it, in the light of the setting sun. The hills at this spot which are high, slope down V shape showing the water between, with Bell Island in the distance, and the whole forms a picture difficult to surpass. The railway from this point to Holyrood runs along the shores of Conception Bay, in some places on the beaches. From Holyrood, or rather from Woodford's, the next station, the train takes a turn inward and leaves the seashore for a time, or until it reaches Clarendville, where the head of Trinity Bay is touched.

At the time of the year of which we write the evenings begin to close in early and our sportsmen one after the other find



THE GAFF TOPSAIL.

their way to the smoking room. Shortly after all have assembled the steward calls round to take their orders for tea, which it is noticed are chiefly for sirloin steak, for which the buffet car is justly famous. This business got through, with a parting admonition from Paddy to the steward to have his well cooked, that he had no craving for raw meat—adding, almost in the same breath—"Boys where are we going?"

Frank replies that "we are going deer shooting," a fact that he ought to have grasped long since.

"Yes," returns Paddy, "but this island contains something over 40,000 square miles, and the information I ask is 'where in all that space am I going to look for the two stags and a doe that I am to shoot?'"

Hu joins in, saying that "we are bound to the Gaff Topsail."

"Well," says Paddy, "all right, though I must say that I favor St. Patrick's Marsh. I have always done well there, and the last time I was there we took sixteen deer off of that marsh for two guns in an afternoon and a day's shooting. It is a grand spot I tell ye. Did I ever tell ye about that trip? No, then I will tell you now. I was there with our old friend Von. It was at the end of October and had snowed heavily a few days before we arrived, some two or three inches of snow still remained on the ground, and the deer were running mad. We could have killed more deer than the engine hauling this train could drag, had we been allowed by the law to shoot all we saw. There

were only the two of us in the party and we were busy putting up the camp when Von whispered, 'Deer, Paddy, deer! I take the big fellow you take one of the others.' Dropping the job which I was working at and looking up I saw 20 or 30 deer well within shot, and amongst them were several fine stags. Von had picked his stag, so I had my choice of the rest and picked out a stag near the centre of the herd. We fired simultaneously and my stag dropped. We had another round and I saw two others fall. We had single shot rifles and that was all we had time for, they were travelling like mad, I tell ye. I said to Von I got two out of them. 'Shake,' said Von, 'I also have two.' When we started towards the killed deer I was astonished to find Von making for my stag, number one, and asked him where he was going, telling him that the one ahead was mine. 'No,' said Von, 'it is not. It is mine.' I could not get my rifle through the bushes at the other one and fired at this one. I told him he had taken first pick, that the one in dispute was not it, and that it was mine; but when he told me that he had promised a good head to a gentleman going to England, although this was a very fine one, well shaped and carrying forty-eight points, I let him

in height; well set up and as hard as adamant. He was born in the woods, at the half-way house between Placentia and Colinet, and has lived part of each year in the woods for the past forty five or fifty years. He has a line of tilts, just one day's walk apart, from Placentia down the Cape Shore, where he traps and shoots.

All aboard! and they are off again, and settle this time in the drawing room of the car for a friendly game of cards. The party is augmented by three other passengers. Otto, going down the Straits of Bell Isle on business in connection with a whale factory. Tom, off on a vacation and accompanying Otto and a Life Assurance Agent.

Before the game starts Paddy remarks to Croke that those fellows want to go to the Gaff Topsail; but that he has a hankering for St. Patrick's Marsh; to which Croke replies "sure 'tis all the same anyway, we'll get all the deer we want wherever we go," and so it was decided, definitely, that Gaff Topsail siding was to be their destination.

Next morning dawned dark and wet, but notwithstanding this, soon after daylight Croke and Hu took their stand on the tail end of the car to watch for deer as they were now running through a deer country and might see a deer at any time from the train. However it was so wet and cold out there that they soon sought the comforts of the smoking room. While in there the engine blew the quickly repeated short toot; the signal for deer. They rushed to the windows first on one side and then on the other but must have been too late for they did not see



PAUNCHING THE FIRST CARIBOU.



ONE OF THE STAGS.

have it, and he started in to paunch it. In our hurry and excitement we had come away without the tomahawk, and I went over to the camp to get it. From the camp, which was on a little knoll, I saw another herd coming down the marsh. I wanted to get even with Von, and went to meet them. I got down in the marsh and waited till they came within easy shot; then I fired and tumbled one. The shot did not turn them; on they came—ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty. I shot five, and never turned them, they all passed within twenty yards of me. You should have heard Von, he excelled himself. It is a grand spot that St. Patrick's Marsh, I tell ye."

At present the law allows a resident to shoot two stags and one doe, formerly five stags and three does were allowed for each rifle, and parties going out caribou shooting invariably shot the limit.

To get back to our trip, tea was only finished when they arrived at Whitbourne, and as this was the station where they expected to be joined by Pat Croke, of Placentia, they all bundled out to meet him. Yes, he was there, looking as robust and jovial as ever. Croke is a man five feet ten or eleven inches

the deer. While on the move Hu went forward to see the Torbayman, who was enjoying his first railway ride, and his first exclamation was, "How far are we at all, at all; it would take me pony a long time to get here I'm thinking." When told he had travelled about 240 miles, he said, "Dear, dear, most as far as the Banks," meaning the Banks of Newfoundland where he has been accustomed to fish. The train had been passing through the burnt district for some time, and what seemed to take Tim's fancy more than anything else were the fallen sticks. "My!" he kept on saying, "ther's fence rails and nobody to pick them up. Look how straight they are! If I only had them in Torbay I would make a fortune." He saw the deer the engine blew for. There were only two of them and he did not know if they were deer or cows; but they had not horns. He also saw a brood of black ducks.

By ten o'clock a.m. the rain was over, the sun came out, and it turned out a pet day. Just the day wanted to dry up the ground and bushes before setting up the camps.

They kept a good lookout from Millertown Junction, past the Quarry, the summit and Wolf Brook, but did not see a deer. There had not been any snow, the weather was warm and fine, and the deer were evidently feeding on the uplands and had not commenced to run south to their winter quarters. Those who kept up their watch were, however, finally rewarded by seeing a fine large stag on the marsh as the train drew near Gaff Topsail.

When the train pulled up at the siding all hands set to work to get out the rifles, luggage, provisions and camp outfit. The photo of arrival shows a steward of the train in his white coat, assisting the porters and baggagemen, and within a very few minutes all that belonged to the party was safely deposited at the side of the track.

The Gaff Topsail is 1820 feet above sea level and the country between there and the Quarry is barren and very sparsely wooded, so much so in some places that it is quite impossible to get a stick big enough to erect a small tent. At the place where our party got off—Gaff Topsail siding, there is a fine grove of spruce trees which affords ample shelter and firewood. It had before now, been used by the navvies building the road as a camping place and it only remained for our party to select the most suitable of their old camp sites and to back the stuff up there from the railway. Many hands make light work and this was soon done and the camps up. A big log the width of the tent was cut and placed midway across the floor of the tent and the inside division filled up with boughs three layers deep, stuck heavy end down, the lanterns were filled with oil, and water brought from the river and they were ready for the night with two hours of daylight on hand.

While they were putting up the tent a flock of twelve Canada geese flew over their heads. They flew quite low, not more than twenty or thirty yards from the ground and Croke remarked, "There goes your supper, shoot one!" but as often happens in such cases, the rifles were not at hand and the birds sailed past unharmed.

"By the bye," said Croke, "did you bring that rifle for me; I did not bring my own as I knew yours would be a better one?"

Paddy replied that he had the rifle and plenty of cartridges, and they proceeded to test the shooting qualities of the rifle forthwith. They got the cover of one of the boxes just opened, a board of about 2x3 feet, and nailed it to a tree. Paddy laid down at the roots of the tree, Croke paced off one hundred yards, got down on one knee and let drive.

"Didn't hit it," shouted Paddy, "try again."

A pause while a long steady aim is taken then another shot.

"Another miss," cried Paddy.

"Where did it go," yelled Croke?

"Didn't see it at all," came from Paddy. "Try again."

Another shot was fired with a like result and Croke threw down the rifle, with "She's no good Paddy, she's not worth a d—n, I wish I had brought my own bad an' all as she is."

The rifle they were testing was an old Henri that had seen plenty of service at the seal-fishery and received scant care.

"Here, give me that gun," said Paddy, "and let me try, Croke never was any good with a rifle, anyway."

"Hear him now," returned Croke, "d'you mind the day I put the bullets down the necks of two bottles when you could not hit them standing on end?" Paddy either did not remember, or he had no use for further conversation on the subject, for he let the taunt pass, and went off to the one hundred yard mark to try his hand. He fired three or four shots and did not hit the target and nobody seemed to be able to tell in which direction the bullets went.

"Come on," said Croke, "we have an hour or more of daylight, let us go out and get a deer and I will find out all about the rifle before we come back." "Then," said Paddy, "you and I Croke, will go out the track towards the Gaff Topsail, and Hu and Frank will take the opposite direction and we will leave Tim home to get the supper. "Cook the beefsteak," said Croke, "we will have venison for breakfast." "Have it well cooked," ordered Paddy. "Better have some potatoes and turnips," suggested Hu, and "don't forget the onions," said Frank; and they were off to get a heart for breakfast. It may appear to outsiders that they were over confident of getting this heart; but it must be remembered that they were deer shooting in Newfoundland and not in the State of Maine.

When well out of ear shot of the other party, Hu turned and said "Look here, Frank, Paddy is very fond of extracting the plums from the pudding when he can do so at all conscientiously and it is my belief that he has a latent idea he may come across those geese we saw."

"Oh I do not know," returned Frank, "Paddy is square, and

I do not think he even thought of the geese, for my own part I had forgotten all about them, besides those geese may have come from the shores of Green or White Bay, they are on their evening flight now and may fly for another hour before resting for the night. It was only a coincidence that Paddy chose the direction in which they flew, anyway, we are quite as likely to find others as he is that lot and this is capital ground for deer. The pond we are passing now, deer swim across every day when they are migrating South, and that point of land you see half way up is as good a place for a shot with the rifle or a snap with the camera as there is in the country. There may even now be a deer or two loitering along the shores. What do you say if we go up?" Accordingly they turned off the railway track; Hu pointing in the direction taken by the others and muttering, "There is a pond just behind that hill and those geese are down in it, sure."

It was getting dark when they returned to the track and they had seen nothing at which to shoot. After walking along the track a short distance and just after rounding a curve they were greeted with "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" and were met by Croke and Paddy. They had not gone far off the track and were equally unsuccessful.

It was quite dark when they reached camp; but tea was ready, served smoking hot, and partaken of with a relish increased by their short walk and the early effects of camp life. After tea with plenty of light, even to extravagance, they got in upon the boughs, pipes were speedily lit and soon there was no lack of talk, the trouble, was, they were all talking at the same time like women at an afternoon tea. Croke told them that his rifle was all right, that he had tried it out the road and knew all about it. During their afternoon walk they had found some lily pads in one of the bog holes, paced off one hundred yards and found at that distance that it threw the bullet exactly six feet to the right. "So long as I know what to borrow, it is all right," said Croke, "I'll keep that empty sardine tin, place it edgewise, in the morning, and hit it every time at the same distance I fired from this afternoon." And he did.

Then Paddy turned around to Tim and asked, "Where did those geese go? You are a goose shooter and ought to know." "Lor, Harr," answered Tim, "how do I know?" "Well," returns Paddy, "they were flying low and looked as if they intended pitching at the other side of this grove of trees. I know they did not go very far; but although we looked pretty thoroughly we could not find them." Frank and Hu did not offer any comment, they simply winked at each other.

About nine o'clock the bottles were produced for those who cared for a nip, and after a song "A wee drappie o' it" from Paddy they crawled into their sleeping bags and were soon fast asleep.


Next morning the city hands were aroused by Croke calling breakfast. It was nearly eight o'clock and on going out of the tent they found it to be an ideal morning, no wind and not in the least cold. While waiting their turns at a wash-basin improvised by Croke out of a piece of birch bark, two men came along, and one of them walking up to Frank, extended his hand saying at the same time, "Here's your bullet, mister; Greg Lyons has the other one, it hit him." They gathered afterwards that these men were working on that section of the railway and that the bullets had fallen near them during the rifle practise held between Croke and Paddy the previous evening.

It had been arranged last night that Tim, Hu and Frank would go together to-day and take the ground that Hu and Frank had been on, and that Paddy and Croke would go out towards the Gaff Topsail. But this morning they found they had neighbours; there were other campers in the grove and not knowing who those people were, it ended in all four going together, leaving Tim in charge of the Camp.

Twenty minutes walk brought them abreast of the Gaff Topsail and turning up the lead there they headed for a prominence between the Topsail and the railway track. Heavy-weight Paddy lagged behind a bit, and Frank, Croke and Hu reached the top of the rock almost together, in the order named. Looking out over the marsh from that point of vantage, Frank spotted a caribou standing about eighty yards away, near a strip of low bushes that skirted the edge of the marsh.

(To be Continued.)

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Ferryland	"	George Geary.	Pushthrough	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.	Harbor Breton	"	Albert Kelland.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Matthew Nash.
Salmonier	"	"	Ramea	"	Prosper A. Garcien.
St. Bride's	"	"	Rose Blanche	"	James H. Wilcox.
Placentia	"	Jos. Collins.	Channel	"	Henry Gallop.
Oderin	"	Peter Manning.	Codroy	St. George	Thomas B. Doyle.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.	Grand River	"	Abraham Tilley.
Burin	"	Stephen White.	Robinson's Head	"	M. E. Messervey.
St. Lawrence	"	"	Sandy Point	"	Simeon Jennex.
Lamaline	"	William G. Pittman.	Wood's Island	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Grand Bank	"	Eli Harris.	Bay of Islands	"	John Tapper.
			Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
BATTLE HARBOUR	LABRADOR	Samuel Rumsey	Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Burge.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	Musgrave Town	"	Elijah Reader.
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Andrew Gullan.	Trinity	"	John W. James.
King's Point	South West Arm	Jonas Newhook.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Little Bay	Twillingate	P. J. Leary.	Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Britannia Cove	"	
Springdale	"	Jonathan Anstay.	Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Pilley's Island	"	Thos. Roberts.	Clareville	"	George Janes.
Leading Ticksles	"	William Lanning	Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.	Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.	Hant's Harbor	"	
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.	Old Perlican	"	Moses Bursey.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.	Bay-de-Verde	Bay-de-Verde	Reuben Curtis.
Grand Falls	"	Wm. H. Ash.	Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.	Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.	Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.	"	"	Eli Verge.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.	Bay Roberts	"	A. Hieilhy.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.	Brigus	Port-de-Grave	John Leamon.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	N. Gillingham.	Harbor Main	Harbor Main	James Murphy.
Wesleyville	"	Jacob Hefferton.	Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Greenspond	"	Peter Roberts.	Kelligrews	"	Isaac LeDrew.
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Made by His Excellency the Governor in Council, under the "Election Act, 1889," and the Acts in Amendment thereof, for the Registration of Voters:

(1.) In appointing any Constable, or other person, to take the list of Voters in any District or Division of a District, the Justices shall define the section and the limits thereof within which such Constable or other person shall act.

(2.) The Constable or other person appointed to take the List of Voters in any section of a District or Division of a District, shall visit every house within the section to which he has been appointed, and take down the names and particulars, as per Schedule "A" hereto, of all persons qualified to vote.

(3.) In case of doubt as to the qualification of any person whose name is tendered to him as a voter, the Constable or other person appointed to take the List of Voters in any section, shall require the production of such evidence as may be sufficient to verify the statement made.

(4.) In any case in which the Constable or other person shall consider that a person whose name has been tendered to him is not qualified as a voter he shall put down upon a separate list, in the form of Schedule "B," the name of and other particulars relating to such person, and his own remarks or report thereon, and shall furnish such list to the Justice with the List of Voters.

SCHEDULE A.

District
Locality
Officer's Name.....

LIST OF VOTERS.

No.	Name.	*Situation of House.	Age.	Where Born.	Occupation.	Name of Father.	How long resident in Colony.	How long resident in District.	Remarks.

*Where Houses are numbered give No. and Street

SCHEDULE B.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

District
Locality
Officer's Name

LIST OF PERSONS WHOSE NAMES HAVE BEEN TENDERED AS VOTERS AND HELD FOR DECISION OF JUSTICE.

No.	Name.	*Situation of House.	Age.	Where Born.	Occupation.	Name of Father.	How long resident in Colony.	How long resident in District.	Remarks.

*Where Houses are numbered give No. and Street.

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With Rod and Gun at Gambo.



By M. J. Nugent (Gambo).



WE are very fortunate here in having within a short radius several excellent streams and lakes where splendid fishing may be had at almost any season of the year for sea-trout, salmon and ouananiche. On the Gambo River from about the 10th July to the close of the season, good salmon and sea-trout fishing may be had. Two years ago, for several weeks, it was no very difficult matter for a sportsman to light his pipe after tea and before finishing his smoke have one or perhaps more salmon landed. This would not occur every day but the writer had that pleasure several times, and on one occasion landed three between tea-time and nightfall. I found very few salmon to rise after sunrise or before sunset. Last season, was not so good though there were plenty of fish in the river, but owing to the heavy rains the river was high and the fish rushed almost immediately to the lake above.

In this river last year I caught but one and that one was the only salmon I ever hooked that did not jump.

Running into Freshwater Bay about six miles away are two branches of the Traverse, or as it is locally called "Tab's" Brook. Here on two occasions, last season, J. M. Curran and I made excellent catches of sea-trout and salmon. The first trip we made we landed five in about two hours and, owing perhaps to our eagerness and perhaps to our want of skill, hooked and lost nine more.

On the second occasion, five were landed by one rod, while each one of us hooked and afterwards lost one of apparently about twenty pounds weight. 'Tis strange how you nearly always lose the big ones. These fish were caught within two hundred yards of the mouth of the river.

Then we have Butt's Pond, about five miles west of Gambo on the railway, where trout of five pounds weight may be caught by the initiated in almost unlimited numbers.

But the brook *par excellence* of the locality for sea trout is the North-west River of Alexander Bay, which crosses the railroad about five miles east of Gambo. In this river last year the writer and several others on different occasions got all the fish they cared to take, rarely keeping any under a pound and a half. On one occasion Miss Harvey, sister of Hon. Jno. Harvey, caught, in a couple of hours, three dozen fish which weighed about seventy pounds.

Triton Brook, running into Gambo Lake, twenty miles up, is also an excellent spot for salmon and sea trout, a little late in the season, that is about the middle of August. Here, also, is the home of the ouananiche or land locked salmon, though why the latter name I fail to see, as here some are caught in the estuaries of the rivers and are in some cases as bright as the sea salmon. Several of our local sportsmen make periodical trips to the mouth of Triton Brook during the month of May, when the fish are plumpest and best to eat. With several others I made a trip there about the 10th. We left Mint Brook in the Nfld. Timber Estate's steam scow, which had been hired by some parties to tow down a raft of spars. Hauling out from the wharf we dropped down to the lake, about 10 a.m. and proceeded to take on board a stock of wood for the furnace. Having coaled, or rather wooded up, we swung out cheerily and with a full head of steam up, went in the teeth of a good breeze for the straits at the head of the lower lake. In about an hour everyone had had a "mug up," and having filled and lighted our pipes we were proceeding to make arrangements (in talk) for preserving the fish we would catch that evening. Almost immediately the engineer came on deck, calling the skipper and held a short conversation with him, when lo; the boat was headed for the bank and tied on. What's the trouble? "Oh, the injector is not working well, and we must stop to fill the boiler." After two more stops for the same purpose, we arrived at Parson's Brook, six miles up, at 6 p.m. about the time we should be catching the big ones at Triton Brook. Here we caught some splendid sea trout and ouananiche. As soon as the fish commenced to come on board some of the party began

to clean them and others to cook them so, that by the time steam was got up again we had enough caught and nearly enough cooked for our large and hungry party.

About ten o'clock we arrived at our destination and consoled ourselves for the delay with the thought of the good things the morrow would bring forth. Some of the party were going to the Yellow Marsh to have a try for a goose while the remainder were going to catch fish enough for all hands. But the

"Best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a'glee,"

and when the morrow came it brought a cold north-easter with heavy showers, which knocked the shooting trip on the head and damped the ardor of the most ardent Waltonian. A "hard north-easter may breed hard Englishmen," but it makes all kinds of game very shy, and ere noon we were on our way back with a very poor catch. We stopped for that night at Parson's Brook again, but the fish did not seem as eager to be caught as they were before, so we returned home next day rather disappointed. Some of the party, were unkind enough to suggest that a well known mill-owner who was of the party was the "Jonah," but then people will sometimes make those kind of remarks. Since then Judge Seymour and J. M. Curran got excellent catches of large ouananiche and sea trout at the same places.

We have also a good variety of shooting here, namely, black duck, wild goose, gossett, pie bird, which I take to be the American mallard, shelldrake, snipe, but very few partridge. Deer, however, are plentiful at almost anytime of the year. During the months of August and July several make their homes about the flats of Triton and Riverhead Brooks. In company with J. C. Strang, J. M. Curran and Darius Lane the writer went last August to Riverhead Brook. We had barely left our boat when we saw the fresh track of a large stag with a doe and fawn. I was placed at a point about two hundred yards away, while the others went about four hundred yards further up. I had but just taken my station when I heard a deer jump in the water near the boat and in a few seconds he came in sight crossing the river, having evidently been startled by it. He stopped in the shadow near the bank and in about four feet of water. Thinking I would get no better chance I fired, but missed. When he jumped in the woods I went down to see if I could see any sign of blood about the moss or bushes, but found none. I had just come out again when I heard the crack of "Joe's" Winchester, followed by the deeper report of Strang's Martini, and on going up to them found that each had killed his deer. It transpired that on hearing my shot they were on their way back to help me to paunch him if dead, and had seen what they termed a "streak of fur" going down the river in my direction. This proved to be a large stag which I did not see as I was in the woods after the one I had fired at, at the time. On reaching the river he had disappeared, but they met two others coming down after him which they killed. After paunching them we camped for the night. Next day we started for home and had a hard pull down the twenty odd miles against a hard wind, but then one cannot expect to have it fair weather always. I may say that for a considerable time after, I heard several remarks about that deer I *didn't* kill, with some very graphic descriptions of how I missed him.

On my next trip up the lake, however, I was more successful. My companion and I left the camp at Triton Brook at daylight, and had a shelter arranged for the night. After boiling the kettle at the Yellow Marsh, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon during the last week of September, we took a short cruise across the marsh, and about a mile away from the camp we saw five deer almost to leeward of us, but so far away that there was little danger of their getting the "wind of us."

We had a circle of about a mile to make, to get around them, and perceived then that they were feeding up the wind towards some small hills and rocks. They were barely picking the moss now and then and seemed bound off. We must hurry, so away we go up the lee side of the marsh till we come opposite the

place where we last saw them. Getting up behind some bushes we look out when there they are walking rapidly *down* the marsh towards where we crossed over and about three hundred yards from our "footing," whilst we are at least twice that distance. Just one chance now, and that is to get back before they reach our track. Away we go and as soon as we have them shut in, make a bee-line for the nearest point to where we crossed.

On reaching a ridge around which had come, we peep over and find them standing, evidently having got a "whiff" of our track. Throwing myself down I put up the two hundred yard sight and aim at the leader—an old doe. As I pull the trigger away she goes. "Missed her," said Martin. "No no; don't you fire (he has my shot gun loaded with ball cartridge, but not good enough for that distance). Give me another cartridge." While he is getting a cartridge out for me I ram in the only re-

maining one I have (the rest were lost running across the marsh but he fortunately has some of the same kind), and fire at the big stag which has not moved. Loading again—I am just going to fire at him when he falls, and I aim at the next one, a young stag, who falls immediately. As I look I just see the doe falling about two hundred yards further on, having run that distance with her heart burst open. The three shots were fired in less than a minute from a single shot sealing rifle.

Two days afterwards we had our venison all out to our boat; but here our good luck deserted us for a while, and we were delayed two days more owing to bad weather. However, we reached home none the worse for our trip. On these trips for venison, for meat, every man shares alike, no matter who fires the shots. In writing this article I have confined myself to instances in which I have taken a part and can therefore vouch for.

Natural Resources, A National Asset.

By An American Newfoundlander.



HAVE read with much interest the entertaining and very practical article of Mr. W. J. Carroll in the last *QUARTERLY* with reference to the domestication of your caribou, and their employment as beasts of burden and in other useful directions. It were a pity that your indigenous caribou should be allowed to remain outside the pale of domestic animal life, if by a slight exercise of foresight and

energy be can be reclaimed from the wild and made more thoroughly subservient to the use of man. Wealth, potential and readily accessible should not remain unnoticed or neglected for an indefinite future as it has been neglected for centuries. It is time now to be up and doing, utilizing the treasures of the land as you have gallantly and skilfully utilized the wealth of the circumjacent ocean.

I remember very distinctly some fifteen years ago, when Dr. Sheldon Jackson first mooted the subject of the introduction and assimilation (we had not invented "benevolent assimilation" in those days!) of the Lapland reindeer into Alaska for the purpose of furnishing a reserve food supply that would stand as a buffer between the native tribes and the grim spectre of starvation ever hovering in the immediate foreground,—a veritable wolf at the door; and this comprehensive figure of speech had its concrete and living illustrations in the Great Silent Land as perhaps in few other places.

I recall, also, that the proposal of Dr. Jackson received exhaustive notice in the Boston press of that day,—some of the editors having enthusiastically accepted and championed the idea, while others less far-seeing or more addicted to the thrills and horrors of detestable yellow journalism, rather contemptuously ignored a subject that did not readily lend itself to the profundities of scarehead literature.

In this connection it is interesting to remember that the common and well-nigh indispensable beast of burden in the Philippine islands is the "water buffalo" or *carabao*,—not a bad Hispanization of "caribou?" Such an important factor is this animal in the agricultural life of the islands that, since the American occupation, when the fortunes (or misfortunes) of "grim-visaged war" had resulted in a sensible diminution of the *carabao* herds, agriculture was practically paralyzed and brought to a stand-still. Their place in the civil life of the islands was deemed so important that (if my recollection be correct) a grant was made from the island treasury and allocated for the purchase and distribution of these animals among the impoverished farmers.

I have, for more years than I care to remember, strenuously contended that the great incubus which hampers Newfoundland is the fewness of its inhabitants, for which reason the burden of sustaining civil administration, presses with a crushing weight upon your slender population.

I have a well-defined and ineradicable conviction as to the responsibility for this dearth of inhabitants in a country doubtless intended by an All-Wise Creator to be the home of a respected and self-respecting nation. But it is not germane to the present purpose to exhibit this responsibility, so we may accept

the fact without endeavoring to elucidate its history or genesis. Let it suffice here to consider that if your population could be doubled or quadrupled by a stroke of the pen, your taxes would be (relatively) reduced, approximately, *fifty to twenty-five per cent.* In the event of such a multiplication of your population there need be scarcely any increase in your colonial budget for agriculture, charities, education, ferries, justice, lighthouses, police, posts and telegraphs, quarantine, roads, public works, and sanitation. You have, heretofore, with your quarter million people provided for all these fundamentals of civilization, and the stable but elastic frame-work of your civil and political structure would need no Procrustean strain to enable it to comprehend within its sheltering fold a population of say two millions. But in such case the burden of upholding your institutions, which are inseparable from any adequate conception of civil and religious liberty, while now pressing heavily in the incidence of taxation upon a small and comparatively poor dependency, would become so light as to be almost negligible; and would certainly cease to be oppressive, were the same expenditure borne by a largely augmented population. And the case is even stronger for my contention if a small but steady accretion was being made by a slight immigration reinforced by that natural increase which is now so unfortunately being dissipated to the United States and Canada.

For this reason it would seem wise to seriously entertain the idea of building up a ranching industry by means of the hitherto unconsidered caribou. We live in a utilitarian age, and though sentiment properly counts for a great deal, we cannot with impunity ignore the material resources intended for our benefit if properly utilized. In this connection a tentative advance might be made under the sanction of an enactment providing for the payment of a bounty to those who acquire and retain domesticated caribou either by capture or (later) by the natural increase of the captured animals. Possibly, following the arrival of reindeer into Northern Newfoundland, a *modus vivendi* may result between the tame reindeer and their hitherto unsubdued kin; thus reversing "the call of the wild" with permanent benefit to your people. Through your efficient and highly-commended game wardens, you have at hand an effective machinery of inspection, supervision and record thus ensuring that the legal bounty may be allocated according to the intention of the enacting power representing a popular behest.

It could not fail to be of great benefit to Newfoundland in its peculiar economic and climatic conditions if the mongrel and voracious canine pests were superseded by (presumably) docile, tractable caribou, helpful, not predatory; self-supporting and yet a means of sustenance to its owner; useful but not a menace to other humble ministers to man's wants or desires.

In conclusion, I may be allowed space to express my sincere gratification at the healthy and most hopeful public spirit whose recrudescence is evinced by the interest so many people are displaying in their earnest demands for better protection and extension of forests; meteorological warnings; bait bulletins; life-saving service, etc. In my boyhood no such questions were agitated in the metropolitan press, and pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a hopeful augury of better days to come, when we find such subjects broached and discussed.

The Late Sir Robert Gillespie Reid.



WEDNESDAY, June 3rd, 1908, will long be remembered by Newfoundlanders, for on that date a feeling of profound regret went through this Colony when news was received of the death of Sir Robert Gillespie Reid at his residence, Drummond Street, Montreal. When his family physician found Sir Robert's condition serious he immediately telegraphed his sons in Newfoundland who dropped all business and hastened by special trains to the bedside of their revered father, but alas, without avail, as the grim angel of death visited Sir Robert ere his sons could reach Montreal; but he had the consolation of having his wife, daughter and brother with him during his last hours.

In the death of Sir Robert G. Reid, both Newfoundland and Canada have lost, beyond doubt, one of the most interesting figures in national and commercial life, for when the history of



LATE SIR R. G. REID.

the marvellous progress of British North America the past thirty years comes to be written, the name of Sir Robert Gillespie Reid will be found linked with those empire builders who have done so much towards the upbuilding of the overseas possessions of the King, like several other men whose names are high on the list of Kings of Industry.

Sir Robert was a native of Scotland, he was born at Coupangus, Perthshire in 1844, and belongs to the class of men who were architects of their own fortunes. His father was the owner of linen mills, and Sir Robert after completing his education was apprenticed to a builder who had leased quarries at Leys. Here he learned his trade as a stone-mason. On attaining manhood, he emigrated to Australia, in the days of the gold finds there. He and three others tramped some hundreds of miles through the bush to reach the gold "diggings," as he had got a tip from a returning miner who had made his pile, as to where a promising lode existed and the mining law in those times required at least four persons to combine to secure a claim. His chums on arrival though, were dissatisfied with the prospect and decided to abandon it. He, however, was of different mettle, and as he could not secure the claim by himself, he turned to his trade and took a contract to build a bake oven at the gold fields, the first ever seen in that locality.

By this act Mr. Reid unconsciously determined his destiny and his life work. The men who took up the claim he had in view, made money, it is true, but not a tithe of what he has since become possessed of. And it may be questioned if, had Mr. Reid gone into gold mining then, he would ever have attained his present eminence or become such a prominent

industrial figure as he has since been in three colonies and in several States of the American Union. From the humble bake-oven contract in the gold fields, he turned to the construction of stone viaducts for the railroad which climbed its way, by steep gradients and zigzags, through the Blue Mountains of Australia—works which proved his reliability and capacity as a contractor and gave him the experience for the yet larger undertakings he was to essay in the future. In those days Australia was the Mecca of thousands of young men from the British Isles intent on making their fortunes in the bush and among them the scions of many prominent families, who became wealthy and conspicuous personages subsequently. With some of these Mr. Reid formed deep and life-long friendships, one of them being Sir John Bramston, afterwards Under Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Recalled to Scotland, after three years in Australia, by the death of his father, Mr. Reid next crossed to New York, and after studying industrial conditions there, concluded that Canada offered him a better field for the employment of his talents. Accordingly he moved to Ottawa, where he took several contracts in connection with the erection of the imposing Parliament building there. From there he went to Buffalo, where he built the International Bridge, and returning to Ottawa, constructed a series of bridges on the railway line between that point and Montreal, which is now owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then he carried out the renewal of a number of bridges on the Grand Trunk Railway, and next proceeded to Texas, where he built all the bridges on the International Railway from Austin to Laredo. It was an easy transition from this to the carrying out of similar work on the Southern Pacific Railway, west of the Pecos and fifty miles into Mexico. Some of these undertakings were remarkable engineering feats. At Austin, where a treacherous bottom and rapid current had baffled all efforts to establish piers and masonry, he succeeded in overcoming these obstacles and in quick time had the whole installation complete, the structure standing to-day as a monument to his skill and unswerving determination. At Eagle Pass, again, he spanned the Rio Grande with one of the finest bridges of modern times, an abiding testimony to his workmanship and talents. Yet another famous bridge which owes its erection to him is that across the Delaware Water Gap, one of the "sights" of this region! To this bridge attaches a story illustrative of the man. The contract had actually been secured by another builder, who had then induced Mr. Reid to join him in it. When the latter inspected the site he observed to the other: "We shall lose about \$15,000 on this job." Next morning the partner had decamped, but Mr. Reid built the structure himself and met the losses it involved though he had not signed the contract at all when his partner disappeared.

MR. REID'S WORK ON THE C. P. R.

This fealty to his pledged word has marked his whole career and has won him the unqualified esteem and confidence of all those with whom he has been associated in business ventures. His fame as a bridge-builder in the South was now so widespread and his work so satisfactory, that the projectors of the Canadian Pacific Railway induced him to return to Canada to undertake not alone the construction of their most difficult viaducts, but also the building of the heaviest sections of that railway itself along the North Shore of Lake Superior. It was one of the most difficult divisions of the great transcontinental road, piercing through a rugged and broken country where deep gorges had to be spanned by mighty structures of stone and steel, and the frowning Laurentian cliffs gashed with yawning rock-cuts and cavernous tunnels. Mr. Reid, though, carried this herculean task through with the thoroughness and fidelity which attended every work he undertook and to which his invincible resolution inspired him. By the promptness and perfection of his labor here, he came to be recognised as among the leaders in his business in Canada and was admitted to the fraternity of sturdy empire-builders who have graven their names deep into the history of Canada by the bands of steel with which they

girdled the continent from ocean to ocean.

The most difficult and trying feats in the arena of applied engineering development were now left for him. When the Canadian Pacific Railway wanted Lachine Bridge, three-quarters of a mile long, built at Montreal, they turned to him to face the problem, and he completed the structure in less than a year, though they had figured on its taking two seasons. Like-wise he constructed the colossal three-in-one bridge at Sault Ste. Marie; a bridge over an arm of the River; a longer bridge over the river itself, and a third bridge over the American canal, and not only did he accomplish this immense task in a single season, but he also built 86 miles of railway from Algoma mills to the "Soo" within the same period, a feat which old rail-roads are not yet done talking of. Following upon this, he constructed the next year the west end entrance of the Canadian Pacific Railway into Montreal, a mighty high level viaduct, largely composed of masonry, and as staunch and reliable as he who created it.

Cape Breton was the scene of his next great enterprise the building of the Intercolonial Railway bridge at Grand Narrows, which crossed a swirling torrent 1,735 feet and where the piers that uphold the steel fabric are bedded 75 feet below the water's surface. The spanning of this stream had defied most capable engineers and contractors, but Mr. Reid was not dismayed. He pledged himself to put the bridge there, ready for the rails, for \$520,000, and he kept his word. Incidentally he built and equipped 46 miles of the Intercolonial Railway, from Hawkesbury to the Narrows, and there is admittedly no better constructed section of Railway in existence in Canada or the United States.

But there was still greater achievements for him to accomplish. It was now 1890, he was a millionaire, and his three stalwart sons—William, Harry and Robert—had come to manhood, and were able and efficient helpers to him in his various undertakings. East of Cape Breton lies Newfoundland, separated only from it by the 90 miles of Cabot Straits; and as a railroader he was aware that Newfoundland was only struggling with an almost hopeless railroad problem. In 1881 the Island Colony had decided to build 80 miles of track to skirt round Conception Bay and connect St. John's and Harbor Grace, the two principal towns, and the numerous hamlets between this being the most populous portion of the Island. An American Syndicate had secured the contract, but had defaulted thereon, and some English bond-holders completed the line and were operating it through a Liquidator. The Government next attempted to build a line of 26 miles from Whitbourne, the central point on the former, to Placentia, but this proved so costly, because of political control, that no further essay in that direction was possible. An extension north to Notre Dame Bay, the great copper-producing region, was now called for, and despairing any more hopeful prospect, the Colonial Government sought contractors abroad for the accomplishing of this work.

Among those who tendered was R. G. Reid, and his offer was satisfactory beyond even the hopes of the Newfoundland cabinet, for he agreed to build the line for \$15,600 a mile, and to take in lieu of cash, the Colony's 3½ per cent. bonds in payment for his work. His proposal was closed with at once, and he started operations before the ink was dry on the signed contract. Fortunate it was for Newfoundland that she had a man of Mr. Reid's financial stability and resolute determination in the early days of the colossal enterprise (for her) she engaged in, because the first five years of his labors were attended by a series of set backs, almost heart-breaking in their cumulative effects and calculated to make a less resolute contractor abandon the whole venture in despair. In July, 1892, the major portion of the town of St. John's was destroyed by fire, 11,000 persons being left homeless, and the property loss being \$20,000,000, with insurance of but one-fourth that amount.

The effects of this disaster were felt far and wide throughout the colony, and Mr. Reid was seriously hampered in his undertaking in consequence. Eighteen months later, at the end of 1893, a general election was held which saw the Whiteway ministry returned with a reduced majority but a series of election petitions were filed, which, on coming to trial in due course, caused the unseating of 17 out of 25 of the Liberal Members.

When the first two seats were vacated the ministry resigned hoping to nullify the proceedings thereby, but the governor refused a dissolution, and the Liberals retorted by declining to pass a revenue bill. The bitterest partisan warfare was waged at home—in the press, in the courts, in the constituencies and in the Legislature; public credit was impaired abroad, a truncated parliament and a makeshift ministry were collecting duties without warrant of law under cover of a warship's guns; timid investors were unloading the colony's securities at a paralyzing rate in London, and a railroad contractor was midway through the interior, trying to carry on his appointed task, but distracted by the reports of the political warfare behind him which threatened at times to bring down the whole financial fabric of the colony. This, indeed, very nearly happened at the end of 1894, when the memorable bank crash came, which proved the climax of all these troubles. The colony's local banks went to pieces, many mercantile firms closed their doors forever, thousands were reduced to beggary, panic swept the island to its furthest shore, and the government had to pawn its securities at 50 cents on the dollar to raise the wherewithal to meet the interest due in London on the public debt on December 31st, and thereby avert bankruptcy.

PROVED A TRUE FRIEND.

In this emergency Mr. Reid proved a true friend to the colony. He was mainly instrumental in inducing the Bank of Montreal to establish itself in the Island and become the Government's financial mainstay, and he assisted materially in arranging for the rehabilitation of many crippled commercial concerns. Then when the colony's delegates, a few months later, went to Ottawa to seek terms of union, of the colony with Canada, he accompanied them and lent the influence of his powerful interests in the Dominion towards bringing about this result. Finally, after the negotiations for union failed, and when the present Premier Sir Robert Bond, undertook his mission to Montreal and London to endeavour to raise a loan for the Colony. Mr. Reid went with him and at Montreal introduced him to Hanson Brothers, Canadian Agents for Coates & Company, London Bankers, and they successfully arranged with them the financial treaty which enabled Newfoundland to restore its shattered fortunes. During the negotiations a cablegram was received from the Colonial Ministry that the Government Savings Bank was in difficulties, and the Hansons and the Bank of Montreal arranged to supply the necessary funds. The straits to which Newfoundland was reduced at that time can be imagined from the fact that Sir Herbert Murray, ex-chairman of the British Board of Customs, was sent out to disburse a relief fund of \$250,000, appropriated by the Imperial Government towards the alleviation of distress throughout the island and was expending it in the construction of public works, paying those engaged at the rate of fifty cents per day. The Colony's credit stood at zero in London, and a large banking firm which had agreed to purchase a substantial block of Mr. Reid's bonds refused to do so. He was travelling in Egypt then, his health having been impaired by the difficulties of railroad construction, through a wilderness like Newfoundland's, and the strain of such a series of set-backs, and on his return to England found that this default had been made. By that time the crisis had passed in Newfoundland, the Colony was no longer regarded as hopelessly bankrupt, and the bankers were profusely apologetic and desirous of taking up the securities. But Mr. Reid said, "No, you have broken your word and gone back on your bargain; I will not give you these bonds now." And he held them himself for eighteen months longer, before he sold them, while the moral of this, as impressed upon financial men, was that here was a capitalist who regarded a pledged word as sacred, and lived up to that principle. In Newfoundland he had, two years previously, demonstrated in striking fashion his adherence to it. His original contract with the Colony was to build 200 miles of railroad northward to Notre Dame Bay. Before this section was completed the Government was so well satisfied with his work and with the prospects of future developments, which the opening up of the interior indicated, that on his recommendation, it was decided to extend the road to Port-aux-Basques at the western extremity of the Island. This meant another 300 miles through an unknown country, which had never yet been surveyed, yet Mr. Reid signed a bind-

ing contract to build the line through this wilderness for the same price and under the same conditions as he had constructed the previous section. But the government would not consent to operate the entire railroad system for a term of years, for the vicissitudes the colony had undergone had convinced the ministry that when the railroad was completed and handed over to them to operate, they would have a "white elephant" of enormous proportions to deal with, and that the operation of the line as a state venture would be ruinous financially.

Mr. Reid agreed to operate the system for ten years without cost to the colony taking as his only remuneration 5,000 acres of select land per mile, or between 2,500,000, and 3,000,000, acres in all, in alternate blocks on both sides of the track or elsewhere throughout the colony if that failed to provide sufficient, apart from swamps or barren areas. This offer the government gladly accepted and thus it was that Mr. Reid became a great land owner. This negotiation was attended by the incident which proved Mr. Reid's fealty to his pledged word. The pour-parlers were taking place in winter in the city of St. John's. The only civil engineer on the staff who had even travelled over the western part of Newfoundland was summoned to the city from the railroad to impart to his chief all the information. After remaining two days he started back again. He had to proceed to an advanced post on snow-shoes and while doing so was beset by a tremendous blizzard which piled snow across the barren uplands forty feet high. When its cessation permitted him to venture abroad again he made for the nearest telegraph station and wired Mr. Reid to have nothing to do with a contract to operate a railroad across Newfoundland in winter, instancing his experience as a proof that no road could ever be kept open the whole year round.

His advice, though came too late. Mr. Reid had given his word to undertake the contract, and though that instrument had yet to be ratified by the legislature, he would not draw back. It is very doubtful, however, if the history of railroading the world over contains a parallel instance of this, where a contractor undertook to construct through a country that had never yet been surveyed, and also contracted to operate it afterward, notwithstanding winters of almost Arctic severity and in defiance of the advice of his most experienced engineer. It is further characteristic of Mr. Reid that by lavish expenditures the past ten years, practically elevating the whole of his track on the exposed plateaus some three feet, he has eliminated the question of snow blockades seriously interrupting his winter traffic.

Succeeding the "bank crash" in Newfoundland came a period of widespread depression in business which the magnitude of that disaster rendered inevitable, and drastic retrenchment in the shape of reduced salaries and diminished appropriations for the public service equally inevitable if the Colony was ever to gain its former stability. The reactions of these conditions on the general industry of the island was to render it stagnant and the outlook gloomy, and the reflection of this was the overthrow of the Whiteway, or Liberal, Ministry at the general elections in the fall of 1897, and the return of the Winter-Morine, or Conservative party.

With this ministry Mr. Reid concluded the much discussed railway contract of 1898, by which he acquired the proprietorship of the railroad, a doubling of his land grants and steamship and other franchises of great value. The government feared that the depression would be long continued and that as Mr. Reid's operating contract would terminate in 1903, the railroad would come back to the colony before it was yet a self-sustaining enterprise and the colony be crippled by endeavouring to keep it going. Mr. Reid, on his part, saw that to make the railroad pay he would require to supplement it with steamers reaching all parts of the seaboard and affording the most ample means of communication, by the combined rail and boat routes, between the most remote sections of the island, while in order to assure himself against loss in this undertaking, he would require a concession for a long term of years. Accordingly the grant of 1898 was concluded.

It granted him the operation of the railroad system 648 miles—for fifty years for a further subsidy of 5,000 acres of land per mile; the operation of a fleet of eight steamers for thirty years at an annual mail subsidy of \$100,000; the operation of the colonial telegraph lines for fifty years; the street car, electric lighting, and electric power franchises for the town of St. John's; and he purchased the Dry Dock in that port for \$325,000, in order to use it as a deep water-terminus for the railroad steamship systems, and also required the reversion of the ownership of the railroad at the end of the fifty year operating period by an immediate payment of \$1,000,000, which at compound interest, would then amount to \$14,000,000.

BUILDS GREAT STEAMSHIPS.

On the signing of this contract, Mr. Reid began the construction on the Clyde of eight fine steamships—the "Bruce" alone, which plies between Sydney and Port-aux-Basques costing \$250,000, and the others about \$100,000, each. This represented \$1,000,000, in cash which he paid out. The purchase of the railroad and the dock stood him another \$1,325,000. He built seven miles of railroad into the west end of St. John's to connect with the dock, transferring his machine shops from Whitbourne to the same site, so that he could build and repair rolling stock, or repair damaged ocean steamers or local vessels with equal facility, and he has so equipped the dock that it is now the finest and most up-to-date of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. It is always occupied, and has proved a splendid investment for him, though the Government had previously leased it for about half the interest on its cost and sold it to him for half what it originally cost. He built an imposing railway station in St. John's at a cost of \$125,000; paved the principal streets of the city at a cost of \$150,000, both with granite from his own quarries, and installed an electric plant at Petty Harbor, nine miles from the city, at a cost of \$750,000. A feature of this is a strongly built flume, three-quarters of a mile long, and a curved steel pipe from his shops rising 185 feet up the hillside to convey the water to the turbines, which generate 36,000 horse-power in electric current that is

sent over copper wire to St. John's, where it drives the street cars, much machinery in various parts of the town, and lights the municipal area and the great majority of the houses.

In 1901 Sir Robert Reid and his three sons consolidated all their possessions and franchises in the Colony into a limited liability corporation, the Reid Newfoundland Company, with a capital of \$25,000,000, but the stock is held by them. He being President, and his sons the Directors and Executive Officers who had taken off his shoulders the burdens of the multifarious details of the varied phases of this gigantic enterprise. They have 6,000 square miles of land in all parts of the Colony—lands rich in mineral, forest and farmstead. Silver, copper, iron, pyrites, lead, asbestos, slate and petroleum are amongst the products the Reid Nfld. Co. is obtaining from the bowels of the earth; their mills have been sawing lumber for years, and Mr. Reid was one of the principal holders of the lands acquired by the Harmsworths for the pulp making plant valued at \$5,000,000 which they have established at Grand Falls. They still retains, moreover, pulp areas even more valuable than these, and which are destined ere long to be the seat of one of the greatest pulp-making projects in the world. For the settling of the railway line, the company offers the most liberal inducements, as the more settlers locate there the better for them. They are pursuing an active campaign in the United States and Canada for the development of tourist and sportsmen's traffic, and from early spring until late November the inrush continues—salmon fishers in the early months, and caribou hunters in the late ones, with an army of tourists all the time, great numbers of whom now take the Reid steamer that plies all summer to Labrador to enjoy the scenic beauties of that peninsula.

INTERESTED IN OTHER INDUSTRIES.

He was always foremost in assisting in the establishment of other large industries in the island. As one of the principal stock holders in the Dominion Iron and Steel Company he was largely instrumental in inducing that corporation to purchase the iron mines at Bell Island, Conception Bay, from which it now derives its supplies of ore for its smelting works at Sydney, C. B., and he was one of the proprietors of the Newfoundland Timber Estates Company (with Mr. Whitney of Boston) which is operating extensively in the island. He was likewise financially interested in the sealing, whaling and varied manufacturing industries of the colony.

With such activities in progress and still greater in prospect, the part that Sir Robert Reid and his sons played in maintenance of the prosperity of Newfoundland is not to be lightly disregarded. The R. N. Co. are by far the largest employers of labor in that island and the range of their projects is constantly expanding. Sir Robert Reid was an advocate of a fast Atlantic line, and hoped to see it an accomplished fact within his lifetime.

Every feature of the Reid system is of the finest character. The railroad is equipped with sleeping, dining and passenger coaches, the best that money can buy. The steamers are palatially fitted, the "Bruce" carrying even a wireless telegraph; and on trains and steamers meals a la carte are supplied, as appetising as in the most modern hotels. The operation of the whole system is eminently satisfactory and the service enjoys an enviable record of freedom from accidents. The courtesy of the staff is also agreeably noted by passengers and no trouble is considered too great in the endeavour to facilitate visitors to the island.

Sir Robert was most generous in his benefactions to Newfoundland, and no deserving object, great or small, met a refusal from him. Towards the Victoria or Women's Wing of the General Hospital, at St. John's, Lady Reid contributed \$5,000; his own contributions and those of his sons to every philanthropic movement are given anonymously, and must amount to thousands of dollars annually. They are also prominent always in the entertainment of distinguished visitors to the Colony. The electric arch they erected on the occasion of the visit of H. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901 was among the finest seen by the royal visitors in all their tour; they also generously feted Prince Louis of Battenburg and Secretary Root in 1905, and Earl Grey in 1906.

That so signal a career should be crowned by His Majesty the King, making him a Knight was eminently fitting. In Canada business merits had won him recognition from the financial world, by his election to a directorship in the two greatest institutions in the Dominion—the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Bank of Montreal, and his philanthropic efforts by his choice as a director of the Montreal General Hospital. In Newfoundland he was no less highly esteemed, having enjoyed the cordial esteem of successive governors and leading public men of that colony. The present able governor, Sir William McGregor, who was himself elevated to the dignity of G. C. M. G. in the same honors' list, the first governor of Newfoundland ever to attain that distinction, gave as the first function following upon the "Birth-day" a garden party at Government House in honor of Sir Robert and Lady Reid.

Sir Robert was a remarkable personality. Silent as a Sphinx, his voice, when he spoke, was soft and gentle, his manner mild and quiet, without suggestion of bluster or modern pushfulness, yet his whole being instinct with the idea of reserve power. For some years he had been a martyr to rheumatism contracted by hours of exposure in ice cold water at Grand Narrows while watching the completion of a critical piece of bridge work, and so could grapple with details. But he remained the inspiring genius of this mighty project.

SUMMER BREEZES.

OVER the golden corn land, over the soft blue sea,
Through summer-laden branches and changeless dark pine tree,
With summer scents, and thrilling with sounds of summer too,
Our hearts for God's good angels, the breezes come to woo.

—Trefoil.

The Late Campbell Macpherson.

"MEN'S monuments grown old, forget the names
They should eternise, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
Beyond mere earth, some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,
That penetrates our lives and heighten them or shames."



ON April 24th, in the present year of grace, Campbell Macpherson was called to his reward. Many eloquent and well-deserved tributes to his work as a successful business man; as a citizen; and as a patriotic Newfoundlander, have been laid on his bier by sorrowing friends. The pulpit vied with the press, in expatiating on the merits of the deceased and emphasising the lessons of his life.



LATE CAMPBELL MACPHERSON.

As a Newfoundlander his patriotism was intense; everything affecting the welfare of his native land, became to him a personal matter; as a business man he was in the first rank; as a churchman he was loyal, and earnest; as a husband and father his relations were too sacred for us to make reference except to say that he was the model of what a father of a family should be.

The late Campbell Macpherson was born in St. John's on January 31st, 1851. His was the enviable distinction to have been the very first Newfoundlander who ever matriculated at

the London University. Destined for a professional career, the early death of his father necessitated his return to his native land, and at a comparatively early age he assumed the cares and burdens of business life.

That he was successful, is evinced by the large and prosperous business concern that he created. The Royal Stores, Ltd., of which he was the brain and energy, are well and favourably known throughout the length and breadth of the Island; and there were no more sincere mourners than the large number of employees who stood around the bier of Campbell Macpherson, and paid the tribute of their tears.

Though prominent in business, church and social circles, he was not ostentatious. His charities were known to very few except the recipients, and it may be truly said of him "that his right hand knew not what his left gave" in charity. And it was not till his unexpected demise removed the seal of secrecy, that any knowledge of his charities became general.

A leading clergyman in an eloquent tribute to the work of the deceased, confessed that he had been, on many occasions, his almoner; and further stated that Mr. Macpherson had impressed on him that during his ministerial visitations, any case of poverty or want that came to his notice should be instantly relieved, and that he—Mr. Macpherson—would find him the necessary means to do so. He was considerate to those who worked in his employ; for a number of years he distributed a bonus at Xmas time to every man in the firm from the head book-keeper to the humble watchman on the premises. He left a fairly large estate, and its distribution was characteristic of the man. After securing a competency to those he loved, and to whom he was bound by the strongest ties, he made very large bequests for church, charitable and educational purposes. Those will be more enduring monuments than stone and bronze, and future generations profiting by his generous foresight, will arise and venerate his name, and keep his memory green.

His loss to his family is irreparable, and the saddest incident in connection was the effect on his devoted wife. When he was ordered to the south of Europe for his health, he was accompanied by Mrs. Macpherson. She sustained him through his long hours of illness, by her unremitting love and tender companionship. She drew lavishly on the boundless store of her woman's love, and with that utter forgetfulness of self, which is its chief characteristic, poured forth all the treasures of her heart to ease his last moments. The angels could do no more. In her zeal for the welfare of the companion of her joys and sorrows, and in her beautiful unselfishness, she laid the foundation of a serious illness, that in a few days after caused her own death. In life they were united, and in death they were not divided. When their earthly companionship ceased, for her "A sudden darkness fell upon the world, and God listening, overheard her prayers. . . . Oh! Rest in Peace, dear hearts! Forever Rest in Peace."

The following generous bequests will illustrate Mr. Macpherson's comprehensive charity:

For the erection and maintenance of a Deaconesses' Home	\$5,000
Towards the Fund for the Superannuation of Retired Ministers . .	2,000
Furnishing Parsonages in poor localities	2,000
Sending Minister annually to Holy Land	10,000
Board of Governors, Methodist College, for Scholarship to be known as the "Macpherson Scholarship"	5,000
Reduction of debt on Methodist College	3,000
Reduction of debt on Gower Street Church	3,000
Owners of Temperance Hall	2,000
All employees who have been in the Royal Stores one year, one month's salary. In the case of married men, this amount is to be paid to their wives. This bequest will amount to	6,000
James Partridge, longest employee	400
Mary Whelan, longest family help	400



ANGLING.



By Walton, Jr.



Give below some extracts from the annual returns of the Fishery Wardens for 1907. These are only partial reports, but they will show the quality of sport to be had in various rivers.

These returns ought make a great advertisement for Newfoundland abroad, if properly utilized. They should be sent to every sporting magazine, newspaper and every angling and shooting club in Canada, United States and England.

As a matter of fact they have been sent to several American and English centres, but some systematic arrangement should be devised so that they would be sent regularly and to the proper quarters.

EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL REPORT OF MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.

SOME CATCHES OF SALMON REPORTED BY WARDENS.

(Warden A. A. McIsaac, Grand River.)

Names.	No. of Salmon.	Average.
Herder and Rennie, St. John's, N.F.	9	12 lbs.
Sir Bryan Leighton, England	8	12 "
R. Winsmore, New York	6	13 "
Stickland and Salter, Nova Scotia	10	8 "
Hon. Jno. Harvey, St. John's, N. F.	4	13 "
R. A. Murray, Boston	17	12 "
Capt. Simon, Halifax	15	10 "
Major Dyne, England	40	13 "
J. T. Hutton, England	65	9 "
M. Burnham, Montreal	1	16 "
Dr. S. Triford, New York	11	11 "
Edward Milding, New York	38	9 "
J. DeWolf, St. John, N. B.	13	8 "
Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada	12	8 "
W. D. Reid, St. John's, N. F.	6	8 "

(Warden Peter Muire, South Branch.)

Dr. T. Hutton, England	9	11 lbs.
W. W. Chiman, Montreal	3	16 "
A. McIsaac, Grand River	4	13 "
Chas. Blanchard, Grand River	5	12 "
Dr. Geo. Dart, New York	4	8 "
F. E. Kettridge, New York	2	13 "
Rev. O'Donovan, Baltimore	3	7 "
J. H. Martin, Fall River	7	8 "
L. Rutherford, Montreal	3	10 "

(Warden George Shears, Robinson's Head.)

R. B. Boyles, New York	41	7 lbs.
C. Rollins and Wife, Halifax	1	12 "
Wm. Roy and Party, Sydney	9	7 "
M. Clark and Party	13	7 "
M. Burlen, Boston	5	7 "
M. Dumont, Boston	6	6 "
Mr. Crane, Boston	2	8 "
Judge McPherson, Kentucky	2	7 "
M. Wardwill and Party, Boston	27	5 "
Dr. Smith, Truro	13	6 "
Messrs. Daggett and Bussey, Boston	10	10 "

(Warden T. Downey, Lower Section, Grand River.)

Sir B. and Lady Leighton, England	22	9 lbs.
Edgar Newton, England	1	24 "
Mr. Mrs. and Miss Henshaw, Providence, R.I.	13	10 "
M. Perkins, Colorado	2	10 "
T. S. Skelton, Connecticut	12	8 to 22 "
C. Hatchway, Boston	3	9 "
M. Lancer, New York	2	10 "

(Wardens Angus McQuarrie and G. Knowling.)

Names.	No. of Salmon.	Average.
Judge Morton, Boston	3	7 lbs.
G. Parker, Panama	2	12 "
Hon. G. McLean, Texas	9	9 "
Prof. G. D. Bussey, Lynn	5	25 "
Dr. Geo. Bart, New York	6	12 "
M. ———, Philadelphia	16	9 "
Rr. E. J. Keffer, Philadelphia	3	10 "
M. O'Brien, London	2	18 "

At Little River there were about 110 salmon caught, weighing about 1,150 lbs.

Abraham Lilly, Exploits River:—All the rivers were in good condition. There were considerably more salmon went up Exploits River in September than in July. I found more fish in the spawning holes than ever, and yet there were less caught outside.

William Dakin, Salmonier:—Sea-Trout from 2½ to 3 lbs. could be taken from June 15th to end of season.

B. Brazil, Garnish:—In the river the salmon have been abundant. The few sports that came on the river had some good fishing.

R. Furneaux, Rose Blanche:—(Farmer's Arm):—In this brook a quantity of grilse are to be seen, as well as large sea-trout. It is one of the sporting haunts not yet known to pleasure seekers. This brook is near to Port-aux-Basques.

N. Peters, Hall's Bay:—Some sports caught 49 salmon averaging 4 lbs.

I. Goodyear:—Two Scotch gentlemen caught 22 salmon; weight 2½ to 8 lbs.

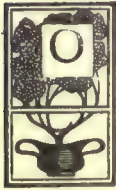
L. Murphy, Salmonier:—July 5th, A. B. Morine and party visited the river and remained about 4 weeks taking 300 salmon, averaging from 4 to 15 lbs. Mr. Munn, stayed 4 days and secured 35 fish, averaging 6 lbs. Fish were fairly plentiful at falls all through the month of August and up to September.



Photo by John J. Shortall.

A BIT OF COUNTRY NEAR THORBURN ROAD.

Arthur Mews, Deputy Colonial Secretary.



IF the many British institutions that are the admiration and the envy of the world, the Civil Service holds first rank; necessarily the repository of the greatest human trust, it is seldom indeed that any high official has been ever impeached for a betrayal of that trust. In the magnitude of British interests, in all quarters of the globe, it can be easily understood, that in numberless instances, British civil servants have an intimate knowledge of secrets that would be worth any money to rival nations. But, as a rule, knowledge of these weighty matters, (the premature publication



ARTHUR MEWS.

of which might cause "war, and rumours of war"), is locked in impenetrable secrecy in the breast of some trusted departmental officer, and becomes public only when the time and opportunity are ripe, and then only through the regular official channel.

In this Colony it has become fashionable with the "Outs" to criticise the "pap-fed Government officials." No matter what a man's merits are, or how successfully he conducts the business of his office, the fact that he is a Civil Servant, seems to be sufficient license for every demagogue to hold him up to public ridicule and scorn. The ignorant are so impressed with these diatribes, that now the name of a Government official has in the minds of thousands of unsophisticated people, become the synonym for robber and grafter. Our civil system is modeled on that of the Mother Country, and our local press and politicians should imitate those of Great Britain, and criticise the Civil Service fairly,—severely if necessary,—but always with that justice and square dealing that are characteristic of the Briton the world over, except in cases where he becomes jaundiced through jealousy or personal malevolence.

We have many men of sterling character among our civil servants, and none is held higher in public esteem than Arthur Mews, Esq., Deputy Colonial Secretary. He is a thoroughly capable, conscientious, industrious official, and had his abilities

been directed in other channels, with his capacity and attention to details, he would probably, be to day, ranked amongst our wealthiest and most successful business men.

Born in St. John's, he was educated in the Methodist College, in the golden age of that institution under the late lamented Prof. Holloway. Mr. Mews easily held a leading place among a class of students who are to day leaders in our commercial political and professional life at home, and who have supplied brilliant professional and business men to other lands than our own. For thirteen years he served in the old time firm of J. & W. Stewart, going rapidly from one position of trust to another, and when that firm decided to wind up business, he entered the Civil Service as accountant in the Government Telegraph Department. Since then he has advanced rapidly, till to-day he occupies the premier position in the Civil Service, of Deputy Colonial Secretary.

His conscientious courtesy and well recognised ability make him an ideal official. There is not a more responsible position in the Civil Service: the innumerable details ranging from grave international matters to the petty internal affairs of some remote outport all demand his serious attention, and it is a well known matter-of-fact that he discharges the duties of his onerous position with great ability and complete satisfaction to all who have business with his Department. Anyone who has had intimate connection with the conduct of an election in any of the great districts, knows what a multiplicity of details needs personal attention. The accidental omission of some apparently trifling matter, may invalidate the whole election. What care and thought and hard work are necessary to make things run smoothly, when so many are watching to challenge and criticise, are only known to the initiated. Multiply this by thirty-six, and one will get an idea of the magnitude of the work entailed in the Colonial Secretary's Department by a General Election. Yet this is only one instance of pressing work done with great care and ability, and which to be done successfully claims the closest attention for weeks at a stretch.

Mr. Mews possesses marked talent in other directions. His artistic skill is well known. He has had the honour of preparing many illuminated addresses for presentation, to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, our present King Edward, the Prince of Wales, many of our Governors and other prominent people. His work on these occasions not only won the praise of all local critics, but also of those in England and elsewhere, who were more competent to judge their merits impartially. His artistic temperament also finds expression in music, and he is acknowledged to be one of our most talented organists. For years he held the position of organist in Gower Street Methodist Church, but since 1883, he has been organist and choir-master of Cochrane Street Church. The musical services at this Church, especially on festival occasions are of the highest order and bear witness to his ability as a musician and his capacity for hard work.

In church circles Mr. Mews has always been prominent; he has been honoured by election to the Annual Conference on several occasions, and he has twice been appointed as one of the Delegates from Newfoundland to the General Conference. He is Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Cochrane Street Church, Member of the Quarterly Board, and Leader of the Young Men's Bible Class.

Great as is the confidence in him reposed by his co-workers in the church, as shown by the responsible positions entrusted to him, it is no greater than that reposed in him by his fellow-countrymen at large. There is no other member of the Civil Service perhaps, so widely and favourably known as Mr. Mews. Comparatively a young man, THE QUARTERLY wishes that he will be spared for many years to conduct the onerous duties of his important office, and that later he may reap the higher honours and emoluments to which his pre-eminent abilities and tried integrity justly entitle him.

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GEORGE SHEA,

General Agent for Newfoundland.

REGULATIONS

Relating to the preservation and improvement of Game Birds in this Colony made and prescribed by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of Section 9, of the Act 6, Edward VII., Cap. 20, entitled "An Act respecting the Department of Marine and Fisheries."

Whereas there has been imported into this Colony and set at liberty for the public benefit a number of Game Birds known as Capercaillie and Black Game.

And Whereas it is desirable to prescribe regulations for the preservation and improvement of the said Game Birds the following regulations have been made by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said Act for that purpose:—

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive or give away, or have in his possession any Capercaillie or Black Game or the eggs of any such birds within this Colony at any time from the 12th day of October, 1907, to the 12th day of October, 1917.

2. Every person who violates the above regulations shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs, and in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

The following description of the birds is published for general information:

THE CAPERCAILLE COCK is a large bird, weighing from 7 to 12 lbs., of dark blue plumage, but white from the crop downwards and with white spots on the upper wing-coverts.

THE BLACK COCK, which is larger than the Partridge, is also of dark blue plumage, with white feathers under the tail and in the wings.

THE HENS OF BOTH SPECIES are the colour of the local Partridge in early summer, i.e. a light brown.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



Public Notice.

THE Government of this Colony have been notified, through the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America have passed an Act regulating the Immigration of Aliens into the United States, wherein it is provided that Aliens who shall enter the United States after an uninterrupted residence of at least One Year, immediately preceding such entrance, in Newfoundland, shall be exempt from the Head Tax of Four Dollars.

R. BOND,

Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Nov. 12, 1907.

Customs Regulations As to Invoices.

1.—Every invoice of goods imported into Newfoundland shall be certified in writing as correct by the person, firm or corporation selling or consigning the goods, and shall truly show the whole and actual value of the goods in the currency of the country whence the goods have been exported directly to Newfoundland, and the quality and description of such goods, and the marks and numbers on the packages, in such a manner as to indicate truly the quantities and values of the articles comprised in each exportation package, all of which packages shall be legibly marked and numbered on the outside, when of such a character as to enable such marks and numbers to be placed thereon. (Form 11).

2.—If invoices are made out at lower prices, for goods exported directly to Newfoundland, than the fair market value thereof when sold for home consumption at the time and place when and from which they were exported, there must be clearly shown in a special column, or in addition thereto, the fair market value of the goods described therein, as required by the Customs' Act.

3.—In the case of goods consigned to a person, firm or corporation, other than the actual owners of the goods resident in Newfoundland, and in the case of goods which have not been actually purchased by the Consignee or importer in the ordinary mode of bargain and sale, or where purchased through an agent, there shall be annexed to the invoice of such goods a declaration to be made by the foreign owner or exporter of the goods in the form approved by the Governor-in-Council. (Form 6).

4.—When goods are imported into this Colony from any country, other than Great Britain, Ireland or Canada, the invoices thereof must show the cost of inland transportation, shipment and transshipment with all the expenses included, from the place of growth, production or manufacture, whether by land or water, to the vessel in which shipment is made, either in transit or direct to this Colony.

Importers, of goods brought into Newfoundland, will please take notice that no invoice will be accepted at the Customs unless the declarations, provided for by the Governor-in-Council, are attached thereto.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Assistant Collector.

Department of Customs,
2nd of January, 1908.

GENERAL POST OFFICE. Telegraph Money Orders.

FROM this date Money may be transmitted by means of Telegraph Money Orders from all Post Offices in Newfoundland at which Telegraph and Money Order business is transacted.

The Scale of Charges of Commission on Telegraph Money Orders will be the usual Money Order Commission, plus twenty cents, the cost of a Telegraphic advice to the Postmaster at Office of payment.

In all other respects Telegraph Money Orders will be subject to the ordinary Money Order regulations.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Nfld., June 3, 1908.



THE . . .

Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VIII.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1908.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.



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1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

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General Post Office.

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THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

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General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1908.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

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General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1908.

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larly are Leaders.

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The Newfoundland Quarterly.

Vol. VIII.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1908.

40 cents per year.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XXIII.



LEAVING ST. JOHN'S and going Southwards, we pass at first the commonplace names of *Freshwater*, *Deadman's Cove*, and *Black Head*: next we come to

CAPE SPEAR.

This is a very interesting name. The point itself is a most important one, being the nearest point of America to the Old World. It is only 1650 miles from Cape Clear, the south-western point of Ireland, and the distance could be run by the *Lusitania* in about two days and fifteen hours! The name also is one of much interest: it is found many times repeated in various forms, and in various localities. It is a corruption of the French word *Espérance*—*HOPE*—and is generally joined with the adjective *good*, making in French "*Bon Espérance*," in English "Good Hope." A harbour on Labrador, a little west of Blanc Sablon, still bears the name, though barbarously mispronounced by our people as *Bon ESPEARANCE* (with the accent on *spear*). We learn the origin of the name from Jacques Cartier. In 1534 he gave this name to a point at the south entrance of Gaspé Bay, "*Pour l'espoir*," he says "*que nous avions, d'y trouver passage*"; "for the hope that we had of finding there a passage," i.e. He thought on seeing the wide opening of Gaspé Bay (he had not then discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence) that he had at length found the great Nor'-West passage to Cathay and Chipango, China and Japan, which was the object of his explorations, and that of all the early voyagers, even up to a period long subsequent to Cartier's time. In 1670, nearly a hundred and forty years later, the Hudson Bay Company, in their Charter, had special mention made of the finding of this passage. This then throws light on the fact of the above name appearing so frequently. The voyagers on meeting some bold headland always cherished the *HOPE* that beyond it they might find the long-looked-for passage. That *Cape Spear* is a corruption of this name appears evidently also from a study of the old maps. On Majollo's and Ribeiro's maps (1527) it appears as *C. d'espera*. In 1527 John Rut, an English navigator, was in St. John's Harbour. He wrote from there a letter, and speaks of this cape as *Cap. de Sper*. On the French maps, the Harleyan Collection (1542) and Deescellier's (1553), it appears as *C. d'espoir*. This name still remains as that of one of our western bays; though by a strange corruption it has received a name in English meaning the very opposite of the original French name. It is called on our maps

BAY DESPAIR,

whereas the French was *Baie d'espoir* (of hope), though some of the French maps translating back from the English corrupt form have *Baie de desespoir*. On the map of Homem (Italian, 1558) we have *C. de Espera*. The same on Dee's map (1580). Mason's map, 1625, does not give *Cape Spear* at all; but near *C. Broyle* it gives *Isle espere*. This is one of the few French names on that map. The greater part of the map is in English (and naturally), but there are several names in Latin as, for instance, *Fretum Placentiae*. These are evidently interpolations, and the map bears every appearance of having been tampered with by later hands. Judge Prowse relies almost entirely on this map for proof of Cabot's Landfall being Bonavista. But the map is not to be relied on. I may at some other time, and in some other place return to this question. Jacobscz's map, 1621, gives both *C. d'espere* and *I. d'espere*. I find this *Spear Island*, or *Isle of Spear* on all the old maps down to 1784, where it appears on the Royal French map.

On modern maps we have only three islands marked between *C. Spear* and *C. Broyle*, viz.:—*Gull I.* off *Whittle's Bay*, the largest of the three; *Green I.* the smallest, off *Moble*; and *Great I.* off *Bawleen*. On the older maps two other islands are given: viz. *Spear I.* or *Isle de Spere* off *Bauleen*: a little to the northward of it; and *Fox's Island* near *Torr's Cove*. Some of the maps have also *Goose I.*, but this is only a second name for *Great I.*, as appears from Page's map, 1860, which gives *Goose I.*, as being the same as *Great Island*; thus, *Great* or *Goose I.* On Belin's map, 1744, it is given simply as *Goose I.*, in French thus "*I aux Oyes*." And Tavernier in the British Pilot, 1755, gives it thus:—"Against *Baline (sic)* lies *Goose Island* about a mile, or half a league seaward." Cook also, 1775-78, gives it as *Goose I.* The Royal French map of 1784 calls it "*Grande Ile*." So it was about this time the change began to take place, but, as we have seen the two names, seemed to strive for possession up to within fifty years ago, vide Page's map. On all later maps, however, the name *Great I.* seems to have gained the mastery. As to *Spear I.*, Tavernier, 1755, says: "From *Baline Head* to *Isle de Spear* is N.N.E. a mile." Then he says, "A little without *Toads Cove* is *Foxes I.*, between which and it there is no passage." This is the island which forms the harbor of *Torr's Cove*.

I am not aware whether the name of *Spear Island* still survives among the inhabitants of the shore. It has certainly disappeared from all modern maps, though exactly when I cannot say. It is not on Page's map of 1860, nor on Howley's map of 1907.

Returning now to the consideration of *C. Spear*, the name appears for the first time in its present form on Dudley's map, 1647. On Sellars', 1671, it is *C. Spare*. The same on Thornton's, 1689; and on another of the same date we have *C. Dispear*. On Friend's map, 1713, there are three large islands misplaced between St. John's and Torbay. The land opposite is called *P. (point) despare*; and at the inlet of Quidividi which is made abnormally large, and looks more like the bight of Torbay, is marked *I. despaire*. This map, however, is very incorrect all throughout, especially for one of so late a date. C. Tour Lotter's map, 1720, gives *C. Espar*. Tavernier, 1745, has *C. Spare*, and Cook, 1774, and the French Ordinance map, 1784, copied from Cook, give it as at present spelt. After that we find no further variations. It may be here remarked that the well known

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

the southern point of Africa, suggests the same idea as mentioned above. It was given by the Portuguese on their search for a southern passage to India. This cape was discovered first by Bartholemew Diaz in 1486. It was rounded for the first time by Vasco da Gama in 1497, whence he steered for India, and was successful in finding the Great Eastern World.

Between *Cape Spear* and *Petty Harbour* there are two small coves not at present, I believe, occupied by any inhabitants, but they bear names which have some significance. One is named

EMPTY BASKET.

It would be difficult to find a meaning for this strange name. I once heard an explanation offered, but whether in joke or not I cannot say. It was the following: The place is hardly worthy of the name of a cove. It is merely a small creek or crannie among the rocks. At the back the cliff rises perpendicularly. The only house existing there in former times was perched on the ledge of the rock after the manner of the *Sacro Specu* at

Subiaco, where St. Benedict had his cell, and lived for many years. There was no access to this dwelling place of the saint except by a most dangerous pathway down the face of the cliff, and provisions had to be let down from the top in a basket attached to a rope. When the basket reached the mouth of the cave the saint used to put out a long stick with a hook on it and draw the basket into his cell. Taking out the bread which some kind friend had let down to him, he would ring a little bell and the basket was hauled up! I need not pursue the legend, though it is very interesting. Now it was said that in this manner the family who lived at this place used to let down the basket containing their "supplies": and no doubt it was very often empty! The boys of the family used to "shinnie" up and down this rope, and so became expert and daring climbers. It is said that when the Brooklyn Bridge was in course of construction, the two great piers being erected, a fine wire was strung across from one to the other. The next move was to send across a man in a basket, who would bring with him a heavier cable. No one could be found to perform the daring feat, until at length one of the boys of "Empty Basket," who had emigrated to the United States appeared on the scene, and immediately volunteered to go across which was successfully accomplished.

gold when taken out of the water." This reminds one of Byron's description of the Sunset, when

" the parting day
Dies like a Dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as he gasps away,
The last still loveliest."

The Captain of the *Greyhound*, then doing duty between Bell Island and the Cove, who had sailed in Lord Brassy's yacht, stated that he had often seen this fish in the South Pacific. It was a species of sunfish, and was known among the seamen as the "snapper." It might be that such a fish had been taken in the vicinity and have given the name to the place. A more likely and less far-fetched reason is suggested by the worthy Canon, viz., that the old name for the "Billfish," which is very common on our shores was the "snapper." These fish were abundant about this locality.

The name Stopper's Side suggests the name of a place near Lawn, the meaning of which I have not hitherto been able to ascertain. It is called "*Step-aside*."

The name of

PETTY HARBOUR

explains itself Small Harbour. The name is found in different



Photo by James Vey.]

PETTY HARBOUR.

The other place is called

STAFFORD SIDE.

No one lives there now. This place came into some notoriety lately, as the spot where the *Regulus* went ashore. One of the local papers, in describing that event, spoke of the place as "*Stopper's Side*." The name is not known as such by any of the fishermen. The Revd. Father Tierney of Petty Harbour informs me that no one of the name of Stafford has ever lived at the place. The Revd. Canon Smith of Portugal Cove, from whom I am constantly receiving much assistance in compiling these notes, writes me saying that he has always heard this name pronounced *Stafford's Side*. But some of the fishermen say they have heard it called *Snapper's Side*; never *Stopper's Side*. Canon Smith then describes a strange fish which was caught some years ago at the Cove. It was a very beautiful fish, about five feet long and four feet wide, nearly round but always swam on its side. It was brilliantly coloured, "crimson, green and

places along our coast, and is spelt in different ways like so many other names. There is one on Labrador near C. Louis.

PETTY FORT,

in Placentia Bay, is likely the same name corrupted from *Petit Port* as there is no vestige of a fort or battery there. In an old Record (1626) is spelt *Petyte Harbour*, (Prowse, p. 103). On Mason's Map 1625, *Petit Harbour*; In 1671 Sellers spells it as we do now *Petty*; Taverner (1755) has it *Pette Hr*. In the present instance the name is not very appropriately applied, for there is a large bay or bight outside. From the north to the south point is over a league (2½ miles) and inside where the boats anchor is scarcely fit to be called a harbour it is rather a little cove. Between Cape Spear and Petty Harbour lies

MADDOCK'S OR MADDIX COVE.

a considerable settlement of fishermen reside here. The name is a family name. It was well known in St. John's in the XIX. Century. One of our best known men of those times was

Luke Maddock, a well-to-do merchant of St. John's. He lived in the old house at the foot of Carter's Hill, now occupied by Captain Fitzpatrick. One of his daughters was married to John Howley, Esq., late of Topsail Road. I cannot say if any of his relatives gave their name to this cove or not.

Before passing along the coast, I will take an excursion inland. About three miles from Petty Harbour, on the main road from St. John's to Bay Bulls, is the rich and comfortable settlement of

THE GOULDS.

It is an entirely agricultural settlement, being one of the few existing in Newfoundland out of sight of the sea. There is no actual *village*, but the road is thickly lined on both sides for a distance of over three miles, with neat farm houses, and prosperous looking farms. As to the name. It is not easy to decide the origin of it. It is possibly one of the few Irish names surviving in the country. The first settlers in this locality were Irish emigrants. The word *Gabhal* (pronounced goul) in Irish, means primitively a fork, such as a hay-fork made of a forked branch of a tree. Boys in Ireland use a small fork of this kind to sustain their "cribs" or traps for catching birds. It is called a *Goulyoge* (little fork). The word is in a secondary sense applied to the forks of a river, and the land lying between them. There are many names in Ireland of which this word forms a part: for instance Gould's Cross near Thurles. *Goole-mor* and *Goole-beg*—Great and Little Fork—the name of two mountains near Glengarriff. They stand somewhat like the prongs of a fork. Now there are at the "Goulds" two rivers which branch off from each other forming a fork, which might have reminded some of our early settlers of the sunny vales of Tipperary or Kilkenny, watered by the Suir and the Anner—the Nore and the Barrow. The Revd. Fr. Tierney, Parish Priest of Petty Harbour, whom I have consulted on this question, writes me as follows: ". . . One version has it that on the banks "of one of the Goulds rivers, now known as Raynard's River, "at the lower Goulds, there used to grow an abundance of wild "plants that gave off yellow flowers and blossoms (*Mary Gold*). "These flowers were called 'Goulds' by the people. Another "version is that the boys and young men were wont to assemble "in that locality to play a game called *Goulds* (Goals)." Mr. LeMessurier writes me that he thinks the name is rather English. "It is," he says, "an old English name. Gould's Green "is an ancient village in Middlesex, two miles from Uxbridge. "The Goulds owned large tracts of land in Middlesex. . . . "I think it very likely," he continues, "that the name of Goulds "was given by some old Englishman who came from Middlesex "with Guy." But none of Guy's people, as far as we know, ever came from Conception Bay to the Southern Shore, and we have no account of any one of that name ever having lived at the *Goulds*. It would be more likely one of Lord Baltimore's people. But I don't think the name of *Goulds* is at all so ancient. The settlement is evidently quite modern and grew up subsequently to the making of the road in the early decades of the XIX. Century. Before the road was built, the path from Bay Bulls to St. John's ran along the top of the ridge or hill, near the sea coast. Even up to the late Dean Cleary's time there was no road from Whittle's Bay to town, and he often tramped with his "nunny bag" on his back over the long ridge from Bay Bulls to Petty Harbor, and so on to St. John's. The interior of the country was then altogether *uninhabited*.

Before closing this Number I wish to refer back to No. XXII. In that article I spoke of the

TANTAM ROCKS,

off the south head of Torbay, and said that I had no explanation to offer of the meaning of the word. Since then Canon Smith writes me that he has heard the word

TANTUM

applied by fishermen in the sense of a *tangle*: thus they would say their nets were "*all of a tantum*" or "*all in a tantum*," when the net had been, for instance, swept by a tide, or tangled and torn by a shark." This word is evidently a corruption of the English word *tantrum*, which means a fit of passion and ill-humor. No doubt such a state of mind would be caused by seeing a net destroyed, and by a very simple exercise of metonymy

the effect would be applied to the cause, first to the nearer or proximate cause—the net; then to the remoter cause—the rock, &c., which brought the net to that state, and finally to a rock, which covered with long tangled fibres of seaweed, might have the appearance of a net in a tantum: or again, a rock around which the surges rage as if they were in a tantum or or tantrum. I may say that I have recently enquired among fishermen of the west side of Placentia Bay, and I find they have the use of the word still among them. Canon Smith informs me that the Tantam Rock is a reef that is always submerged even at the lowest water. It is a "Ledge"—a fishing ground. In heavy sea and storms the waters rage and seethe over it, and it is said to be in a regular tantum. Canon Smith suggests some kindred meaning for *Rantam* and Random in Trinity Bay. There is a "ledge" or fishing-ground off Ferry-land called the "Bantam Ledge"; this may be another corruption of the same word.

† M. F. HOWLEY.



Photo by John J. Shortall.

LANDING AND CULLING FISH AT ST. JOHN'S.



To My Lady:

(For an Anniversary.)

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

O BEST-BELOVED, true beyond all truth
Of earthly things, since you are Heaven's gift,
Your soul so merged in mine that nought can sift
Our souls asunder; if I sang through youth
'Twas in anticipation; and, in sooth,
If now in any song my voice I lift,
'Tis still with recollection, sweet and swift,
Of one "*I will*" that blessed me from your mouth.
Yet hear to-night one sonnet, from the riven
Harsh lyre no Muse baptised in Castalie,
Twanged by the North wind, crusted with the sea,
In your own praise, who with your love's first touch
Woke it to purest joy,—while on her couch
Our child lies fast asleep and dreams of Heaven.

New Window in the Cathedral.



MAGNIFICENT Stained Glass Window has recently been placed in the large Central Ope of the *facade* of the Cathedral. It is a Memorial Monument of

THE CONFERRING OF THE PALLIUM

on June 23rd, 1905. It is from the workshop of M. Louis Koch, of Beanvais, France, and is a splendid work of art. It represents the function of the Investiture of His Grace the Archbishop with the Pallium, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. McDonald of Harbour Grace. The scene is composed from photographs. The figures are life-size and show striking likenesses. They are depicted in brilliant colours. The moment represented, is



HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D.

that when the Archbishop, robed in full Pontifical Vestments, mitred, and holding the Crosier in his left hand, the Pallium being borne upon his shoulders, raises his right hand in the act of giving the Episcopal Blessing. On the right and left hand of His Grace, respectively stand Bishop McDonald, of Harbour Grace, and Bishop McNeil, of St. George's, the two Suffragan Bishops of the Province of Newfoundland. Accompanying them, all in the rich Vestments suiting their various ranks stand grouped the several Clergymen and Dignitaries who attended on the occasion.

There are altogether, including Altar-boys, Cross-bearers, Thurifers, Accolites, &c., over twenty-five figures in the Window. Among those easily recognizable may be observed, Revs. Born

and Donnelly, as assistant deacons; Monsgr. Walsh, V.G., Brigus; Monsgr. Reardon, P.P., Placentia; Revd. Fathers, Doutney, St. John, McDermott, Dr. Kitchen, &c., &c.

The outlines of the High Altar, brilliantly illuminated and decked with banners and flowers, form the back-ground. In the foreground are represented the Official Ecclesiastical Notary, holding the "Act" of the Investiture, with other Officials of the Episcopal household. The artist has introduced himself and family as representing the Congregation. Beneath the Picture is a scroll, running across the whole breadth of the Window, with the following Inscription.—

MEMORIALE · COLLATIONIS · PALLII · IX · KAL
· IVL · MCMV ·

i.e.—Commemorative of the Conferring of the Pallium, June 23rd, 1905.

Underneath, surrounded by rich wreaths of Laurel, are the Arms of the three Dioceses which form the Ecclesiastical Province. In the Center, under the figure of the Archbishop, is the escutcheon of the Metropolitan See of St. John's, which consists of the Arms of the City marshalled in pale with those of the See, viz.: on the Dexter, the bearings of the City of St. John's,—Gules, a Lamb, proper, bearing a banner with the legend ECCE. AGNVS. DEI. between three scollops; on a Chief, a representation of the Narrows, with Cabot's ship entering. Beneath, on a band, the Inscription

YE · MATTHEW · 24 · JUNE · MCCCCXCVII.

On the Sinister is shown the Pallium, on *Vert*, the tincture of the field of the Arms of Howley.

On the right hand panel, under the figure of Bishop McDonald of Harbour Grace, is shown the escutcheon, *azure*, a crescent moon and crown of twelve stars *argent*. This device is symbolic of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., Patroness of the Harbour Grace Diocese, and is allusive to the words of St. John, in the Apocalypse, XII.—I.—“And a great sign appeared in the heaven;—A woman clothed with the sun, and “the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve “stars.”

The third panel on the left, under the figure of Bishop McNeil, contains an escutcheon *Argent*, St. George's Cross *Gules*, which has been placed to represent St. George's Diocese until such time as a special arms shall be designed.

In a medallion occupying the upper part of the window is a figure of St. Agnes, with a lamb: appropriate as bearing allusion to the emblem of St. John the *Agnus Dei*; Lamb of God. These shields are surrounded by rich ornamental wreaths of Laurel, &c.

The window cost over \$700.00 (seven hundred dollars) and is the generous donation of the women of the Society of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This is not the only evidence of the beneficence of this, one of our oldest sodalities; for several other rare and valuable works of art adorn the Cathedral, which are the gifts of this Society; such as the beautiful window in the central bay of the East Transept; the exquisite statue of the Immaculate Conception, of the purest Carara marble, which adorns the Virgin's Altar, &c. This excellent Society has also from time to time given large donations to many of our outport churches, and no doubt they will have a principal share in the prayers of the faithful all over the country.



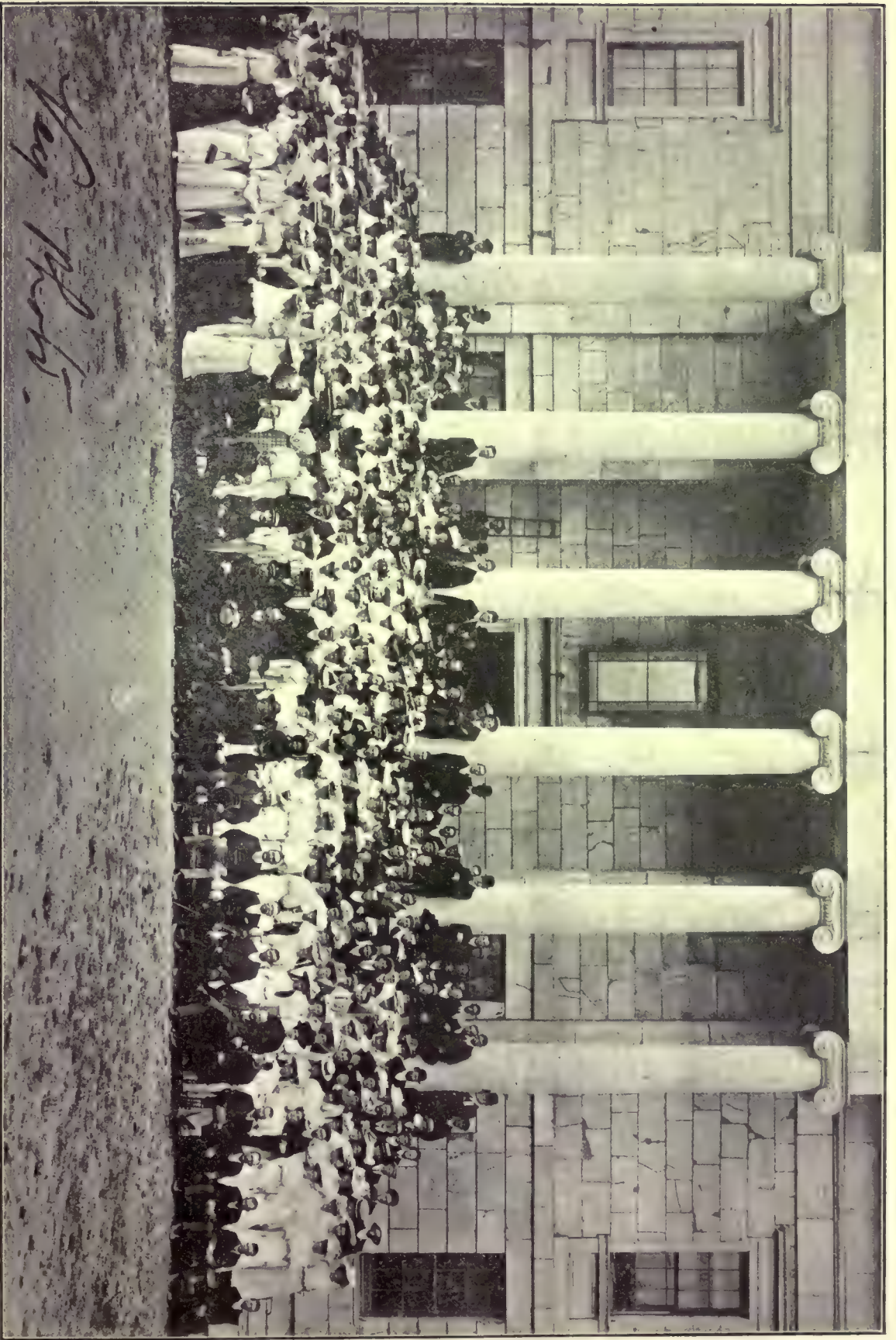


Photo by James Vey, Gazette Building, St. John's.

THE TEACHERS CONVENTION.

At the instance of the Hon. John Harvey, President of the Association for the Prevention of Consumption, this grand assembly of the leaders of education in Newfoundland was convened at St. John's during the mid-summer vacation. Many lectures were delivered before this body by our leading physicians on the Prevention of Consumption; and now those men and women are propagating throughout the land a vigorous campaign against the dread White Plague.



Progress in Newfoundland.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



THE following is the substance of a lecture that I delivered before the St. John's Athenæum, in February, 1879. I think it will be interesting to my readers to give them a short sketch of the history of literary institutions in the Colony. Our first lending library was kept at Douglas' and McMurdo's Drugstore, afterwards removed to a room in Merchant's building, McCalman's Lane. Mr. Wheatley, who married the beautiful Miss Cowan, being the Librarian.

At the end of the thirties, of the last century, there was a great movement for Public Education, and Mechanics Institutes, started by Lord Brougham, and Lyon Playfair. This great popular idea, after a time, extended to Newfoundland, and was supported by the ablest men amongst us, like Sir E. M. Archibald, afterwards British Consul General in New York; Andrew Milroy, the father of Lady Thorburn; old Jas. Seaton, of the *Express*, was the indefatigable Secretary. Lectures were held in the Old Factory, and I delivered my first lecture there on "Spain and the Spaniards" in 1852, when I was seventeen, exactly fifty-seven years ago. After a residence of two years in the Peninsula, I had just returned, and I explained to my audience the very superior methods adopted by our rivals—the Norwegians—in selling their codfish. They have a general agent who is in touch with every fish dealer. When a cargo is expected he finds out how much each dealer will take, and he ships the fish direct to them from the landing port. We should also have a general agent of our own. Spain is a very large consumer of Cod, and it is worth our merchants while to adopt this sensible business method of disposing of their product. At present they are entirely dependant on their commission merchant on the coast.

The Mechanics Institute gradually declined, and was succeeded by the Young Men's Literary Institute, Alex. Taylor being Secretary. This was again merged into the Athenæum. I was a sort of perpetual Secretary to this new institute. William Boyd, James Baird, the late Sir R. J. Pinsent and others took an active part in the new Institution. It was well sustained for many years, and we put up a splendid building—an ornament to the town. All these associations were very popular and thoroughly non-sectarian.

I have added to this lecture, notes, and figures so as to bring the subject up to the present time. The great lesson I tried to inculcate in this paper was the supreme importance of good, speedy, regular, and frequent communications on the trade of a country. Open the channels and trade will flow into it.

The second part of this paper brings this lesson home to us in a very striking manner by showing the effect of railway and improved steam communication on our trade and the general prosperity of the country. This is the Path of Progress marked out for us, and in this way we must walk to make Newfoundland go ahead.

Nature has given us great advantages. We are the nearest port to Europe, with splendid harbours, and instead of an eight day passage with slow boats, we want fast steamers and frequent ones with a voyage of three days.

PROGRESS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Lecture delivered on behalf of the St. John's Athenæum on February 3rd, 1879, by D. W. Prowse.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—This lecture has been published at the request of a few influential friends. Some of the statistics which I condensed and some which I was compelled to omit in delivering the lecture, I have now elaborated. I have also given my authorities for facts and figures. Most of the stories which were intended to enliven the tedium of a dry subject I have left out. My principal object has been to show the progress of the colony and also state the facts correctly, bearing on the railway question and thus to draw public attention to this most important subject of our internal communications. At

the present time these communications are not only most unsatisfactory—they are altogether unworthy of a civilized community.

I have selected this subject of progress, because I believe in the great future of the colony; I have faith in the wealth of its resources; I feel confident of its future development. From the experience of the past twenty years we may take courage; during that time, especially during the past ten years, we have steadily progressed, we have slowly but surely prospered. The spread of religion, the advancement of education, the impartial administration of justice, free institutions, temperance reform, roads, steam, telegraph, mining, agriculture, lumbering, manufacturing, good banking arrangements, the industry of our population, and the enterprise and activity of our merchants have contributed each in their degree steadily to advance the Colony both morally and materially. I believe that there are causes working amongst us now that will urge forward the progress of the colony by leaps and bounds, and that our advancement within the lifetime of the next generation will far exceed the most sanguine expectations of enthusiastic believers in the great future of Newfoundland.

In order to estimate progress it is necessary that we should have a solid foundation of facts on which to base our estimate; in short, that we should have reliable statistics. But statistics are the very hardest materials to obtain in this Colony; in fact, as a Colony, we are like some of those unfortunate individuals who about this period of the year come up in large numbers before the Honourable Judges of the Supreme Court, to go through that form of pictorial illustration known as white-washing. These misguided traders generally do their business by the rule of thumb, and keep no accounts. What I propose to do this evening, is to take quite another line from the certificated insolvent, to follow rather the wholesome and prudent practice of the men who succeed in business, whose splendid shops adorn and enlighten our city, who are strong in calico, and mighty in flannel and long cloths; the strength of whose credit is potent in Manchester, and not unknown in London, whose sheetings go to all our shores, whose blankets are used everywhere, and whose daring duns penetrate into every place. Now, at certain periods of the year, the shop and warehouse windows of these flourishing merchants, who build villas, and have fat bank accounts, instead of being adorned with brilliant feathers, and flowers, ducks of bonnets and paper collars, will be seen covered over with blinds, or perchance daubed with white-wash; and, scrawled on the windows by the clerkly thumb of some insider, are the words.

TAKING STOCK.

Ladies and gentlemen, I intend to follow this wise and prudent practice, and to take stock this evening of our progress as a colony. My lay sermon on progress will conveniently divide itself into three heads: first—Why we have not made more progress. Secondly—The progress we have hitherto made. Thirdly—The progress we ought to make.

With the arrival of Sir Thomas Cochrane as Governor in 1825 commences the real progress of the colony, and the second part of my subject. In 1828, the first road to Portugal Cove was made. Before that time, however, in 1818, Dr. William Carson who came to St. John's in 1806, obtained a large grant of waste land from Sir Charles Hamilton. Dr. Carson was the parent of agriculture, and by his bold pamphlet he did much to reform abuse. The honoured names of the Thomas's must also be mentioned; in 1827, they cleared Brookfield, and made a road to it at their own expense. Voltaire's joke about England being a country with ninety-nine religions and one fish sauce, might be repeated about this Colony at that time; for we were a country with seven newspapers (two in Conception Bay and five in St. John's), and one road. Sir Thomas made the Military Road, so called because it was made by the soldiers, and Torbay Road; he also cleared and cultivated "Virginia," Mr. Emerson's residence, and built Government House at a cost of

over £80,000 sterling. He also commenced Topsail Road; but up to 1840, however, only five miles of it had been made. For fear of straying into bye paths, I will take our progress in order, and first, in religious institutions. The first Church of England clergyman came here in 1705; he had £50 a year, and the whole Island for his parish. Dr. O'Donel came here in 1784 with only two priests. Before his time a missionary priest or two had come here by stealth. Eighty years ago we had not more than six clergymen of all denominations, and about as many churches. Not many years ago there was a woman living in St. Mary's Bay who remembered the first visit of a priest. He baptized her, married her, and christened her three children all on the same day. Contrast this state of things with the present day when we have 244 places of worship and 120 devoted clergymen spreading the blessings of religion all over the Colony. In education our advancement has been still more remarkable. Passing over the time spoken of by Bishop Fleming when we had three schools, I find from statistics kindly furnished me by Dr. Pilot, that in 1846 we had 159 schools, 6,707 scholars, with an average attendance of 42.02 in each school, whilst in 1877, there were 384 schools, with 19,249 scholars, and an average attendance of 50. In another great element of progress and as an educator, postal communication, our advances have been very remarkable. Passing over the days when the Post Office was an Imperial institution, we come to 1841. So complete a failure was the first attempt to establish local posts that, outside of St. John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear and Brigus, only five dollars local postage was received, and Messrs. Archibald, Thomas and Noad with great foresight recommended that there should be no postal communication established outside of St. John's and these settlements in Conception Bay. The whole amount collected in 1852 for local postage, was £238 4s. 8d. (\$955), the number of letters for 1878 was 615,360 and the revenue for local postage \$16,751. It is now, in 1908, over \$122,000.

Agriculture shows very poor progress compared with the advances made by our neighbouring colonies. The only really forward movement is due to the illustrious introducer of the Dog Act—Hon. E. D. Shea. There were only about 3,000 sheep in 1836, 5,000 in 1845, whilst in 1874, after the passing of the Act, we had 30,000. We ought to have millions.

Manufactures.—The first mills for grinding wheat and making biscuits were begun by Robert Job in 1834; Rennie's, in 1835, but they soon ceased. It was N. R. Vail, in 1854, who began the present manufacture of hard bread.

Mines.—The real pioneers were C. F. Bennett and Smith McKay. Bennett spent £50,000 in mining before he made a cent. Tilt Cove turned out a fortune; first mined in 1858. Mining produced at first from £50,000 to £100,000 annually; it now amounts to \$1,353,760.

In one other branch of industry, the seal fishery, the following statistics do not certainly indicate progress. Steam has almost annihilated our sailing fleet, but our seal fishery as prosecuted by sailing vessels is not the only business steam has annihilated. Where is the fleet of clipper schooners that used to go to Saint Michael's for oranges, to Malaga for raisins, to Zante for currants? Huge iron steamers, long, bulky and ugly, have driven off the seas those beautiful trim schooner yachts, and Saint Michael's and Zante and Malaga know them no more. There can be very little doubt that before the introduction of steam the seal fishery was declining, and it is a question now whether the general interests of the Colony have not on the whole benefited by the introduction of steam. The advocates of steamers argue that our sailing vessels which have passed away were nearly all purchased out of the Colony, just as the steamers are, and, whether directly or indirectly, caused by the introduction of steamers there has been a large increase in fore-and-afters built in the Colony since the introduction of steamers. I must confess that all my sympathies are with the sailing vessels. I believe they were the best for the country; they gave employment to more men; they were altogether owned in the Colony; their fitting out gave employment to every class. There was an excitement and an enthusiasm about cutting channels, poking out, "copying," running foul of each other, towing, &c.; the

great delight and enthusiasm to all parties which the departure of the sailing vessels caused, find but a very faint echo in the departure of a sealing steamer; but, on the other hand, she picks up her men at the ice with their tows, and saves many a long haul by so doing:—

STATISTICS OF SEAL FISHERY FROM 1834.

Ports.	Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
St. John's.....	125	11,020	2,910
Conception Bay.....	218	17,785	4,894
Other Ports of the Colony.....	31	2,511	682
Total.....	374	31,316	8,486

1844.

Ports.	Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
St. John's.....	121	11,088	3,775
Conception Bay.....	173	16,031	5,065
Other Ports of the Colony.....	64	4,755	1,687
Total.....	358	31,874	10,527

1897.

No. of Steam Vessels engaged in Seal Fishery.....	22
Tonnage of Steam Vessels engaged in Seal Fishery....	7,930
No. of Men.....	3,684

The pioneer of Electric Telegraphs, in this country, was F. N. Gisborne. In 1850 he wrote a letter to the paper which concludes with these memorable words: I hope the day is not far distant when St. John's will be the first link in the electric chain which will unite the Old World and the New." In 1851, Mr. Gisborne came to St. John's and explained his plans to the Legislature, and by 1852 he had completed the St. John's and Carbonear Electric Telegraph Company: In 1854, Cyrus Field founded The New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Coy., now the Anglo-American. The Cable is now no longer a wonder and a marvel, but as one sits through the long watches of the night with both Continents at rest and notes the beginning of the business day in Europe and later on the rush from America, watching by the cable instrument, we appear almost to hear the eager steps of the busy multitude in two worlds. To the tired operator it is mere ordinary business, but to the onlooker, this joining of two Hemispheres and the complete annihilation of time and space will always appear as the most wonderful achievement in an age of scientific marvels.

I believe I am keeping strictly within the sober region of facts when I say that the telegraph has raised the price of Fish. Fish is a perishable article, and instantaneous information about markets must on the average have been an immense benefit to the exporter it has acted on current prices. The Telegraph Co. has spent in this colony and diffused amongst all classes \$1,399,000, on construction, and an annual expenditure for over 20 years of \$80,000 per annum. The extension of the Telegraph North and West marks a great step in progress. The first suggestion came from Mr. Ellershausen, who also offered to contribute towards the cost of telegraphic extension to the Northern mining region. The carrying out of this suggestion into effect is mainly, due to the energy and enlightenment of the Whiteway-Bond Government and the very prompt and economical manner in which this telegraph extension was worked out, is due to the practical knowledge and long experience of A. M. McKay, Esq., who superintended the building of the two lines,

We are the heir of all the ages and we have that most useful of all modern inventions the Telephone and the most wonderful of all, The Marconi Wireless Telegraph. The next marvel will be navigation through the air. Trams and Electric Lighting we owe to the enterprise of the Reid's.

Since Mr. McKay's death the Anglo-American Telegraph Co. has been under the very capable management of Mr. R. C. Smith.

THE RAILWAY

The first Railway Bill was passed in 1880. The Whiteway-Bond Administration of that day deserve eternal credit for their bold policy in carrying it out. It met with fierce opposition from the Mercantile Party, who feared an increase in the price of labour. There were no greater enthusiasts for the measure than your humble servant and the Late Hon. A. M. McKay.

I did my part, lectured on the Railway years before it was begun, and sketched out the line on a map which was the track afterwards followed. The object of course was to touch at the heads of the Bays in crossing the country, so that there could be communication with all the outlying settlements by water. Mackay and Captain Cleary were the valuers for the property taken for the line. I went with them as a sort of ambulatory Court, to settle the titles. I have told the story of the Battle of Fox Trap elsewhere. For all my good work, I never received one cent, and I was held up to ridicule as a poltroon and coward by a ben-evolent Catholic Priest who wrote a play to help a poor strolling company of American actors.

Many amusing stories could be told about our first Railway Promoters. Blackman, who was the pioneer, was a veritable Colonel Sellers. He had not a second suit to his back, and came here in the dead of winter with only a light summer coat. Pictures of the splendid buildings, piers and ships that he drew from his vivid imagination are still to be seen. The new Company soon broke down. When the line reached Topsail all of us who were Railway enthusiasts began to breathe freely. We knew right well that when once the public began to realize the immense benefits of the Railway, like *Oliver Twist*, they would ask for more.

Nothing has done so much to promote the Progress of Newfoundland as the Railway. All the new enterprises—Mining, Lumbering, Pulp, and Paper Works, are directly the outcome of the Railway. We were fortunate in securing the services of R. G. Reid. All his work was well done, and he was rich enough to take our Bonds in payment for the enterprise instead of cash. The figures I give below shows the immense advance of Newfoundland from 1888 to the present time. We can also see how the railway and improved communication with the United States and Canada has affected the course of Trade. In 1888 the United Kingdom had 38 per cent. of our trade; Canada 17, and the United States 13 per cent. By 1906, Great Britain has come down to 19 per cent.; Canada has risen to 23 per cent., and the United States to 21. And the whole Trade has increased from \$14,816,453 in 1888 to \$22,500,550 in 1906, over 50 per cent. in 18 years, largely if not entirely due to the Whiteway-Bond Railway Policy.

For our further progress, as a Colony, one absolute requirement is the promotion of agriculture by model farms, pure seed, sheep farms, and all the other scientific means now being used with such good effect in Canada and the United States. We have to-day less than 100,000 sheep; we ought to have millions. No country is better adapted for raising these valuable animals than Newfoundland, and our native mutton is the best flavoured in America. New Zealand, which has only been an English

Colony for 70 years, has 23,000,000 sheep. Sheep farming and the development of our coal areas are two of the most crying needs of the Colony.

If we take the figures from the commencement of the Bond Administration in March, 1900, to the present time, the progress is still more wonderful. One of the most striking points is the increase in the price of cod, and the higher reward for our fishermen's labours.

TOTAL TRADE IMPORTS AND EXPORTS FROM 1900.

	Imports.	Exports.	Totals.
1900-1	\$7,476,503	\$8,359,978	\$15,836,481
1901-2	7,836,685	9,552,524	17,389,209
1902-3	8,479,944	9,976,504	18,456,548
1903-4	9,448,664	10,381,897	19,830,561
1904-5	10,279,293	10,669,342	20,948,635
1905-6	10,414,274	12,086,276	22,500,550
1906-7	10,406,040	12,101,161	22,527,201

PRICE OF FISH.

	Total Exports.	Dry Cod.	Average Price per cwt.	Total Val. Dry Cod Ex.
1896-7	\$4,925,789	1,135,817 cwts.	\$2.46	\$2,824,242
1897-8	5,226,933	1,145,540 "	2.82	3,230,928
1898-9	6,930,315	1,226,336 "	3.62	4,445,031
1899-00....	8,627,576	1,300,622 "	4.19	5,453,538
1900-1	8,359,978	1,233,107 "	4.19	5,171,910
1901-2	9,552,524	1,288,955 "	4.27	5,505,728
1902-3	9,976,504	1,429,724 "	3.94	5,633,072
1903-4	10,381,897	1,300,373 "	4.37	5,943,063
1904-5	10,669,342	1,196,814 "	5.14	6,108,618
1905-6	12,086,276	1,481,025 "	5.31	7,864,719

Want of space prevents me from referring to our progress in Education, and the beneficial effects arising from the Council of Higher Education. Our Boys Brigades, the Naval Reserve, the advance in Temperance, and the growth of Athletics, admirably represented by the last Marathon race. The crusade against that terrible scourge—Consumption—will always be honourably associated with the name of the Hon. John Harvey as President.

Tourist traffic, largely promoted by the Allan line, Harvey's steamers and Reid's railway and steamers. It is a regular gold mine for the Colony. In connection with the Tourist business, the name of the late Rev. M. Harvey should always be gratefully remembered. Many of our native writers—P. T. McGrath, Devine, Carroll and others, have done good work.

We owe also a debt of gratitude to Millais, Selous and Prichard. Notwithstanding the abuse of alien tramps, I think my countrymen will allow that I have done my part in booming the country. A great English critic, writing in the *London Graphic*, says of my History:—"For the modern reader, the author has discovered Newfoundland almost as much as the stout Italian mariner Cabot."

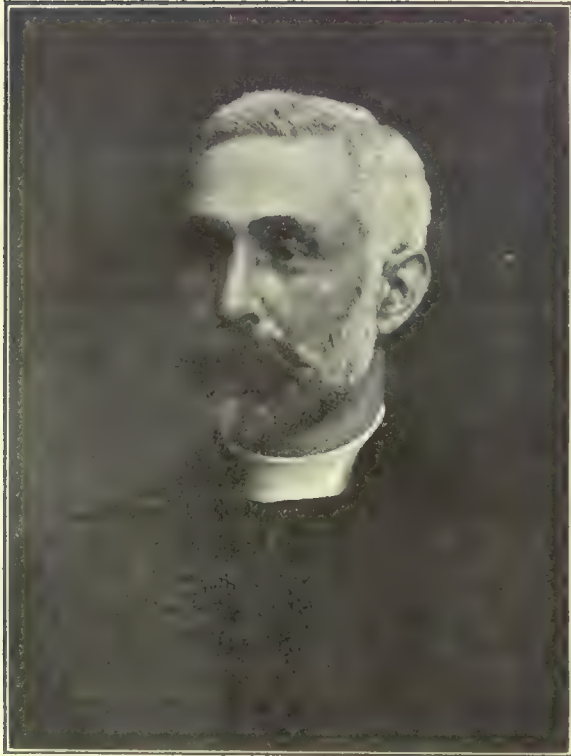


Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

DAILY MAIL EMPIRE DAY SHOOT, MAY 24, 1908.—GROUP AT THE 200 YARD RANGE.

The Pan-Anglican Congress.

By Rev. G. H. Bolt, M.A.



REV. G. H. BOLT, M.A.



WING to the short time which has elapsed since the holding of the Congress, it is difficult to summarize the thoughts suggested by this world-wide gathering. The many-sided problems discussed, and the various opinions expressed, require time for digestion, and the subjects dealt with in the several Sections have provided food for life-long reflection. So strongly has this been felt that the wisdom of holding a Congress, as often as every ten years, has been doubted by some.

There were in fact seven Congresses for the subjects dealt with, in any one of the Sections, were sufficiently important to require for their discussion the time allotted to all the Sections.

Such indeed was the case, for the Sectional Meetings were held at different centres simultaneously. It was impossible, therefore, to attend all the Sectional Meetings. It was a temptation to select the subjects in each Section in which one was especially interested, and attend, as far as possible, the meetings at which they were discussed. Some delegates did this, but it seemed to the writer more profitable to follow the suggestion made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in his address in the Albert Hall, viz., to attend the meetings of some one Section, and to master as far as possible the cognate subjects there dealt with.

Hence my impressions have been gathered mainly from the discussions of one Section, viz., Section C., dealing with the Church and the Ministry; but not altogether, for at the evening meetings in the Albert Hall, where each Section was allotted an evening, and popular addresses were given by speakers from all parts of the world, one was able to form some impression of

the Congress as a whole.

And here must be noted ones first impression, which must have been common to Delegates both from Home and abroad. No one could have witnessed that inspiring sight of the Albert Hall packed with people, numbering some ten thousand in all, gathered from all parts of the world, to learn how the Church may do her work more effectually in the world, without being impressed, with the oneness of purpose which had made such a gathering possible and without being also impressed with the unity of the Anglican Communion.

The manner, too, in which the Meetings were conducted was admirable. We were shown how seriousness and devotion could be combined with business-like procedure. The papers read by the appointed speakers dealt strictly with the subject under discussion. If a speaker wandered from the subject, which was on the whole rarely the case, he was promptly reminded of the fact by the Chairman, so that no time was wasted.

Indeed, if one were inclined to criticise, it would be under this head. Having regard to the importance of the questions discussed, one could have wished that a longer time had been given to the consideration of some subjects. Informal meetings where questions could have been asked, and views exchanged by delegates, would have been of great benefit. The time allotted to those who wished to speak after the papers had been read, was often too short. It varied according to the number who wished to speak, but it did not often exceed five minutes. It requires some concentration of thought to deal with an important question in five minutes. At one meeting in Section C., when a very important question was under discussion, twenty-six delegates sent up their names. As only an hour remained for discussion, it is hardly necessary to state they were not all called to the platform. As a rule, the speakers were called in the order of their positions in their dioceses. To quote the words of a speaker, in another connection, "They whistled three times for a Bishop, twice for an Archdeacon, once for a Priest!"

But criticism would be captious, for considering the magnitude of the undertaking, the arrangements for the congress were well planned and successfully carried out.

Of the many impressions left on ones mind by the Congress, not the least was the estimation in which the Colonies are held to-day, compared with say twenty years ago. Then to be a Colonial was more or less the mark of an inferior; now it is a name to conjure with. The reply of a clergyman to the writer, who asked him if he came from abroad, facetiously expressed the attitude of the Congress, "No, I am only an Englishman."

Again and again, as one listened to the discussions, one was reminded of the line,

"What do they know of England who only England know?"

It was remarkable how often the Mother Church turned to the daughter in the Colonies for advice and leading. Both inside and outside the Congress it was repeatedly acknowledged that the Old Land had much to learn from the New. Colonial Bishops, who were once well-known English Vicars and, who had caught the Imperial spirit overseas, came back to tell the Church at Home of methods tried and tested in the Colonies, which she might adopt with profit.

The Church at home derived more benefit, perhaps, from the discussions of the Congress than the Church abroad. Indeed

some contended that the subjects were treated too much from an English stand-point. It was the Home Church, rather than the Colonial, which was on its trial. As one Australian Bishop said, "We must discuss England if only to avoid the mistakes which England has made."

Then again one could not but be thankful for the freedom of the Colonial Church.

We perhaps, at times, sigh for the position which the Church holds in England as the Established Church. We envy, perhaps, her prestige. We, whose history is so recent, think highly and rightly so, of a great historic past. But there is another side to the picture. We can take steps for improvement and advancement. Unhampered by state control, we are not timid of breaking with the past, for we are making history for the future. While on the other hand the Mother Church, must submit her proposed Legislation to those who may not see eye to eye with her. She is tied and bound by precedent. She has to consid-

ing reform may spell revolution. Here the Colonials were able to speak from a happy experience, and assure their English brethren, that the layman when given responsibility is more conservative than his clerical brother. He may be a reformer, a revolutionist he is not.

Of the many other features of the Congress, which left a deep impression, space forbids me to dwell. The memory of the opening service in Westminster Abbey grand in its simplicity and penitence, will linger for many a long year with those who took part in it. The closing service in St. Paul's Cathedral, with its long line of Bishops presenting the Thank-offering from many lands was a sight never to be forgotten. The monster meetings in the Albert Hall, triumphs of organization, were wonderful to behold. The hospitality, both public and private, so lavishly bestowed upon the delegates, made them forever debtors to their English brethren. The inspiring addresses and discussions were an education in themselves. These, and many other features, have left memories which will never be effaced.

But deeper and more lasting still will be the impression which the Congress has made in regard to the opportunities and

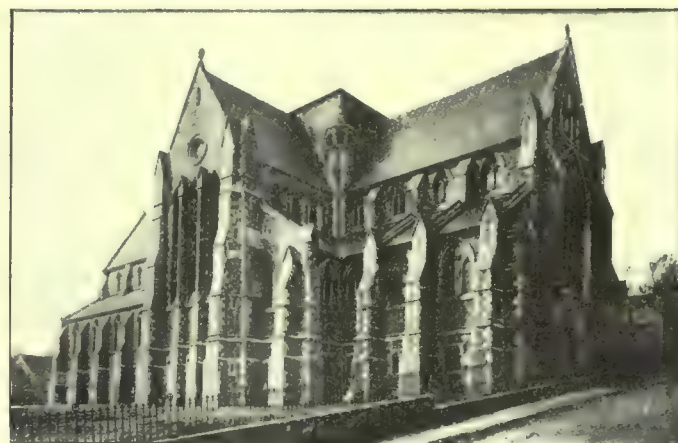


RT. REV. LLEWELLYN JONES, D.D.

ered vested interests, and thus few care to attempt reforms, although they are widely called for.

In no respect is this more apparent than in the question of finance. While many Colonies of only yesterday have launched schemes for providing Candidates for the Ministry, for supporting the Clergy who are actively engaged in work, and for making provision for their old age, the Mother Church cannot be said to have yet grappled with these questions. And grapple with them as she never will until she gives the laity a larger share in her deliberations.

Here, too, was seen the contrast between English and Colonial methods. It was largely felt at the Congress that if the Anglican Church is to do her part in the world, she must enlist more than she has done the coöperation of the laity, and especially of what are known as the masses. And yet one could see how timid some were of placing power in the hands of the laity, fear-



CHURCH OF ENGLAND CATHEDRAL.

responsibilities of the Church. We were made to realize as never before the service which Christianity demands of all. Our vision was widened, not only as regard our own Communion, but also as regards all Christian bodies. There was no spirit of self-satisfaction, but rather heart-searchings for short-comings in the past. Christianity we were told must regulate interests now too often opposed. The work which the Church of Christ in the largest sense is called to do is so vast, that when Christians can unite to do it without sacrifice of principle, they ought to do so. We can have unity without uniformity. We want comprehension not compromise.

This was the great lesson of the Congress, and if it sent men back to their several spheres of work, as it did, resolved as far as in them lies, to do what they can to better understand one another's views, to create a kindlier feeling between class and class, to help employer and employed to recognise their obligations to one another, to soften the animosities of public and private life, to create a healthy public opinion, to help in short to build up a Kingdom of righteousness in the world, then the Pan-Anglican Congress will not have been held in vain.

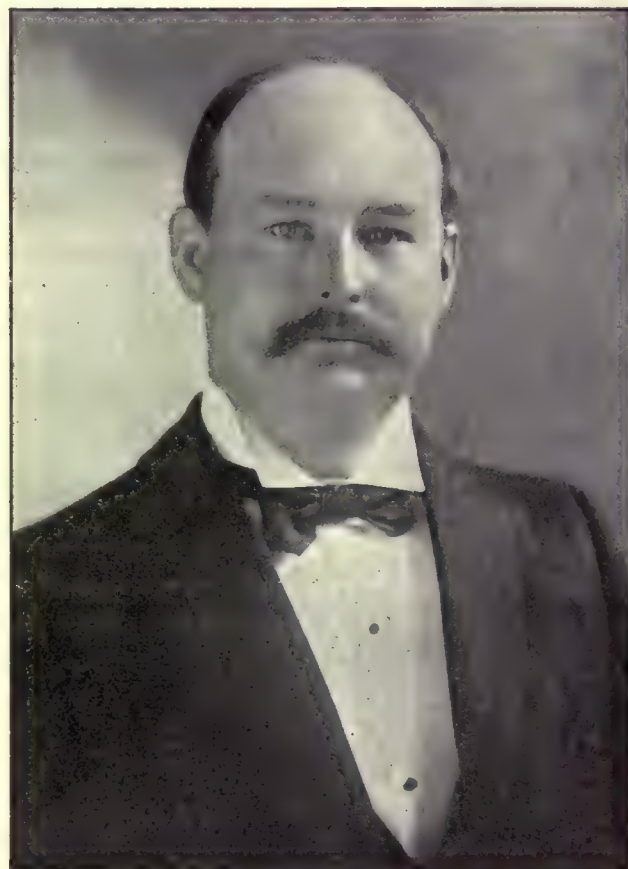


THE C. E. THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Sir Robert Bond, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.,
Prime Minister of Newfoundland,
And some of his associates in the coming campaign.



RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.,
Premier and Colonial Secretary.
Candidate for Twillingate District.



HON. E. M. JACKMAN,
Minister of Finance and Customs.
Candidate for Placentia and St. Mary's District.



HIS and the following pages contain the pictures of Premier Sir Robert Bond and those of some of the men, who, with him, in the coming Election, go to the country bearing the standard of Liberalism.

Those men are so well known in their several districts, and to the country generally, that any lengthy notice from us is unnecessary. They are, every one of them, tried men of sterling qualities, and deserving the fullest trust, confidence, and support of their fellow-countrymen.

Their leader, Sir Robert Bond, has always stood for the highest rights of Newfoundland,—stood for them and won. Earnest, determined and painstaking; whenever he undertakes to perform a duty he makes it a point of honour to discharge it with thoroughness.

During his tenure of office he has settled that aged and persistent agitator of our political life, "The French Shore Question." He has fought for our constitutional rights against odds that would appall a man of less resolute purpose, and won the esteem of every Premier under the Flag by his manful utterances at the late Colonial Conference.

Within the last few days there has been announced a victory of his fearless championship of our cause that has stricken from this Colony shackles placed on her by blunders a century old. Yes, it is through his untiring zeal and unflagging energies that Newfoundland stands to-day amongst her sister Colonies of the Empire rejoicing in the full glory of her birthright, untrammelled, unfettered and free.



HON. JAMES M. KENT, B.A., K.C.,
Minister of Justice.
Candidate for St. John's East District.



HON. ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.
Candidate for Harbor Grace District.



MICHAEL S. SULLIVAN,
Candidate for Placentia and St. Mary's District.



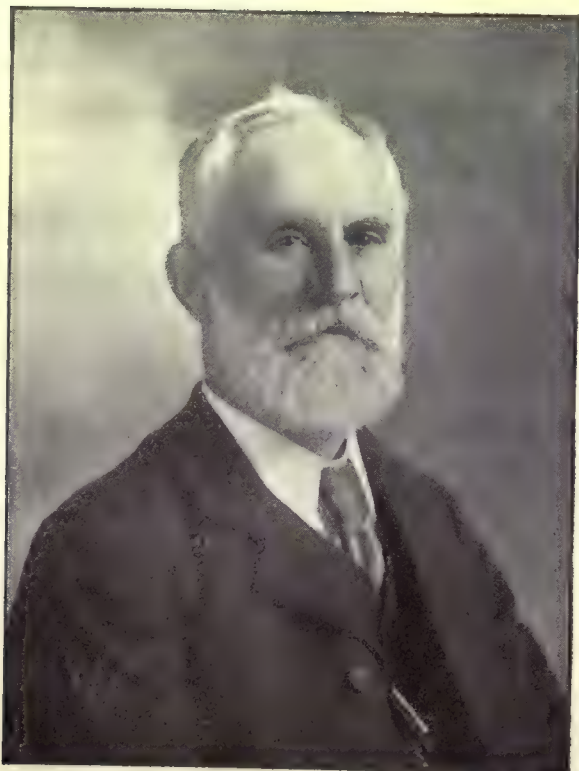
GEORGE W. GUSHUE,
Minister of Public Works.
Candidate for Trinity District.



JAMES AUGUSTUS CLIFT, K.C.,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.
Candidate for Twillingate District.



HON. GEORGE SHEA,
Candidate for St. John's East District.



H. J. EARLE,
Candidate for Fogo District.



JOHN DWYER,
Candidate for St. John's East District.

"From the Portuguese."

By A. J. W. McNeily, K.C.



LIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING wrote a number of very beautiful Sonnets to which she gave the title of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Like everything she wrote they are perfect in literary form, graceful, delicate, and with the subtle flavour of scholarship. But, though there is at times an assumption of virility in them, they are intensely feminine; and they do not in anywise interpret the peculiar genius of Portuguese literature. As a matter of fact these *lours de force* of a great poetic nature never had a Portuguese original, but were all evolved from the inner consciousness, the subliminal Self of the poet. They do not bear the mark of the inspiration of any "Genius Loci" and might as well have been labelled "From the Aramaic" or "From the Japanese." This is no disparagement of the genius of the poet or the artistic beauty of her work. Doubtless she could have given us vigorous and classical translations of Lusitanian masterpieces; but her Sonnets from the Portuguese are as innocent deceptions as Frank Mahony's "Rogueries of Tom Moore," or the Shepherds Chaldee MS. in the "Nectes Ambrosiana."

But in Portuguese and Spanish literature there is ample material for the appreciative translator, and especially in the Sonnets of Camões there is much of the distinctive Lusitanian genius. The best translations of the higher inspirations must necessarily fall short of the great originals, in which there is a subtlety of atmosphere which must always evade transference. They are like exotic blossoms which cannot survive the process of transplanting. But it is often permitted to one who has apprehended the spirit of the artist to find, even in imperfect translations, some glimpses and suggestions of an esoteric meaning which it is impossible to crystallize into rugged speech.

This evasive subtlety, as I have called it, is especially distinctive of the 138th Sonnet of Camões of which an attempted translation is offered herein. For the benefit of Portuguese students the original is appended: and it has tempted me into some notes and suggestions on the translation of Colour Impressions.

THE 138TH SONNET OF CAMOENS.

OH lovely presence with angelic form,
Wherein Heaven gives us all it could have given;
A joyous face, besprent with roses warm,
From which shines forth the loveliness of Heaven;
Eyes, deep inlaid with blackness of the storm
O'er the pure crystal of a snow wreath driven,
Where, in their blending, soft green tints have striven,
Commingle Hope and Envy in their charm.

Kindness, and soul, and grace, which aggrandize
Thy native beauty, spite of thy disdain,
Still to thyself increasing love are bringing,
As fetters of a heart which, taken prize,
Its sorrow to the music of its chain,
(Like the fair mermaid in the storm) is singing.

Here is the text of the original:

As prizoos de um coração que canta ao som dos ferros.

PRESENÇA bella, angelica figura,
Em quem quanto o Ceo tinha nos tem dado,
Geste alegre de rosas semeado,
Entre as quaes se está rindo a formosura;
Olhos, onde tem feito tal mistura
Em crystal puro o negro marchetado,
Que vemos ja no verde delicado
Nao esperança, mas inveja escura:
Brandura, aviso, e graça, que augmentando
A natural belleza co' hum desprêzo,
Com que mais desprezada mais se augmenta:
Sam as prizoos de hum coração, que prêzo
Seu mal ao som dos ferros vai cantando,
Como faz a serêa na tormenta.

SOME NOTES ON THE TRANSLATION OF COLOUR AND COLOUR IMPRESSIONS.

The words of the original in the 5th to the 8th verses are somewhat paraphrased in the translation, but reproduce as nearly as possible the ideas of the poet so far as they can be conceived through alien eyes. In Spanish, Portuguese and Italian poetry there are very frequent allusions to the strange fascination of "green" eyes. Thus in Longfellow's "Spanish Student" we

have Victorian speaking of the "young and green-eyed Gaditana" as

"A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies."

And in the poet's annotation he says: "The Spaniards with good reason consider this colour of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example in the well-known *Villancio* :—

Ay, ojuelos verdes
ay, los mis ojuelos,
ay hagan los cielos
que de mí te acuerdes.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. Lami says in his *Annotazioni* "Erano i suoi occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare." Concerning tastes—the proverb is somewhat musty. But it is curious to note that the Northern peoples have associated green eyes with cats, and cunning, and cruelty, and jealousy, and general naughtiness. If I remember aright Becky Sharpe was equipped with those formidable weapons of offence. Iago warns his lord to "beware of jealousy, It is a green-eyed monster." And Damas in the "Lady of Lyons" describes "the man who sets his heart upon a woman" as "a chamæleon" who "doth feed on air;" and, describing the changing colours of the passions, pictures him as growing

"Rosy with Hope, and green with Jealousy,
And pallid with Despair."

It is a notable fact also that among the Spaniards and Portuguese—I cannot speak with any authority as to the Italians—Green is the symbolic colour alike of Hope and Jealousy, phases of emotion which seem entirely discrete, if not irreconcilable. Of course Green is the most widespread combination of the primary colours, the concept of which must be universal; but there are shadings of the colour as infinite and as infinitesimal as the grades of a tone in the "chromatic" (or "colour") scale of music: and it is these *nuances* of tint which, often difficult to depict in our own language, it is almost impossible to translate from a foreign tongue. In every language Poetic Art has given itself great license in the attribution of colours to natural objects. In the Old Testament Scriptures the same word is used to express "purple" and "crimson," and "scarlet," which in the spectrum are by no means closely related. "Hyacinthine locks" is not intended to convey the idea of either the blue or the purple of the hyacinth: (to speak of a "blue-haired" or "purple-haired" beauty would savour of something *bizarre*). The old ballad poetry of England sings as much of the "red, red gold" as of the "red, red wine." The ruddy colour is associated with fire as much as with blood; yet Rossetti pictures the handmaidens of the Lady Mary as "Into the fine cloth, white like *flame*, weaving the golden thread." I wonder if the epithet "glaukōpis," applied to Athene, has ever been adequately translated. The same epithet which is generally (*faute de mieux*) translated "gray-eyed" is also applied to her bird of Wisdom, the owl; but the owl's eyes are rather green than gray. The Latin equivalent adjective is applied by Lucretius to the waves "*undae glaucae*" and by Virgil to the willow-tree "*glauca salix*," which in respect of the waters would probably be best interpreted as "blue-gray," and as to the tree as "gray-green." Again one asks what definite tint of green or blue is denoted by "cœrulean"? The adjective is applied by the Latins to the sky, to the sea, to the rivers, to serpents, to the eyes of the Germans, to Pluto's horses, to Charon's boat, and to the funereal fillets of the departed. Cicero tells us too, that "it will be permitted to say that the eyes of Minerva are cœsian (*cœsius oculos*) and that those of Neptune are cœrulean." And again what a wealth of conjecture is open to us among the yellows! Could Whistler himself have given us a symphony with *flavus* and *aureus* and *croceus* and *luteus* and *fulvus*, and other variants of the jaundice colour which I know not of, or which I have forgotten?

The History of Religious Education in the Public Schools of Massachusetts.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.



PURPOSE here to give a summary of a paper upon this subject, by the Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Portland, Me., who is so favourably known to many in this town. This paper was read by him in October, 1903, at a conference of Catholic School Representatives in Philadelphia, Pa., and has been published in the Bulletin of the Catholic Educational Association* of the United States of America, May, 1908. It will be seen that Bishop Walsh is as proud of his native State of Massachusetts as I hope every Newfoundlander is of *his* native State; but he relates the facts with perfect impartiality.

Massachusetts, as he points out, was originally a homogeneous community. Indeed, in the original Thirteen Colonies, I may observe, homogeneity and uniformity was the rule, partly from voluntary organization, and partly from the sanction of the Crown. Thus the Puritans settled in Massachusetts, the Catholics in Maryland, the Episcopalians in Virginia, the Quakers in Philadelphia, and so on. In Massachusetts, "Church and Commonwealth were only two names for the same body, at least in power of government and voting; for no one could vote, much less hold office, who was not a communicant in the church." The history of religious education in that State, he says, "naturally divides itself into three periods or chapters; the first, from 1630 to 1775; the second from 1775 to 1825; the third, from 1825 to 1900. (1) Religious education was the corner-stone in the foundation of the great monument which we call the State of Massachusetts. . . . In the year 1642, the General Court ordered and decreed: 'Taking into consideration the great neglect of many parents and guardians in training up their children in learning and labour and other employment which may be profitable to the Commonwealth, . . . that chosen men in every town are to redress this evil, are to have power to take account of parents, masters, and their children, especially of their ability to read and understand the principles of religion and the capital laws of the country.' It is clear that many parents had shown great neglect in training up their children. This does not square with the traditional picture of the first Puritans. It is sometimes imagined that all this [educational system] was an original idea of the Puritans. Such a notion is far from true. It was one of the many fine ideas imported from England, and given to England by the Catholic Church of Augustine, of Theodore, of Alfred, of Anselm, of Langton, of Fisher and Moore. The compulsory feature of the State law was new; the feature of universality or education for all was also new in one sense, and was not carried into effect. But if the Puritans had such an unquenchable thirst for learning and religion, it is hard to see why the tyranny of compulsion should, by law, replace the liberty of love. No; it was the unconscious continuity of the religious educational work of the Church from the time when our Lord said: 'Teach all nations.' . . . During the first period (1630-1775) there was no real modification, by law, of the original idea; and the man who would dare to think out loud of holding a secular non-religious school would have been judged an emissary of Satan." The system and principle survived in law, even when the spirit which originally inspired it had departed.

The steps of the decadence of Puritanism—which was the religion of Massachusetts—are thus marked by the learned writer: "When royalty and the Church of England recovered control in the mother country the door of Massachusetts was opened a little. When a Governor came who was a strong Churchman, the Puritans were rather nervous and conciliatory. . . . Hence Baptists, Quakers, and Episcopalians slipped in from time to time; and though not numerous enough to build churches or schools, asserted themselves often enough to be

persecuted. The witchcraft delusion of 1692 weakened the Puritan ministers in their claim of possessing the Spirit and infallibility; and many people asserted that the Devil was in the ministers rather than in the witches. Commercial gain and the wars with the French and the Indians, in which the help of all was needed, made the Puritans less strict about the qualifications of voters and communicants. . . . The Methodists under Whitefield and Davenport played havoc with Puritan uniformity. . . . The Methodist revival collapsed, but the Methodists, Baptists, and other sects gained a foothold which was never after lost. The lethargy in England between 1750 and 1775 that came from the Deist and infidel philosophy imported into England from Europe must have had its counterpart in the Colony. In spite of all these currents, the religious instruction did not change much in form; and the various sects secured a part of the State-tax for the support of their houses of worship, and no doubt were able in the localities where they were strong to manage the schools on their own lines and to have the teachers interpret the text-books according to their views.

(2) "The second period (1775-1825) shows the steady rise of the denominational system, but at the same time the growing decadence of the common [or, public] school in *secular* as well as in religious training, and thus presents some interesting features. . . . When the Colonies made that kick against the Mother Country, which is now so often recalled by our Filipino cousins to justify their own kick, the question was no longer, Are you a Puritan or a Baptist or an Episcopalian? but, Are you [a Revolutionist or a Loyalist]? Be what you like in religion, only kick against England. A new bond of [political] unity; another invitation to religious variety. Together with this force there was another one, (which began, indeed, somewhat earlier), viz., the wave of French infidel philosophy. This had far more influence upon the fathers and educators of our Revolutionary period than we are wont to realize, or at least to acknowledge. . . . The very force that [even then] was disrupting France—infidel philosophy—was making itself felt, feebly at first, but none the less effectively, on our shores. Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Franklin, Hamilton, all had come under its spell by personal touch in Paris or by the indirect reflex action of literature. The American mind was changing; and when the educated public mind changes, sooner or later public opinion and then statute law will crystallize that mind. . . . The influence was felt all over the country, and Jefferson and Franklin must have drunk many a draught at that unhallowed fountain, as their writings prove, for the mottoes of Franklin show that the electric spark of mind and ether and the golden coin were his chief idols. In Massachusetts it was felt less and later than elsewhere. . . . This influence was seen more clearly still in the records of the University of the State of New York (which I will only mention as outside of our subject); but in reality the French infidel philosophy and a Frenchman conceived, developed, and brought forth that great institution."

After the Revolution the religious decadence went on still more rapidly.* "Did the thought ever come to you," he continues, "That in their Declaration of Independence . . . there is a clear public recognition of the 'Creator of all men,' the 'Supreme Judge of the World,' and of 'Divine Providence' as protector and guide of men? while on the other hand, in the Constitution of the United States there is not the slightest hint of any such power [to recognise God] in the United States or out of it. Thirteen years separated the two documents; and among other things the French secular idea that was about to

* In the political sphere, the anarchy and misery following the revolution made every man of property and every man of sense sick of French political principles and of extreme republicanism; they returned to English principles, and the statesmen who founded the constitution aimed at making it as like as possible to the English, in the secular sphere.

*Organized July, 1904.

deluge France with human blood in fraternal strife, had made its indelible mark upon the minds of American statesmen. Religion, which had been fundamental in each of the Colonies, was not even mentioned in the United States Constitution, much less recognised as useful or necessary to national ideals. . . . Another influence began to show strength very soon after the Revolutionary war closed and it is the primary factor at this hour, viz.: Unitarianism, . . . Calvinism and predestinarianism went to pieces during the 18th century, . . . and the old adherents and ministers of the Congregational churches were slowly but surely being inoculated with its Unitarian virus. It weakened and divided one congregation after another, and then little by little animated a large enough body to form a separate congregation, thus completely breaking up the old Puritan and Congregational Commonwealth. Now, as the Unitarians gained influence in church and school, and as they made inroads on Baptist, Quaker, Episcopalian, and Methodist, the faithful of each congregation were all the more anxious to strengthen the denominational academy; at the same time, a germ of decadence was eating into the heart of the old Common school, and from the grammar school quickly advanced into the primary school on the one hand, and the college on the other; and before 1830 Harvard College was practically in control of the Unitarians as it is to-day."

(3) The third period began in 1825. "The denominational school," continues Bishop Walsh, "was the great social, aristocratic, intellectual, popular, and religious factor in Massachusetts. It suited the variety of religious convictions, and respected them by liberty and equality without minimizing them. The Public common school was in a stage of serious decadence that must surely before many years mean its passing away. . . . [In 1825] a young man appeared on the scene, Horace Mann by name. . . . Education was his watchword, his star, his sun; I for one am convinced, his God. Education, and *his* education, would be a preventive of all future human ills and a panacea for all the actual social diseases. . . . I wish that he were alive to day to pass judgment on the angelic purity and unselfishness of modern American life. . . . Massachusetts had first the old and positive Christian religion, distorted indeed but in many points true and exact, as the spirit of its education; after that, it had the same spirit, but in varied forms to suit the variety of people. Now, it was to be a uniform spirit once more, religious even but unsectarian—*subterfuge for that other word which they dare not use—Unitarian.* . . . In spite of all Mann's efforts, the religious instruction was maintained on denominational lines. . . . When he closed his career in the State Board of Education in 1848 the ministers certainly believed that they should triumph; and both in pulpit and press the cry was; We will never abandon the religious instruction in the schools; rather let the whole Public school system perish, and let each denomination be compensated by the State or itself pay, for the education, secular and religions, of its children. . . . But (to quote exactly the words of Mr. George Martin a supervisor in the schools of Boston) 'While this discussion was going on, a new danger appeared, in the presence of which the opposing parties ceased their wordy conflict, and combining their forces against the common enemy, solidified public opinion in support of the non-sectarian [i.e., Unitarian] Public school.' "And who was the common enemy? Why, the various sects hated Catholicism more than they loved Christianity, and thus the Unitarians were enabled to make tools of all the others, even of those believing in the Divinity of Christ. We see a similar Unitarian movement at the present day in old England, where, however, it is not getting on quite so well as it did in New England. About 1848 the Catholics of Ireland were exported by the "Liberal" Government of that day to the United States of America, when, if the Liberals had one grain of statesmanship, they would have settled them in South Africa and Australia. "The [Catholic] Irish were not welcome to the shores of the Puritan and the Pilgrim ‡. . . . Education for himself and a generous share to all races was a striking trait, even instinct, of the Celt; and the long privation of it from Cromwell the tyrant to O'Connell the Liberator only made the hunger the

more acute. . . . 'Divide therefore the money as you have done during so many years to support the schools'; (they said) 'the Protestant Bible is in your schools; let us have the religion of our fathers'. . . . In 1835, before the great influx, the School Board in the City of Lowell, after several ineffectual attempts to get the Irish children into what were called 'Yankee schools with Yankee teachers and Yankee text-books', authorized separate Catholic schools, and all expense save the rent of the rooms was paid by the city treasury. But when the great influx of the Irish came in 1848, a different spirit came over Bostonians and Massachusetts men, as if some epidemic or some barbarian horde was threatening ruin to the body and soul of the State. . . . A contemporary and acquaintance of Mr. Mann, and still living, puts it on record that the system of 'non-sectarian' schools was formulated for the very purpose of making the children of the foreigners lose their Catholic religion as well as gain American patriotism." It is needless to say that this design failed. Experience shows that where the Catholics attend the Public school in the United States, the Protestant boys learn that Catholics are human beings and thus lose all bigotry against Catholics; while the Catholic children, though often ill-instructed in religion (from the neglect or ignorance of their parents) always have a fierce political zeal and combativeness against Protestantism, far more intense than is found in those who are educated separately from Protestants. Moreover the "non-sectarian" school provoked all kinds of political conflicts. People refused to pay taxes to teach what was virtually Unitarianism; and all religion was banished from the Public School. The State now enforces the absence of religion, and this as Bishop Walsh observes, "eventually becomes 'the worthlessness of all religion.' . . . In a town of Massachusetts last year (1902) a new teacher in a public school tested her class of twenty seven pupils on the recitation of the Lord's prayer, and *only ten* of the twenty seven had ever heard of it. . . . There are, indeed, some few rays of light that promise a return to a wiser and juster course.

(1) Thoughtful men realize that something is wrong on the side of ideals, civic, moral, social, political, and literary, whatever satisfaction may come from commercial prosperity or national power. . . . (2) There is a direct charge against public schools as responsible. President Eliot [of Harvard] said not long ago: 'It is indisputable that we [the nation] have experienced a profound disappointment in the results of a widely diffused popular education.' And then he enumerates drunkenness, gambling, bad government from universal suffrage, spoils system, reading of daily papers, demoralizing theatres, credulity of men and women in patent medicines, labor strikes, rioting and anarchy, robbery and murder, stunted mental and moral growth, &c. . . . (3) A great many people are openly demanding religious instruction in the schools. Lastly, there is the big ray of light from the Anglo-Saxon Mother [Balfour's Education Act]. . . . Old England has thus set a shining example to her daughter. . . . If the State will so enlarge and beautify its system as Mother England has done, we shall feel that justice and only justice has been done. If it will not, then we shall go on, do the work of the State, of the Church, and of God, in our own school, educate children for God and for country, awaiting the blessed hour when liberty of education shall be a fact as well as a title upon a statute book."

The Brook.

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks;
And tracks thee dancing down thy water breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears, no naiad shouldst thou be,
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs;
It seems the eternal soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a better good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

—Wordsworth.

‡ In the Civil War, the Irish showed the Puritan that it was well the Irish came.

A'Pon My Word Story of a Caribou Hunt.

By H. Fraser.—Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

PART II.



QUICK as a shot, and before Croke had time to get his rifle to his shoulder, Frank had fired. Gee! whiz! did not that deer go? Talk about your express train, it is not in it with a deer on a short dash. This particular deer ran fifty or sixty yards and jumped off a rock into the woods while you would wink. Just as it disappeared Frank fired a second time. In the meantime Croke was running as hard as he could lick for the end of the woods where he thought the deer would likely come out, and he meant to cut it off if possible. He passed Paddy on the way, who says he asked Croke where he was going? but that Croke was in too great a hurry to answer. The deer did not come out at all, as it happened, and they searched that woods for upwards of an



CARRYING VENISON TO RAILWAY.

hour without being able to find the slightest trace of it. If the earth had opened and swallowed it whole it could not have disappeared more completely. One after the other, they gave up the search and retired to the top of the rock from where the deer was first seen. Frank must have missed it and the deer must have slipped out at the other edge of the woods and have gone off unseen up the lead, so they all thought, except Frank, who steadfastly maintained that he had not missed, but had hit the deer and hit him hard.

It is anything but a nice kind of feeling to watch the ripple widening where a fish has flapped his tail for the last time before going off with your fly. The sensation is equally depressing to watch a bird that has been fired at dip over a distant hill going as hard as ever. It is apt to make one swear, in easy. Such were now the feelings of the crest-fallen sports as they gazed on that empty landscape—and various were the conjectures offered.

At last Hu casually remarked, "Well, one thing is certain, he jumped into the woods from the top of that white rock."

"Well now," said Croke, "why did not you say that before. I did not wait to see where he left the open myself, but knowing that we'll find him if he is under the aurora borealis, suppose

we hunt till judgment day. Which way did he jump?"

After being shown the direction the deer jumped, Croke went off down again, and he had not entered the bushes one yard when a whoop notified them that he had struck some sign, and knowing Croke as they did they felt confident he would account for the deer and clear up the mystery. Nor were they kept long in suspense, for he had gone but a few steps further into the woods, when another whoop and a red bandana handkerchief held above the bushes told them he had come upon his quarry.

They all skurried down, and there it lay, with its fore legs doubled under it and its nose in the moss, a three year old stag; and Frank was vindicated, and to him belonged the honour of killing the first deer for the trip.

Willing hands soon dragged it out of the bushes, and Croke had his knife out intending to dress it when Frank interrupted him, saying, "If you don't mind, Croke, I would like to see this out to a finish and paunch it myself. I have done it before?"

"First though," said Hu, his hand seeking his capacious back pocket and producing a flask, "if you wish for further luck that deer should be wet before either of you put a knife into it."

After a small nip the dressing was proceeded with, finished, and the venison carried to the track and hung upon a snow fence ready to be picked up on their way back to camp.

Instead of going back to the same place they took the lead, and worked towards a low ridge to the westward of the Gaff Topsail; the day had become very warm, and arriving at the ridge they threw themselves down on the softest of moss imaginable, and if the truth be told, spent the greater portion of the day there, sleeping and yarning, while Croke spent the day half way up a juniper tree surveying the surrounding marshes.

Towards evening it got chilly and they were forced to take a round. Croke and Hu were ahead, and coming to the top of some rising ground Croke seized Hu by the shoulder and pulled him to the ground. It instantly flashed through Hu's mind that Croke had seen deer; but a moment later he whispered, geese! Hu had noticed something at the end of a pond that opened to view when they reached the top of the hill, but thought they were sticks standing out of the water.

After lying still for a few moments, Croke had a peep to see that all was well (Hu had one also, surreptitiously) and then they retraced their steps and joined the other two. Then under Croke's guidance they took a wide circuit and came back to a dried-up river along the soft mud at the bottom of which they were enabled to proceed without making a noise. After walking down this river bed half a mile or more and were approaching the geese, Croke who still led the party, halted, and held up his finger, warning them that they were getting near and extra caution was necessary. Doubled up like a pocket knife half open is far from a comfortable position to walk in at the best of times, but when to this is added extreme caution, and it is kept up for any length of time, it becomes torture, and it may safely be asserted that most of the party felt relieved when a sudden flapping and honking announced that the geese had scented danger and were off. They wheeled round, and each of us had a shot at them when flying across, but the geese were well up in the air and not a feather was touched.

Did you ever watch a flock of geese? It is very interesting to see the old gander marshalling and drilling them either in the air or in the water. A honk from the gander and they straighten out in a single line with exactly the same distance between each bird. Perhaps two honks and they all lessen that space; another and the leader increases the space to double or three times the distance—all the others maintaining the original separation. Another signal and they form the wedge; yet another, and they all close up in a bundle; and the same thing applies when in the water, if feeding they are in open order, if alarmed they immediately form fives or threes according to their number. It is good to watch them.

The sports had spent considerable time trying to get within shot of the geese, and it was now time to get back to the rail-

way track, pick up the deer, and return to camp. If they had not venison for breakfast it was only a pleasure deferred, and they had heart and kidneys for tea.

After tea Frank sewed up the hind quarters of his deer in brin they had brought with them for the purpose, and addressed them to his friends in town to go by next day's train. He gave the fore quarters for use of the camp.

Out in camp "tea" means dinner and tea combined; for persons out for business rarely get three meals per day and have to content themselves with a sandwich, a biscuit and cheese, or whatever else they choose to burden themselves with, and this has to be eaten under a tree when raining, behind a rock or bank if blowing, beside a stream if fine, and often enough bit by bit out of your pocket as you go along.

At the camp they had visitors early next morning, Von, the hero of Paddy's St. Patrick's Marsh yarn and his friend Bob. They had heard that Paddy and party were here, and had run down on a trolly from the Quarry to see what was going on. They were early. Before the boys had shaken off the comforts of the sleeping bags, Von pushed his head through the opening of the tent, saying: "Good morning, gentlemen! Paddy, I'll take a small drop of rum for preference. I am going out to get a deer to-day and whisky makes me too hungry altogether! Croke, where do you keep the water, I like plenty? Here you! (this to Tim, Von did not know his name) a cake of excursion biscuit to eat with my grog."

"What about that St. Patrick's Marsh stag, Von?"

He knew in an instant what was referred to. Although Paddy did not ask the question, he turned upon him. "Un, you Paddy, you have been telling those fellows, and you told the story your own way; un you lied, I know you did."

"How about the five deer I shot while you were paunching it?" said Paddy, with a big laugh at the end.

"You would not think Paddy would do such a thing, would you? Here give us the bottle and another cake of that biscuit."

The biscuit that had been given him was gone while he was waiting for his grog, for which it was to act as a grog-bit. Von's appetite is proverbial and a joke amongst his friends.

A good wash, a breakfast of fried venison, with the potatoes left over from last night's tea sliced up, coffee, bread and butter and marmalade, and they are ready for another day.

"Come let us get off. Where is Croke?"

"Croke had his breakfast before we were up, and left half an hour ago. His brother is camped a couple of miles along the line and he is gone to see him," said Paddy. "I would like to go with Bob to-day, if nobody objects."

And so it was arranged; the remaining three—Von, Frank and Tim going together, while Hu stayed back to mind the camp and boil venison soup for supper.

Croke was back early bringing with him two hearts, livers, kidneys and tongues. He had walked along the track to his brother's camp, and shot back, making a half moon. He saw plenty of fresh tracks and eight deer. He shot a stag and a doe out of the first lot of five. The second lot consisted of a small stag and two does, and he would not shoot them, as he wanted his remaining head to be a good one if possible.

Frank, Von and Tim went out towards Wolf Brook. After a walk of about an hour, Tim asked if that was not a deer he saw coming over a brown ridge some distance to the right. Glasses were brought to bear upon it in short order. It was a deer, and they started in to stalk it. Before they reached the place, the deer had entered a skirt of low bushes that covered part of the ridge.

"Now," said Von, "if we get into those bushes, and you, Frank, turn to the right, I will go to the left and Tim straight through, and the deer is bound to come out ahead of one of us."

Tim was the lucky man; the deer, a fine doe, was lying down, and jumped up not five yards ahead of him. Tim jumped five inches off the ground; but he got the deer. He was using a Winchester Frank had brought, not his fowling piece, and he put the bullet in the deer at the tail and out at the shoulder. Von was mad. It may be remarked that the deer seemed to have a tendency to turn to the left when it entered the bushes. They hunted around for the rest of the day and saw a flock of geese and that was all.

Paddy and Bob went to the ridge behind the Gaff Topsail and sat down. They heard the report of Tim's shot, and at about the same time a doe and a fawn came out of the woods somewhere and grazed up towards them. Paddy who likes a long shot fired at the doe with his rifle sights set at four hundred yards, and broke its hind leg. By jingo! a caribou can travel faster on three legs than on four. That doe hopped over the ground in fine style and plunged into a small pond, followed by the fawn, they watched them swim across, and when they landed on the opposite shore Paddy killed the doe with sights at six hundred yards. Bob went round the pond and dressed it and had no difficulty in shooting the fawn.

Hu caught seven "whisky Jacks" during the day and boiled the soup. He started at ten o'clock and broke up the shank of the deer with an axe and put it down to boil in a big tin boiler; then added peas that had been soaking over night, with cut up turnips, carrots, parsnips and cabbage. He kept the pot boiling all day to supper time. When it boiled down he filled it up again. By George, that was epicurean soup! You could stand a spoon up in it. No professional cook ever brewed its equal,



THE CAMPS AT GAFF TOPSAIL WITH CARIBOU HEADS IN THE FOREGROUND.

so said they all, and those that ate the most were the sickest half an hour afterward.

All the deer killed yesterday were brought to the track with the exception of one of the two killed by Croke; he brought out one and cached the other, and was going in to day to bring it out; as there seemed to be a good sign of deer in that part of the country. Hu and Paddy went with him, and had an unsuccessful day. Bah! it was cold; it was windy: the walking was rough; they went through burnt stuff and over big stones quite unnecessarily; they walked too fast at times and too slow at others; so thought Hu and Paddy. In all probability a herd of deer, a good sized stag, or even a bag-of-bones doe would have changed all this, but the change did not come upon that day.

Frank and Tim on the other hand got a deer each. A fine doe fell to Frank's rifle; it had fat upon it five inches in thickness. Tim got a fair sized stag, carrying twenty-four points.

There was deep-rooted discontent in the breast of one of the party in the tent that night. "Never mind Hu," said Frank, ever ready to sympathise with an unfortunate brother and reconcile him to existing circumstances, "you come with me to morrow when I go to get out the deer shot to day and I will promise you a deer. Several lots we saw to day were not disturbed and will likely be feeding around in the vicinity and you will be able to at least get your doe to begin with." Amongst those we saw were two stags that might satisfy an ordinary individual; one fellow lacked the second brow antler and had only a spike: the antlers of the other were scraggy. "One or the other of you fellows," he continued, changing the subject, "keep the tent full of smoke all night, I cannot sleep, and nearly choked

last night. "Twas the soup," laughed Croke. "No," said Paddy, getting up on his elbow, for he had enjoyed one or two naps, although four pipes were going hard, I feel it to. "It makes me snore and I propose; all pipes out between eleven and six o'clock." At this there was a murmur, and it was put to the vote and carried by the non-all-night smokers. Hu found Croke out in the dew, sitting on a stump, at two o'clock in the morning, getting a smoke, and they commiserated one with the other.

In the morning Croke and Paddy went together, and Frank, Hu and Tim went out the track to get out the deer shot yesterday, and look for the others they had seen. On their way they made a half-hearted attempt to stalk ten or twelve geese and failed. Tim said Hu was to blame for the failure, and that he would not take him again goose shooting. He would not stop talking, nor would he crawl through a wet marsh on his hands



SKINNING OUT CARIBOU HEADS.

and knees. A little further along they passed a small shed built by the railway people to protect a plough or some other of their rolling stock left there during a snow fight.

"There," said Frank, for Tim's benefit, "is the very place for a bear to crawl into out of the heat of the day. Shy a stone at it, Tim, and see if we cannot start him out of it, if there is one there."

"Come on, never mind your stone," said Tim, quickening his walk, "if he is there let him be."

Tim's aversion to bears, lynx and all such animals is well known. He has no desire for a close acquaintance with any of them. Tim, it may be said, parenthetically, is possessed with a voice that sounds like a person speaking through tissue paper and a comb, and always pitched in an extra high key it seems to rasp its way through your ears to your brain whether you will or no. A fine voice to have on your side at an election meeting, for if unheeded it certainly would not be unheard.

They left the track and zigzagged in to the westward, past the spot where Tim shot his stag and reached the place where Frank had hung up the fore-quarters of his doe! without seeing a deer. The fawn belonging to the doe was there. Frank did not know it had a fawn when he shot it, and he tried to persuade Hue to shoot the fawn, but Hue refused to waste a shot on it; it was big enough to look after itself, and would join the first heard of deer coming south.

Although told the fore-quarters and head were too heavy for him, Tim insisted on carrying the whole thing to the track, so nothing loath to be rid of the load, they placed the head inside the quarters and hoisted them up on Tim's narrow shoulders. "Now," said Tim, in a voice louder than usual, "I'll bet e'er a one of you, two pairs of rabbits and a brace of partridge, when I get home, against a dollar that this does not touch the ground till we reach the track."

"Done!" said Hue, "there are some officers of the man-of-war ship camped near us, and if they see those horns journeying along above that grey coat of yours, they will come to the ground

fast enough, and you with them." "Begor," said Tim, "I did not think of that," relieving himself of his load as he spoke. "It is a wonder I escaped yesterday when I was carrying out the stag's horns. If I had thought of it I would have left them where they were to rot." The quarters were then divided and the load distributed between the three of them, and so they reached the track and the camp. The deer seen the day before must have moved south and were not to be found.

"Look here," said Hu, that night in camp, "you fellows all have two deer each and I have not yet had a shot at one. I will go out early to-morrow by myself and will not come back till I get one. It may, perhaps, be advisable to tell you that I will go due west from the Gaff Topsail up to eleven o'clock; then walk north for an hour, and then east back to the camp."

Accordingly, next morning he was up at peep of day. Tim was on his back with his elbows stuck in the boughs and his fists in the air; Croke was doubled up in the shape of a hurriedly written figure 4; Paddy was on his back snoring vociferously, making the ground tremble. Frank was altogether concealed inside of his bag, so snatching up the bit of lunch he had prepared the night before, and stuffing it into the game pocket of his canvas coat, and picking up his rifle he got outside without disturbing anybody. The morning looked threatening. The Gaff Topsail had donned its sou'wester in the shape of a cap of yellow fog, and the wind blew fairly strong from the South, cold and penetrating. Quickening his pace he turned up the lead leaving the Gaff Topsail on his left, and headed for a yellow marsh seen in the distance. A low flying goose passed over his head from behind and flew away to the westward; naturally he watched it, and in watching it his eye was arrested by two white spots on a hillside in a direct line with the goose. If they only were deer! He got out his glasses and searched around until his arms ached from holding them to his eyes, and could not bring them to bear upon the objects. Taking them down he again saw with the naked eye what he had been looking for, and discovered that he had the glasses pointed at a spot two miles too far away. Re-directing the glasses he found that they were actually deer—a big one and a little one—going south. Ah! he thought, that is first rate, and I am going to kill one or both of them. I will bet my reputation on it, and I will not have to go as far as I expected after all. There was a big pond just there, between him and the deer, and he sat down to see which side of it they would take. They were travelling while on the hillside; when they reached the marsh they commenced feeding and their movement resembled a fly on a pane of glass, first they moved in one direction and then in the very opposite. This sent Hu around the foot of that pond no less than three times before he managed to arrive at the same corner at the same time as the deer, then his hand had a gash across the back, he did not know how that happened, he was out of breath and he was hot; but he and the deer had a good chance of meeting. When within five hundred yards the big one quit feeding and looked straight at him for a minute or so. He must have broken a twig or made some other noise that attracted its attention. There was very little cover at the place and he just stood bolt upright, motionless as a church steeple until it went on grazing again; knowing that deer as a rule take a second look at anything that may betoken danger, he kept standing in the same position until it had taken that look, satisfied itself that all was safe and began feeding again. Then he cautiously edged his way to a point of low woods, and from there to a small bush in the marsh. In the meantime the big deer had worked further to the eastward and in a short time would get his scent, and if that happened, why, good bye! Most people will agree that estimating the distance is the hard part in shooting a deer, so judging to the best of his ability by marking off imaginary one hundred yard lengths in the marsh and coming to the conclusion that the deer stood three hundred yards away, Hu fixed the sights of his rifle to that range and let go.

(Concluded in our next.)



Scholastic Studies Against Modern Errors.

By Rev. J. O'Reilly, D.D., D.Ph.



THE Pope very plainly states in his Encyclical on Modernism that one of the chief causes of these errors is a neglect or indeed an ignorance of scholastic studies: that is of that system of Philosophy and Theology of which St. Thomas, of Aquin, is the chief exponent. In the vulgar sense the schoolmen had not been popular. Their methods of enquiry into truth had fallen into disuse with many, because they called for genuine study for their mastery, and it was more easy to be superficial with Kant, Hegel and DesCartes than to go to the root of the matter with the Scholastics. Modern Pantheism is the fruit of that philosophical teaching which holds that God is not distinct from His own creation, but that He is an essential part of it. According to this absurdity "everything would be God. Idealism or subjectivism seems to abolish all external or objective reality and reduces all things to the individual who thinks: that is, things are; not because they *are*; but, because he thinks they are;" "Things can be and not be—at the same time;" "I think—therefore I am." "There is no real objective criterion of truth;" these perversities and a hundred other absurdities became epitomized in Modernist Philosophy or non-philosophy, and all because men became influenced by that unreasoning prejudice which the Rationalists and the Agnostics of the day have taken against the Scholastics, whose methods have never been and can never be improved upon, because they are according to reason itself.

A sham system of muddle-brained reasoning has led necessarily to Rationalism, Agnosticism, Pantheism, Kantism, Hegelism, and all the other "isms" incorporated in Modernism. People of all denominations will readily admit that to oppose this flood-tide of fallacy, it was necessary that the Pope should take the course of issuing his letter on Modernism, which letter was a luminous exposition of the philosophical principles underlying the truths of Christianity. If men could once abolish the idea of God as a Personal Intelligence, Eternal, Existent before Creation and Seperate from that Creation; if they could set their own inventions for the truths of Christian History it is easy to see that Christianity could no longer retain its power. Fortunately the Pope has spoken the word in season, which recalls the mind of the world to the old truths—once given and never falsified. Higher Criticism of the Bible is also Modernism. The present Pope has formed a Biblical Commission, his object being to safeguard, by every means, the Divine Inspiration of the Sacred Books.

Scientific imposters of every description have sought to establish an antagonism between Science and Revelation. Between the two there can be no antagonism, because truth cannot contradict itself. Truth is one, and whilst the Devil, an ancient and modern liar, can seek to reconcile the most repugnant theories, God, the author of Truth, is equally the author of scientific truth and of revelation. If between a "scientific" conclusion and a scriptural statement there is found to be absolute contradiction, in such an instance the "scientist" should be rejected and the Biblical statement maintained as truth.

In speaking of "science" and "scientific" we are reminded how false philosophy, leading to false reasoning, has issued so many wrongly applied words. Many speak of the word "science" as though there were no other than physical or material "science," and from this false and ignorant theory it might be deduced that there was nothing in the universe but corporal matter. No marvel that from such ideas should arise all those gross Materialistic speculations which too are a part of Modernism. Here we see the necessity of defining, or saying what exactly we mean, and what we do not mean when we use a certain term. Right philosophical method requires precision of language in order to shun the sophisteries of knaves and the equivocations of liars, besides the conceits of asinine and raw theorists. As to science—what is science? Well, science "is a certain and evident knowledge of things by their

causes." Now, as there are spiritual substances in the universe as well as material, it follows that to restrict the word "science" to mere material investigations is to have a very *unscientific* knowledge of the world in which we are.

Another long suffering phrase is this, viz., "that we live in a scientific age." Now, do we? Well, perhaps we do; but let us test it. James Jemson gets a message by the system of wireless despatch. Who is the scientist, James Jemson who gets or sends such a despatch, or Signor Marconi who first invented the system? This question answers itself. That this age avails of the experiments of scientific men that have lived in every age we admit; that the age is more scientific than any preceding age, many doubt, though all concede that the accumulated wealth of scientific knowledge must to-day be greater than ever before, but that does not justify every fraud that chooses to call himself scientific in running counter to Revelation. It is probable that the men who are loudest against Christianity as opposed to "science," are only repeating the word science as an empty shibboleth. Yet the Higher Critics are doing so, not to the advancement of science, but to the detriment of many who had once accepted the Revealed Word as in the Sacred Books. Hundreds of words may thus be shown, as meaning different things to different speakers. The terms "Civilization," "Education," "Development" and others may be instanced. Probably nine tenths of the wrong theories that abound concerning "education" arise from sheer ignorance of the very meaning of the word. Many people use the word education when they really mean instruction or the acquisition of certain branches of knowledge, and yet these things, though often confounded, are in effect very different. Reading, writing, mathematics, classics and the rest are eminently useful accomplishments; they are a part, but not the full definition of education. The development of the individual as to will, intelligence and physical life are the essentials to complete education. Supposing the training of the will be left out, the result may be a scholarly agnostic but not an educated man. All nations—pagan and Christian have recognized the need of will culture in education, and yet to day we have wide areas of the world where this is ignored, in other words where education is not education. Evidently the very meaning of the word must have been lost.

"Civilization" is another word of great elasticity. The Japs are now "civilized." When the other Mongolians learn the use of fleets and armies, they, too, no doubt will be "civilized," and a "really marvellous people."

"Temperance" is also a variously understood word, almost as variable as "Temperance Reformer," a phrase genuine enough to include every one from the great and good Father Matthew—under whose inspiration our own excellent T. A. Society is working—down to Jabez T. Jollway, of Minnesota, whose recent classic lectures against beer were shrewdly considered by many as subtle attempts to advertise the breweries, and by others as an effort to lower the price of "creature comforts." When language can be so often wrongly applied it is a sign that the reasoning method of people requires to be adjusted to some fixed standard, such as the Scholastic System.

The ordinary definition of Philosophy is that it is a "scientific knowledge of things in their deepest causes attained by the natural light of reason."

Theology as distinct from Philosophy is of things Divinely Revealed, though Natural Theology is also a philosophy. Human Reason can, from its own knowledge of the visible Creation, attain to a knowledge of the existence of a Supreme Being—the First Mover, the First Cause, a Necessary Being, most perfect, so that even apart from Revelation the Rationalists may be convinced of God being, even from reason. Philosophy so orders things that the knowledge of one principle may lead to the knowing of many truths. Philosophy is divided into logic, metaphysics or natural philosophy and ethics. Philosophy naturally arose from a contemplation of the visible world.

Aristotle, of Stagira in Macedonia, who lived 384 before

Christianity, is the Prince of Philosophers. His philosophical methods were, in earlier centuries, not received by many of the Fathers of the Church, because of the Paganism of the author; but in the 13th century St. Thomas, of Aquin, illustrated the reasonings of Aristotle by Sacred Scripture, and reduced them to a marvelous system of Theology and Philosophy for the defence of Christian truth. The *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas, of Aquin, is a work that has been a powerful aid to the advancement of Christian knowledge. In all his works St. Thomas, of Aquin, follows the old Aristotelian methods, supplementing the philosophers' arguments by Sacred Letters.

That branch of Philosophy, which is the first part of the subject, is called Logic—that "art or science which guides in reasoning, or by which the reasoner is enabled to proceed regularly, easily, and without error in scientific research." The quibbles and the drivel of sophists are averted by a just appreciation of the laws of right reasoning or of logic. As some Modernists have invented a Logical System for themselves and ignored the Scholastics, we may understand what a deluge of literary contradictions has been poured forth under the name of philosophical works. To distinguish between the gold of truth and the dross of fallacy should be one of the advantages of logic. Also, logic teaches that a "little learning is a dangerous thing," and that a mole's vision is not a universal view. What is colloquially termed the "dangerous side of an education," can only be guarded against by safe methods in the acquisition of knowledge, and History attests that the Scholastic methods are the most solid. Contrary methods have proved destructive, the scholastics have ever been constructive.

Flimsiness and superficiality, emptiness, blatancy, and mean outlooks generally are the results of reasoning not aright; besides the insolence of unfledged genius, and the tinkling cymbals of ignorant speculation, such are the ingredients of modernistic error, considering Modernism not only in the letter but also in the Spirit.

Logic is divided into Dialectics and Critics. Dialectics is concerned with the mode of argument best adapted to the attainment of truth and criticism is that part of logic which is used to discriminate between the true and the false in propositions presented to the reasoning faculty.

Dialectics treats of ideas, and terms of judgments, and propositions, and notably of that specifically reasoning process by which three propositions are so arranged, that two being granted as premises a third necessarily follows as a conclusion. This is the historic syllogistic argument. If equivocation enters into the process, it becomes a sophistry—and not infrequently it does become a sophistry—a thing which the student has to guard against. Sophistry in all its forms is a device of all kinds of prevarication. Satan, the Prince of Sophists, has a powerful following. And often the sophistry deceives him who uses it, and will often deceive the student unless he know how to show where the reasoner ends and the liar begins.

The deductive or scholastic method of reasoning is that by which the mind proceeds from some universal affirmation or negation to a universal or less universal or particular conclusion. This may also be called the synthetical method—as opposed to the inductive or analytical method—by which the mind proceeds from particular truths to universal conclusions. Although by many it has been supposed that there is an antagonism between the two methods, yet is it not so strictly, because the inductive method as well as the deductive has to avail of syllogistic argument or the scholastic method, thus proving that this latter is founded in the nature of things. The Scholastics distinguish entity into real and ideal. The ideal is the creation of the mind; certain universal abstract ideas, such as genus, species, &c. The real entities, though speculated on by the mind, have outside of the mind an objective being. These are what Aristotle first called Categories, and are ten in number, substance and entities non-substantial, but adhering to substance.

Truth is the conformity between the intelligence and that which is understood. The various criteria of truth are treated by the scholastics in that part of logic called criticism.

These few notes may be of interest to those of your young readers who have begun to study something of the history of philosophy. We naturally refer to these matters after a perusal of the Pope's Encyclical on Modernism. We have seen how much of error has arisen from false reasoning, and incidentally the importance of right thinking in order to the acquisition of truth. Also, we may see the necessity of knowing our terms in order to the clear expression of thought. If language be not clear and

definite thought has been confused, and doubly confused will be the thought of the hearer. If that cynic who said "language was made to conceal thought" were yet in the world, he might often note that "language was made to conceal the absence of thought," that people often speak, not urged by internal force of ideas, but to conceal vacuity. This is a great age; but it is also a wordful age, it is a phraseful period. It has been said by a critic that "oratory was dying out, and that platform rant was taking its place." I doubt that, and really believe there is as much oratory to-day as ever—and even more. Doggerel rhymsters may not be poets, and platform ranters may not be orators; and yet we have good poets and good oratory. But through language we must look for thought lest words should be given us for ideas; there are language swindlers too.

Our young Newfoundland students will frequently have to confront the "vexed questions" of the period, questions that will inevitably arise. If in such a case the Christian, through preventable ignorance, be without reply to the Rationalist or Agnostic it will be discredit to him. We can securely recommend to all a course of long and difficult Scholastic Studies, but we may say to our young readers, amongst the deluge of books that to-day floods the earth, beware of such as have the viper of anti-Christian fallacy within their covers; beware of works that make light of the Divine Inspiration of Holy Scriptures. It is to day of as much importance what you do *not* read as what you *do*. Cheap literature is costing the world a heavier price than mere money can represent; all over the world we find the cloven hoofed prints of ignorant and unscrupulous miscreants, who are issuing books of every description except the right description. Books were never so numerous as to-day. But, as the "mill that is always grinding will grind coarse and fine," so the press always in operation is doing nobly and vilely. The literary market can show a fine array of talented and inspiring writers, but also has it many of the caterpillar sort. It reflects the noblest thoughts and also the least noble. Hence one of the great lessons deducible from the Pope's Letter on Modernism is the need of discrimination in the books that we read. Books that give false ideas of life are of no educative value. They contribute to that modernistic admixture of truth and fallacy which the undiscerning use to their own perdition. The worse than Egyptian Darkness of half knowledge or the outer edge of education—the transition state between the grub and the colored winged insect—is the world's intellectual danger to-day.

Right reading will help right reasoning, but evil books are to-day attacking and would abolish Christianity itself if God did not reign. All denominations of sincere men will hail Pope Pius's defence of ancient truth against modernistic fallacy with applause.



CARIBOU HUNTERS NEAR GRAND LAKE.

WAITING.

By Dan Carroll.



VER a placid sea the good ship *Prospero* is heading gallantly north. For five days a gay company of round-trippers had watched broad bays open invitingly as they passed, admired distant islets rapt in the morning mist, and bluff headlands, silhouetted against the sunset sky, or mistily mingling with the crimson glory of the afterglow on the far verge of the waters. Through fleets of fishing boats, past "Labrador men" homeward bound laden with the harvest of the deep, by icebergs glinting in the sunlight, or near the reefs where some brave ship had gone down, northward we sail.

The invitation of the bay, the beating of the passing sail, the hearty hail of the fisherman, and the roar of mighty waters against the cliffs I hear in a reverie; I am thinking of the days when looking out over the sea from the Southside Hills I believed that sky and water met just a stone's-throw outside Cape Spear, and regretting that this is the first time that that horizon has lifted before the prow of a ship that bore me half a league from Fort Amherst.

In those days there were three races of men that impressed me, whose stories I listened to, whose songs I heard with that keen delight which is felt only by children, to whom the whole world is a Fairyland, full of wonder and of promise. Those men were the Irish, the Spaniard and the Bayman.

The Irish men of that time, flushed with the fever of recent Fenian uprisings and filled with dreams of an emancipated Ireland, poured into my ever willing ears, stories of midnight raids, of plots and schemes by unfortunate patriots, that were all but successful, till we wept together over the lost cause, or were fired with enthusiasm by a retrospective glance,

For oft the old men's theme would turn
To monarch old and chieftain grand,
And tell of fray and foray when
Their sires were princes in the land.

In that way my mind and my heart, too, were led across the sea to that land, where the hills are greenest; where round towers loom dreamily by dreaming lakes; where ruins are many and the song of the poet is sweet, sweet "with the deep sigh of sadness."

The Spaniard, the gay, glad-hearted, picturesque Spaniard, to the accompaniment of many a sweet guitar, filled the summer evening and the starlit night with the songs of his own sunny land, told extravagant and wonderful tales of contrabandists and of buried treasures by fortress, mosque and ruined alcazar, till

I longed to rove where olive trees and orange groves were blooming
By Cordova and the shrines of sweet Seville.

The Baymen, rivals of the Spaniards in stories of buried gold sang "come all ye's" describing the pirate frigate, the boats crew and the hidden "chest," with such minuteness of detail that you felt it was only the presence of the inevitable "nigger" that deterred them from unearthing it.

Since then the literature of Spain and Ireland has been to me "as the music of the spheres." In imagination I have passed through all the vales of Erin, to the ever-changing melody of Moore's tuneful harp; I have lost myself with Washington Irving mid the storied chambers of the Alhambra, till in fancy I heard the blare of the loud trumpet that announced the Crescent vanquished by the Cross.

But the Bayman! who has written of him,—of his joys, his sorrows, or his brave heroic deeds? Who has told of the wild grandeur of this land, or of the ventures of her stalwart fishermen in language that can make the pulse beat faster and the hearts of Newfoundlanders at home and abroad warm with a more generous enthusiasm to this their much abused Island Home? It is true we have men of ability, who, backed by the genuine love of doing it, have contributed much by their writings to disabuse the mind of the outside world of many Dashwoodian ideas concerning Newfoundland. The efforts of those writers have created a tourist traffic that shall prove our salvation.

Those tourists are a cultured people, some of them have travelled the globe; mid the wilds of Africa they have hunted the lion and the big game of the jungle; have strayed on the banks of the sacred rivers of India; felt the fierce delight of the sportsman on the trail, and the joy of the scholar who finds himself on the holy ground of the historic temples of the Orient. Yet, Newfoundland has been to them "A Wonderland—full of winning mystery, inviting, novel, unexpected and unique." They have gone away and written volumes in its praise. J. Guille Millais, in his book—"Newfoundland: Its Untrodden Ways," has done this Colony an inestimable service. It is being read in every leading club of the Empire, the United States and elsewhere, by men of wealth and leisure who are eager to find a new resting place, where "fresh wildness, free waters and loose winds" combine to soothe the jaded slaves of the counting house, for a little while at least, into a refreshing forgetfulness.

But should the stranger's praise be heard above our own?

We have in our midst "Captains Courageous," who would give Kipling a new impulse; Grace Darlings, whose deeds of heroism are unrecognized; broad spreading bays that wake to sublimer thought all lovers of the grand, the beautiful and the majestic in nature,—for what then are we waiting?

"Tho' strong thy vigorous offspring rise,
In hardihood thy sons excel;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes
And health in every feature dwell;
Yet, who is there their praise to tell
In strains impassioned, fond and free?"
*We wait the poet whose song shall swell
In triumphs Newfoundland to thee.*

And we are waiting—

"Waiting for his coming as the blossoms
In the blighted buds of Winter wait the Spring.
* * * * *
As the parched plains lean with yearning towards the shadows,
* * * * *
As the leaves in darkness listen towards the light."

But the fact is, we don't as a people, know enough about Newfoundland. I remember listening to a well beloved clergyman speaking of this same want of knowledge of our home-land, and in doing so he told a story on himself.

He had called on his Bishop, and with the ambition of the young man fresh from college, he was desirous of making a good impression. The Bishop was a scholar, but he had the happy knack of making his visitors feel at home. He talked sociably till he felt the young man was at his ease, then he led him into the classics, and they talked learnedly; talked of Ovid, Cicero and Homer, recited their favourite passages, and swapped samples of their own efforts in Latin versifying. The young man trod the clouds. Then, they came down to business, and the Bishop announced that he was appointing him to the Parish of Burin. "Of course," said His Lordship, "you know where Burin is?" That was a poser!—had he asked him the height of Ben Lomond, the depth of Loch Ney, or the antiquity of the Pyramids, he would have given him some sort of a satisfactory answer; but of Burin he knew nothing. All he had ever heard of it was contained in the chorus of an old political song which told of the time

"That Shea went to Burin and there gained the day
Driving Hoyles and the rest of the Tories away."

That was all he knew about Burin or its geographical position. Of course, that was long ago; now we have Higher Education in our midst and boys are *not* taught Latin to the neglect of Newfoundland Geography.

Now, as this is a year in which many embryo politicians are hieing themselves away to various districts; are making their bows to the public and as I have no doubt some of them are cudgeling their brains for the invention of new promises, I would propose to any young statesman (who is not above taken a suggestion) that he promise, if he and his party are returned, to insist on the Government setting aside an amount to be devoted as a reward to boys and girls excelling in Newfoundland subjects, and that the prize be a trip around the Island, so that they can see for themselves the beauty of the land they live in. I think a promise like this, well and truthfully made should bring its author some votes.

Anyhow, it is certain that we all should encourage the efforts of local writers. There is a voice going up in the solitudes for a bard, and sometimes a singer is heard that makes our hopes half

whisper "He is here!"

Apropos of this: there has lately been launched on our literary sea a volume of poems by Mr. Fred. B. Wood, and soon we are to have another from Mr. Robert Gear MacDonald. These gentlemen are well known to the public, and I hope that the reception of their works shall be gratifying to them and encouraging to others. The coming of those poems marks another hour on the dial of our literary day, that ere its noon, let us hope, will have given us a poet endowed with the true genius of Newfoundland. Then let us pray that his advent is at hand, that he comes filled with the spirit that can lift us, *lift us*, LIFT US to those heights, where the hearts and minds of men are fused in one common patriotism; that he shall leave us with higher ideals, purer conceptions; proud of him and prouder of our native land. Then

"If e'en for a while should his fame die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Avalon prolong
Through the answering Future, his name and his song."

SONNET.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

Immortal Bard of sweet Evangeline,
Thou who hast given to never ending fame
The brave old Basil and young Gabriel's name,
Oh! would that thou our own broad vales had'st seen
Bright as e'en Acadie in summer's sheen;
For surely they thy favoring muse might claim,
To shrine them in thy verse's lasting frame;
And Codroy had another Grand Pre been!
Yes, thou, with cunning art of poet's lore,
Could'st people these vast wastes with joys and tears,
And make them live, by thy creative hand,—
But thou art gone, thy versing days are o'er,
And we must wait thro'out the coming years,
Another Longfellow to sing our land.



S. S. "PORTIA" OF THE COASTAL SERVICE; SISTER SHIP OF THE "PROSPERO."

Liberal Candidates—Continued from Page 12.



HON. HENRY GEAR,
Candidate for Burin District.



EDWARD H. DAVEY,
Candidate for Burin District.



WILLIAM J. ELLIS,
Candidate for Ferryland District.



GEORGE F. POWER,
Candidate for St. John's West District.



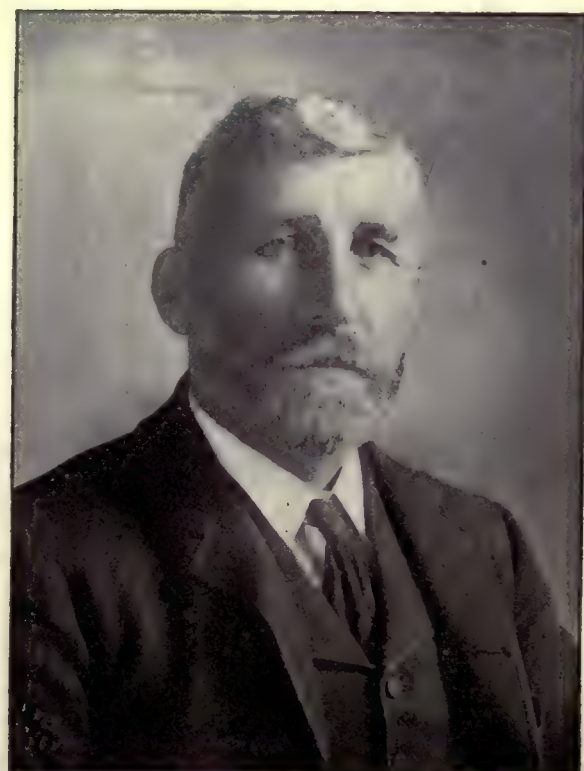
JOSEPH G. MADDOCK,
Candidate for Carbonear District.



JAMES J. DAVIS,
Candidate for Placentia and St. Mary's District.



PATRICK J. SUMMERS,
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CONSTABULARY FIRE DEPARTMENT.---FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

NO.	LOCATION OF BOXES.
12	Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
13	Factory Lane.
14	Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15	Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16	Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17	Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18	Water Street, East.
112	Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113	Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114	Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road.
115	Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116	King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing.
117	Opposite Government House Gate.
118	Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21	Head Garrison Hill.
22	Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23	Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24	Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25	Court House Hill.
26	Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27	Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28	Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221	Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223	Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224	Maxse Street.
225	Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226	Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227	Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228	Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
231	Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232	Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
233	Flemming Street.
234	Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235	Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31	Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32	New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34	Waldegrave and George Street.
35	Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36	Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37	Head Pleasant Street.
38	Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39	Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
312	Horwood Factory.
313	LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
331	LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332	Pleasant Street.
334	Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335	Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336	Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337	Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338	Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42	Southside, near Long Bridge.
43	Central, Southside.
44	Dry Dock.
45	Southside, West.
46	Road near Lower Dnndee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire, go to the nearest box, break the glass, take the key, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling the hook all the way down once, then let go and listen for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go. All persons are requested to note the locations of the alarm boxes, especially in their own neighbourhood, so that when a fire occurs they may be able to run at once to the nearest box and send in the alarm. Time at the commencement of a fire being of the greatest moment.

CAUTION.—Persons wilfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

"FIRE OUT SIGNAL."—Two strokes on the large Bell, repeated three times, thus: II—II—II.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Supt. Constabulary and Fire Department.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.---List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
Mobile	Ferryland	John T. Fitzgerald.	Belleoram	Fortune Bay	Joseph Camp.
Ferryland	"	George Geary.	Pushthrough	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Fernseuse	"	William Trainer.	Harbor Breton	"	Albert Kelland.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Matthew Nash.
Salmonier	"	"	Ramea	"	Prosper A. Garcien.
St. Bride's	"	"	Rose Blanche	"	James H. Wilcox.
Placentia	"	Jos Collins.	Channel	"	Henry Gallop.
Oderin	"	Peter Manning.	Codroy	St. George	Thomas B. Doyle.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.	Grand River	"	Abraham Tilley.
Burin	"	Stephen White.	Robinson's Head	"	M. E. Messervey.
St. Lawrence	"	"	Sandy Point	"	Simeon Jennex.
Lamaline	"	William G. Pittman.	Wood's Island	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Grand Bank	"	Eli Harris.	Bay of Islands	"	John Tapper.
			Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
BATTLE HARBOUR	LABRADOR	Samuel Rumsey	Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Burge.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	Musgrave Town	"	Elijah Reader.
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Andrew Gullan.	Trinity	"	John W. James.
King's Point	South West Arm	Jonas Newhook.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Little Bay	Twillingate	P. J. Leary.	Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Britannia Cove	"	
Springdale	"	Jonathan Anstey.	Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Pilley's Island	"	Thos. Roberts.	Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Leading Ticks	"	William Lanning.	Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.	Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.	Hant's Harbor	"	
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.	Old Perlican	"	Moses Bursey.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.	Bay-de-Verde	Bay-de-Verde	Reuben Curtis.
Grand Falls	"	Wm. H. Ash.	Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.	Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.	Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.			Eli Verge.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.			A. Hielihy.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.	Bay Roberts	"	John Leamon.
		N. Gillingham.	Brigus	Port-de-Grave	James Murphy.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.	Harbor Main	Harbor Main	William Maher.
Wesleyville	"	Peter Roberts.	Holyrood	"	Isaac LeDrew.
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.	Kelligrews	"	A. E. Rees.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.	Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	
Gambo	"		Bell Island—Beach	"	
Salvage	"	Edward Oldford.	Portugal Cove	"	

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.

W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, Newfoundland.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."



Published by Authority

THE following Order of His Majesty the King in Council made at the Court at Balmoral, the 26th day of September, 1908, is published for general information, and all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

R. BOND, Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, 28 Sept., 1908.

At the Court of Balmoral.

the 26th day of September, 1908.

Present :

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.
Sir Edward Grey.
Sir Dighton Probyn.

Whereas, under the provisions of Article I. of a convention concluded at London on the 20th day of October, 1818, the inhabitants of the United States of America have the liberty of taking, drying and curing fish in common with British subjects on certain parts of the coasts of Newfoundland.

And Whereas, by Section I. of an Act passed in the fifty-ninth year of His late Majesty King George III., it is enacted that it shall and may be lawful for His Majesty by and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council, by any Order or Orders in Council, to be from time to time made for that purpose to make such regulations and to give such directions, orders and instructions to the Governor of Newfoundland, or to any officer or officers on that station, or to any person or persons whomsoever, as shall or may be from time to time deemed proper and necessary for the carrying into effect of the purposes of the said Convention with relation to the taking, drying and curing of fish by inhabitants of the United States of America, in common with British subjects within the limits set forth in the said Article of the said Convention, any Act or Acts of Parliament, or any law, custom or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

And Whereas, by an Order in Council made on the 9th day of September, 1907, in pursuance of the powers vested in His Majesty by the said Act, certain orders and directions were given with relation to the taking, drying and curing of fish by the inhabitants of the United States of America in common with British subjects on the coasts of Newfoundland.

And Whereas it is expedient that the said Order of the 9th day of September, 1907, should be revoked.

Now Therefore, His Majesty, in pursuance of the powers vested in His Majesty by Section I. of the Act 59, George III., Chapter 38, by and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council, is pleased to order and it is hereby ordered as follows :

I. The said Order of His Majesty in Council, bearing date the 9th day of September, 1907, is hereby revoked, without prejudice to anything lawfully done thereby.

II. This order shall commence and come into operation forthwith.

III. The Governor of Newfoundland, His Majesty's Senior Naval Officer on the Newfoundland Station, all Judges, Magistrates, Justices of the Peace, Constables and all other persons whatsoever in Newfoundland, shall take notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly.

A. W. FITZROY.

Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the **Crown Lands Act, 1903**, are published for general information :—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for Agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6,400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of \$5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions :—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres ; (2) to clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of \$6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of \$2 per square mile, an annual rental of \$2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of \$100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent \$5 per square mile for first year ; \$3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way : (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground ; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filled with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is \$10 for each location. Subsequent rentals : 1st year, \$20 ; 2nd, to and including 5th year, \$30 ; for next period of five years, \$50 ; and for following years \$100.

Upon expenditure of \$6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

J. A. CLIFT,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1908.



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Published by Authority

ON recommendation of the Minister of Finance and Customs, the following amendment to the Rules and Regulations respecting Drawbacks, which were published in the *Royal Gazette* of the 7th June, 1898, and amended on the 6th September, 1898, and 16th October, 1899, has been approved by His Excellency the Deputy Governor in Council.

R. BOND, Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, August 25th, 1908.

After the words "actual and due landing of the same," and before the words "No drawback shall be allowed," etc., the following words to be added, viz. :—

"Provided that the said goods, wares or merchandize have not been exhibited for sale nor been in any way lessened, nor been exhibited or used in any way for hire or profit, and that they are in the same condition and quantity as when imported."

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REGULATIONS

Relating to the preservation and improvement of Game Birds in this Colony made and prescribed by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of Section 9, of the Act 6, Edward VII., Cap. 20, entitled "An Act respecting the Department of Marine and Fisheries."

Whereas there has been imported into this Colony and set at liberty for the public benefit a number of Game Birds known as Capercaille and Black Game.

And Whereas it is desirable to prescribe regulations for the preservation and improvement of the said Game Birds the following regulations have been made by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said Act for that purpose:—

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive or give away, or have in his possession any Capercaille or Black Game or the eggs of any such birds within this Colony at any time from the 12th day of October, 1907, to the 12th day of October, 1917.

2. Every person who violates the above regulations shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs, and in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

The following description of the birds is published for general information:

THE CAPERCAILLE COCK is a large bird, weighing from 7 to 12 lbs., of dark blue plumage, but white from the crop downwards and with white spots on the upper wing-coverts.

THE BLACK COCK, which is larger than the Partridge, is also of dark blue plumage, with white feathers under the tail and in the wings.

THE HENS OF BOTH SPECIES are the colour of the local Partridge in early summer, i.e. a light brown.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, ✿ Hearth Brushes, ✿ Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

✿ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, September, 1908.

Customs Regulations ✿

As to Invoices.

1.—Every invoice of goods imported into Newfoundland shall be certified in writing as correct by the person, firm or corporation selling or consigning the goods, and shall truly show the whole and actual value of the goods in the currency of the country whence the goods have been exported directly to Newfoundland, and the quality and description of such goods, and the marks and numbers on the packages, in such a manner as to indicate truly the quantities and values of the articles comprised in each exportation package, all of which packages shall be legibly marked and numbered on the outside, when of such a character as to enable such marks and numbers to be placed thereon. (Form 11).

2.—If invoices are made out at lower prices, for goods exported directly to Newfoundland, than the fair market value thereof when sold for home consumption at the time and place when and from which they were exported, there must be clearly shown in a special column, or in addition thereto, the fair market value of the goods described therein, as required by the Customs' Act.

3.—In the case of goods consigned to a person, firm or corporation, other than the actual owners of the goods resident in Newfoundland, and in the case of goods which have not been actually purchased by the Consignee or importer in the ordinary mode of bargain and sale, or where purchased through an agent, there shall be annexed to the invoice of such goods a declaration to be made by the foreign owner or exporter of the goods in the form approved by the Governor-in-Council. (Form 6).

4.—When goods are imported into this Colony from any country, other than Great Britain, Ireland or Canada, the invoices thereof must show the cost of inland transportation, shipment and transshipment with all the expenses included, from the place of growth, production or manufacture, whether by land or water, to the vessel in which shipment is made, either in transit or direct to this Colony.

Importers, of goods brought into Newfoundland, will please take notice that no invoice will be accepted at the Customs unless the declarations, provided for by the Governor-in-Council, are attached thereto.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Assistant Collector.

Department of Customs,
2nd of January, 1908.

GENERAL POST OFFICE. ✿ ✿

Telegraph Money Orders.

FROM this date Money may be transmitted by means of Telegraph Money Orders from all Post Offices in Newfoundland at which Telegraph and Money Order business is transacted.

The Scale of Charges of Commission on Telegraph Money Orders will be the usual Money Order Commission, plus twenty cents, the cost of a Telegraphic advice to the Postmaster at Office of payment.

In all other respects Telegraph Money Orders will be subject to the ordinary Money Order regulations.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Nfld., June 3, 1908.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

Christmas Number, 1908

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER & PROPRIETOR.



Queen Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS \$60,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

H. H. Fraser, Manufacturers Agent,
246 Water Street.

—AGENT FOR—

Rutherford Brothers, Sail Canvas and Linens.

Alfred Field & Co., Hardware, Cutlery and Guns.

T. S. Simms & Co., Brushes and Brooms.

STOCKED.—Cameras, Mounts, Dry Plates, P. O. P. and other Papers.
Photo Outfits, &c.

M. PECKHAM, Butcher

149 Gower Street, and at Duckworth Street, East,

Have always on hand and
for sale at very lowest prices.

Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, and Poultry;

also, Corned Beef and Fish a specialty. Our Christmas Stock exceeds
that of other years. Call and see for yourself before going anywhere
else. We take this opportunity of wishing our many friends and
patrons a Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

All orders called for and delivered free of charge.

For Boys' & Men's Clothing and Outfitting,

CALL AT

T. J. BARRON,

358 Water Street,

One Door West of Post Office.

N.B.—Mail Orders promptly attended to.



Only part of the wheat
berry is fit for food. Yet
much that isn't often gets
into flour. You cannot see
it or taste it, but it's there.
It is simply a case of the
miller getting more flour
from his wheat and your
getting less nourishment.

Royal Household Flour

is so milled that nothing
goes into it except the part
of the wheat that is food.
You get just what you pay
for—the best and purest
flour made. It goes farther
because it is all flour. Your
grocer can supply you.

Save Your Money!

Here's a Money Making
and a Money Saving
investment.

Invest Your Money

in our Woolen Shirts and
Drawers at 85c., worth
\$1.20.

We have reached our Clearing
Time, and don't let this
chance escape you.

P. E. COLLINS, The Mail Order Man,

5 Doors East of Post Office.

JOHN B. AYRE.

✱ ANGLO-AMERICAN BAKERY. ✱

Fresh Baked Biscuits, Cake, Soft and Hard Bread, &c., &c.

Soda Biscuits,
Pilot Biscuits,
Boston Biscuits,
Butter Biscuits,
Toast Biscuits,
Tea Biscuits,
Coffee Biscuits,
Lemon Snaps,
Tarts,
Puffs,
Tartlets,
Apple Pies,
Washington Pies,
Gems,

Wine Biscuits,
Sugar Biscuits,
Aberneathy Biscuits,
Lunch Biscuits,
Border Biscuits,
Jumble Biscuits,
Ginger Biscuits,
Queen Cake,
Pound Cake,
Sponge Cake,
Shrewsberys,
Cheese Cakes,
Sponge Drops,
Spiced Gingerbread,

Lemon Biscuits,
Fruit Biscuits,
Vanilla Biscuits,
Oswego Biscuits,
Gems Biscuits,
Seed Biscuits,
Ginger Snaps,
Maringoes,
Jelly Roll,
Citron Cake,
New York Cake,
Seed Cake,
Rich Pound Cake,
Plain Cake, &c.

Iced Cake of all kinds; also, Wedding Cakes always on hand.

Pure Home-made and British and American CONFECTIONERY of every description; all kinds of FRUITS in season.

Importer of CHINA, EARTHEN and GLASSWARE. Full lines always on hand. Outport orders promptly attended to.

At the Old Stand 46 New Gower Street.

Also, at our New Store, Merchant's Block, Water Street.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

INDENTS promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all kinds of British and Continental goods including:—

Boots, Shoes and Leather,
Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries,
China, Earthenware and Glassware,
Cycles, Motors and Accessories,
Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods,
Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Stationery,
Hardware, Machinery and Metals,
Jewellery, Plate and Watches,
Photographic and Optical Goods,
Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 per cent. to 5 per cent.

Trade Discounts allowed.

Original Invoices supplied.

Special Quotations on Demand.

Sample Cases from £10 upwards.

Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS,

(Established 1814),

25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

Cable Address: "ANNUAIRA, LONDON."

FEE-SIMPLE LAND!

Licenses of Occupation of Crown Lands may be granted, subject to the following conditions: (1) Payment of \$5.00 for each lot of 160 acres; (2) Settle, within two years, one family on each area of 160 acres; and (3) for each 100 acres licensed clear two acres per annum for five years. If said land is so cleared and cultivated and the required number of families are continued thereon for a further period of ten years, the licensee shall be entitled to a FEE-SIMPLE GRANT of the land so licensed. No grant to exceed 6,400 acres. (See Crown Lands Act, 1903, section 5), or

under Section 6 of said Act a License may issue to occupy 5000 acres of land, and, if the Licensee shall, within ten years, clear and cultivate 25 per cent. of the land and shall settle one family for each area of 320 acres, he shall be entitled to a GRANT IN FEE of said land free of cost; or

under Section 7 of said Act, Licenses of occupation of 50 acre lots may issue, and if Licensee continuously occupies same for five years and cultivates two acres he shall be entitled to receive a FEE-SIMPLE TITLE TO SAID FIFTY ACRE LOT.

For further information apply to

J. A. CLIFT, Minister Agriculture & Mines.

Follow the Crowd & Save Money.

Call and get our prices before you buy your Winter's supply of

PROVISIONS.

Big Stock,

Low Prices.

Don't forget the address:

P. H. COWAN & Co's.

New Store, opposite Harvey & Co's. premises.

CABLE ADDRESS: "WASLAT."

W. A. SLATTERY, Wholesale Dry Goods.

.....SPECIALTY OF.....

Cotton and Wool Fents, Remnants and Seconds.

WAREROOMS:

Seaman's Home Building,

Duckworth Street, St. John's, N.F.

"Go West, Young Man!"

For a refreshing "Shampoo and Sea Foam."

The latest treatment in "Facial Massage."

Satisfaction in a Hair Cut or Shave.

☞ N. B.—An up-to-date Hot and Cold Water System lately installed.

M. F. MURPHY, 14 Water Street West.

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS,

Contractor, Builder, and Appraiser.

Dealer in Cement Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes, Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass

Estimates Given for all kinds of Work at Shortest Notice.

CONSTABULARY FIRE DEPARTMENT.---FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

NO.	LOCATION OF BOXES.
12	Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
13	Factory Lane.
14	Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15	Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16	Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17	Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18	Water Street, East.
112	Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113	Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114	Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road.
115	Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116	King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing.
117	Opposite Government-House Gate.
118	Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21	Head Garrison Hill.
22	Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23	Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24	Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25	Court House Hill.
26	Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27	Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28	Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221	Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223	Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224	Maxse Street.
225	Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226	Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227	Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228	Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
231	Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232	Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
233	Flemming Street.
234	Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235	Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31	Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32	New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34	Waldegrave and George Street.
35	Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36	Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37	Head Pleasant Street.
38	Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39	Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
312	Horwood Factory.
313	LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
331	LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332	Pleasant Street.
334	Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335	Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336	Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337	Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338	Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42	Southside, near Long Bridge.
43	Central, Southside.
44	Dry Dock.
45	Southside, West.
46	Road near Lower Dnndee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire, go to the nearest box, break the glass, take the key, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling the Hook all the way down once, then let go and listen for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go. All persons are requested to note the locations of the alarm boxes, especially in their own neighbourhood, so that when a fire occurs they may be able to run at once to the nearest box and send in the alarm. Time at the commencement of a fire being of the greatest moment.

CAUTION.—Persons wilfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

"FIRE OUT SIGNAL."—Two strokes on the large Bell, repeated three times, thus: 11---11---11.

JOHN SULLIVAN, Supt. Constabulary and Fire Department.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.---List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
Mobile	Ferryland	John T. Fitzgerald.	Belleoram	Fortune Bay	Joseph Camp.
Ferryland	"	George Geary.	Pushthrough	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.	Harbor Breton	"	Albert Kelland.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Matthew Nash.
Salmonier	"	"	Ramea	"	Prosper A. Garcien.
St. Bride's	"	"	Rose Blanche	"	James H. Wilcox.
Placentia	"	Jos. Collins.	Channel	"	Henry Gallop.
Oderin	"	Peter Manning.	Codroy	St. George	Thomas B. Doyle.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.	Grand River	"	Abraham Tilley.
Burin	"	Stephen White.	Robinson's Head	"	M. E. Messervey.
St. Lawrence	"	"	Sandy Point	"	Simeon Jennex.
Lamaline	"	William G. Pittman.	Wood's Island	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Grand Bank	"	Eli Harris.	Bay of Islands	"	John Tapper.
			Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
BATTLE HARBOUR	LABRADOR	Samuel Rumsey	Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Burge.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	Musgrave Town	"	Elijah Reader.
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Andrew Gullan.	Trinity	"	John W. James.
King's Point	South West Arm	Jonas Newhook.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Little Bay	Twillingate	P. J. Leary.	Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Britannia Cove	"	Caleb Tuck.
Springdale	"	Jonathan Anstey.	Shoal Harbor	"	George Janes.
Pilley's Island	"	Thos. Roberts.	Clarenville	"	George Leawood.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.	Foster's Point	"	Charles Rendell.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.	Heart's Content	"	Moses Bursey.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.	Hant's Harbor	"	Reuben Curtis.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.	Old Perlican	"	Eli Garland.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.	Bay-de-Verde	Bay-de-Verde	Ewen Kennedy.
Grand Falls	"	Wm. H. Ash.	Lower Island Cove	"	Ernest Forward.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.	Western Bay	"	John Trapnell.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Eli Verge.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.	Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	A. Hielihy.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.	Bay Roberts	"	John Leamon.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.	Brigus	Port-de-Grave	James Murphy.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.	Harbor Main	Harbor Main	William Maher.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	N. Gillingham.	Holyrood	"	Isaac LeDrew.
Wesleyville	"	Jacob Hefferton.	Kelligrews	"	A. E. Rees.
Greenspond	"	Peter Roberts.	Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	
Glovertown	"	Thomas Wornell.	Bell Island—Beach	"	
Gambo	"	Charles Kean.	Portugal Cove	"	
Salvage	"	Edward Oldford.			

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.

W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, Newfoundland.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1908.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$0.85**
 } **To 1.00**

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$1.10**
 } **To 1.50**

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1908.

Job Brothers & Co.,

✿ St. John's, N. F. ✿

Importers of Provisions, including Flour, Molasses, Pork, Beef, Ships' Materials, and all things necessary for prosecution of the Fisheries. We are in a position to supply all Goods at Lowest Cash Prices.

Highest Prices Given for all products of the Fisheries, including Codfish, Cod Oil, Refined Cod-liver Oil, Pickled Salmon, and Herring, and Lobsters. **Exporters of all Newfoundland Products.**

➡ **Fire** ✿ and ✿ **Marine** ✿ **Insurance.** ➡

Lowest Rates quoted for all forms of Insurance.

AGENTS FOR—

Royal Insurance Co. (Fire).

Union Marine Insurance Co., Ltd. (Marine).

Bowring Brothers,

Limited. —

Ship Owners, Brokers, and General Merchants.

Exporters of Codfish, Salmon, Herring, Seal Oil, Seal Skins,
Cod Oil, Lobsters, Whale Oil, Whale Bone, Etc.

AGENTS FOR LLOYD'S.

London Salvage Association. New Swiss Lloyd's.

National Board of Marine Underwriters of New York.

Liverpool and Glasgow Underwriters.

Liverpool and London and Globe Fire Insurance Co.

New York, Newfoundland, and Halifax Steam Ship Co.

English and American Steam Shipping Co.

Owners and Agents of the Newfoundland Royal Mail
Coastal Steamships *Portia* and *Prospero*.

Represented by **C. T. BOWRING & Co., Ltd.**, of Liverpool, London, Cardiff.

Represented by **BOWRING & Co.**, New York and San Francisco.

CODES—Scott's, Watkins, A. B. C., Western Union, Premier, &c.

Cables:—"BOWRING," St. John's.

PHOENIX

Assurance



Co., Ltd.,

OF LONDON, - - - ESTABLISHED 1782.

For Insuring every description of property in all parts
of the world, from Loss or Damage by Fire,

The PHOENIX

is distinguished for moderate premiums and prompt settle-
ment of losses.

W. & G. RENDELL,

ST. JOHN'S. Agent for Nfld.

Insurance! ✱

Confederation Life

Association,

Equity Fire Insurance

Company,

Standard Mutual Fire

Insurance Co.

For Rates, etc., apply to

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,

General Agent for Newfoundland,
Oke Building, St. John's.

1908 Greeting 1908

JAS. J. CHANNING, desires to publicly thank his many
friends for their kind patronage
during the past year, and wishes
them, one and all, a **Very Merry Xmas.**

We respectfully draw your attention to our Stock of
PERFUMERY!

It is the very choicest obtainable, and being put up in fancy
boxes, baskets, &c., would make ideal Xmas Presents.

We also carry a full line of

Perfume Sprays,	Shaving Brushes,
Sachet Powders,	Fancy Toilet Soaps,
Toilet Boxes,	Smelling Bottles,
Hair Brushes,	Washing Gloves.

in fact a complete assortment of everything necessary for Toilet and
Medicinal purposes.

A visit to our Store will convince you, that right here is the best
place to buy anything in the above line.

We defy competition in goods or prices.

CHANNING'S DRUG STORE,

148 and 150 New Gower Street. Open till 11 o'clock every night.

The Newfoundland Quarterly.

❁ ❁ ❁ Christmas Number. ❁ ❁ ❁

Vol. VIII.—No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1908.

40 cents per year.



Christmas Poems.



"PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE," BY CARPACCIO.

THIS fine altar-piece in the Academy at Venice is a little formal in composition and uneasy in the folds of drapery, but is beautiful in its sincerity and tenderness. The central angel at the bottom is much admired for the quality of unconsciousness.

A Christmas Carol.

I CARE not for spring; on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne;
He woos them amain with his treacherous reign,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,
Nor his own changing mind an hour,
He'll smile in your face, and with wry grimace
He'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
And care not how sulky he be!
For this darling child is the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong, it don't last long,
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modes; and gentle moon
Has a far sweeter sheen, for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in, with a merry din,
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good, we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing 'till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!

—Mr. Wardle's Song in *Pickwick*.



Christmas.

CHRISTMAS DAY bright, clear and gladsome,
Dawns upon the earth again;
Hark! the merry, merry Bells
Chime a sweet refrain.

All the hills they sparkle brightly,
When the sun-rays gaily play;
Peace and pleasure, love and gladness
Come to all on Christmas Day.

Christmas Bells so sweetly chiming,
Oh! how pleasant is their ring,
They are calling us to worship,
Worship Christ, the New Born King.

Lift your voices for the Master,
Sing His praises while ye may,
Crown Him King of every nation
Who was Born on Christmas Day.

—Ry Geo. H. Nicholl, *Carbonear*.



Christmas at Dawn.

SEE the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,
And Mary is blest;
For now she will give us her Jesus,
Our dearest, our best,
And she where she stands, the Maid Mother,
Her Babe on her breast.

Where love takes, let love give; and so doubt not:
Love counts but the will
And the heart has its flowers of devotion
No winter can chill;
They who cared for "good will" the first Christmas
Will care for it still.

—Proctor.



A Desire.

OH to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night:
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
With reverent wonder and with deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child.

—Proctor.



AND cradled there in the scented hay
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,
The Child that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but Divine.

—Longfellow.

❁ Newfoundland Name-Lore. ❁

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D.

XXIV.



THE SEA off the south point of Petty Harbour is known to the fishermen as

THE MOTION,

or Petty Harbour Motion. The name is quite expressive, as there is almost always a sort of "under-tow" which causes the water to be somewhat rough, or, as our people very appropriately call it, "lumpy." About two miles south of Motion Point there is one of those natural phenomena not infrequent on our coast called

THE SPOUT

or blowing hole. It is thus described in the "British Pilot": ". . . A hollow place which the sea runs into, and a vent on "the top of the land, near the water-side, spouts up the water "in that manner, that you may see a great way off especially if "there be any sea which causes the greater violence." The water shoots up exactly in the same manner as a whale blowing, and is quite an interesting sight which our captains never fail to point out to their passengers.

Between the Spout and Petty Harbour is a small cove known as

SHOAL BAY.

There are no inhabitants there, but the place has become notorious as being supposed, like so many other points along our coast, to be the site of buried treasure, or of a valuable vein of metal. A great deal of digging has been done here from time to time by enterprising and enthusiastic—dreamers.

The next name of importance on the coast is

BAY BULLS.

This is a name that has given rise to a great deal of controversy. It is difficult to say whether the name was originally French or English. It was well known to the English by its present name as far back as the time of the founding of Lord Baltimore's colony, 1621-2. We have extant a letter "To Master Secretary "Calvert from Captaine Daniel Powell who conducted the new "supply of men that went for the Plantation the last spring."

This letter is dated at Ferryland, 28th July, 1622. In this letter Powell mentions the name of

BAY OF BULLS

as if it were even then a well known name. ". . . The first land we saw was a little to the northward of the *Bay of Bulls*. The name is also found in this form on Mason's map, which was made about this time, 1625. I think, however, that this English form is but a corruption of the original French name

BAYE BOULLE.

We cannot see any reason why the place should be called the Bay of Bulls. It is not probable that there were any bulls in the country then, for in the same letter Captain Powell quaintly describes the bringing out of some live stock in the shape of goats. He tells us they lost "Three ewe goats by reason of "their extreme leanness, when they were bought. . . . We "have now but one ewe goat and a buck goat left, the other "buck dying likewise within a few days after our landing." This was evidently the beginning of the raising of agricultural stock on this coast. On the other hand we can find more readily a meaning and application for the French form of the word *Bay Boule*. Boule or Boule means, a ball, and it may be derived from the round appearance of the Northern Head of the harbour, called Bull-Head, or from the beach-stones in appearance like balls, or from the fact of cannon balls being found here. There was a fort here in very distant times. The earth works are still visible and some cannon still remain. There is a lofty cape on the Saguenay River, called Pointe La Boule. In 1696, the Abbé Beaudouin, Chaplain of the French Army, which marched from Placentia under D'Ibberville and captured Ferry-

land, marching thence to St. John's,—calls this Harbour "*Baye Boule*." A few years later, 1705, the same exploit was accomplished by Nescambouit, under Soubercase, Governor of Placentia. Charlevoix describing this event speaks of *Rebou* which must be a mistake for *Be bou*, a phonetic spelling of *Baye Boul*.

On the map of T. Cour Lotter, 1720, it is spelt B. Boule, but he adds, for the first time, as far as I know, a French translation of the word, thus; *B. Boule ou des Taureaux* (Bay Boule or of the Bulls), and the French copier of Cook's map, gives it *Baye Bull ou du Taureau* (of the Bull). Another French map, of 1792, gives *Bulss Bay*, *Baye de Bull*, *ou du Taureau* and *Bull Head ou Tête de Taureau*. From all this I conclude that the original name was French—*Baye Boule*. That the English voyagers taking it phonetically, turned it into *Bay Bull* and *Bay Bulls*. Then the French, forgetting its original name, took the English word *Bull* and re-translated it back into French as *Baye du Taureau*—or *des Taureaux*. We find frequent examples on our coast of this peculiar philological feat. We have an example of this in the name C. Bauld (See Article VI.). The French originally called it C. Arpon (Harpoon Cape). The English first corrupted this into Carpoon, and afterwards called it "*Bold Cape*". The French forgetting the original name tried to spell the new English name and made it *Cape Bauld* (their way of spelling *Bold*). The English finally taking this corrupt French rendering called *Cape Bald*—or *Balled*—and so it remains to this day.

To return to *Bay Bulls*—other derivations are suggested, but they do not seem to carry conviction with them. Thus it is suggested that the name may be derived from the noise of the waters like the roaring of a bull. There is, however, nothing remarkable in this respect about the harbour of *Bay Bulls*, in fact the waters are rather placid there, and it is an excellent harbour for anchorage.

Mr. LeMessurier, in the "Nfld. Quarterly," makes the following conjecture:—

"No one has discovered who named St. John's, there have been "various conjectures but nothing definite. I have no doubt "that it was so named by a Jerseyman from the Parish of St. "John's in Jersey. Close to it is *Bay Bulls*, the origin of which "lies in mystery. In some old charts it is called *Bay Boule* "which leads me to believe it was also named by a Jerseyman "after *Bay Boule*, in his native land, as the French pronunciation "would, for both spelling, be *Booley*." But with all respect to Mr. LeMessurier's opinion and his undoubted expert knowledge concerning our early nomenclature. I fear we cannot admit his present contention. I have already shown in Article XXII. that the name of St. John's was given by Cabot in 1497 on the first discovery of this Island. And though I admitted (Art. III.) that it is probable that even before the time of Cabot the Basque and Breton fishermen had frequented our waters and shores, Mr. LeMessurier himself does not seem to go back much beyond the beginning of the XVII. century for the date of the first Jersey establishments on our coasts. So much for the name of St. John's.

As to *Bay Bulls*. It is true, as I mentioned above, that many old maps give this name as *Bay Boule*, but with the final e mute. None of them have it accented, hence it could never have been pronounced Boulléy, but it would have been simply *Boul* or *Bool*. If given by the Jerseymen and pronounced as their own *Bay Boule* is, the e should have been accented or the word would have been spelt *boulais* or *boulai*.

Before leaving the consideration of this interesting name, I would venture to make a suggestion that it may be derived from the Irish word, *Buaile*, pronounced Boulé the last e short and almost mute a mere aspiration like the e at the end of a line of French poetry.

This word in Irish is derived from *Bo* a cow. It means a sort of hut or sheeling where in summer time the mountain inhabitants in Ireland fed their cattle and carried on their dairy

operations. It is mentioned by the poet Spencer, "There is one use among them (the Irish country people) to keep their cattle in *boodies* pasturing them, &c."—The name is generally applied in Ireland to dairy places where cattle are fed and milked &c. There may have been some Irish farmer settled here in olden times who kept a Booley or Dairy and brought the old word out with him.

About halfway in the harbour of Bay Bulls, on the northern side, is a cove bearing the very strange name of

BREAD AND CHEESE.

I have made enquiries among the oldest inhabitants of the place as to the origin of this name, but have not discovered anything satisfactory. It was formerly an *Admiral's Cove*, being claimed by the Fishing Admirals for stage and fishing purposes. Almost every harbour in the country has an Admiral's Cove or Admiral's Beach, including even St. John's itself. I find the name given as *Bread-Cheese*, in the Sailing Directions of J. Imray. This makes me think that the name may possibly be a corruption of some French word such as *Brechise*, but I know no such word. The nearest I can find to it is *Branchises*, which means the gills of fish, and might be applied to a place where the heads or offal of fish were thrown, and since this cove was, as mentioned above, the place where the Admiral's Stage was situated, the name might be appropriate. If, however, the name is French, they have, as in the case of Bay Bulls, &c, forgotten it, for it is translated from the English name on French maps thus "*Pointe du pain et du fromage*," a very cumbersome name indeed. Somewhat further in the harbour on the same (N) side there is a very high hill named

JOAN CLAY'S HILL.

This sounds also like a corruption. The "British Pilot" (1755) thus speaks of it: "Being past the point of *Bread-and-Cheese* thus run up and anchor against the high hill called *Joan Clay's Hill* in 13 or 14 fathoms, &c." The modern "Sailing Directions," published by J. Imray (1898) says this hill is "810 feet high, which is the highest land on the coast between Cape Race and Cape St. Francis." But strange to say this Book which is compiled from the latest sources, and is supposed to be authentic, has the name twice repeated as

IRONCLAY HILL.

Such a name is not known among the inhabitants of the place. I asked a very patriarchal and intelligent man belonging to the place the name of the hill and he gave me at once

JONEY CLAY'S HILL.

The "Sailing Directions" says: "When St. John's is beset with ice this bay is often clear, and vessels anchor here, and communicate with St. John's by land." In former times it was a very important harbour. Taverner says (1755): "Here generally the fleet (fishing fleet) is made up, that is, here they meet ready to sail (commonly for the *streights*, i.e. for Labrador) by the 15th or 20th of September."

This harbour, like all the others along the Southern Shore, has in imitation of St. John's its "*River Head*" and "*Maggoty Cove*." The next harbour south of Bay Bulls is

WITLESS BAY.

I consider this name a corruption of *Whittle's Bay*, either from the name of a man, or from the prevalence of the shrub or osier which grows abundantly in our woods, the *viburnum nudum*, known in England as the withe-rod, and called by the West Countrymen *wit-rod* or *wittle*. The shoots of this shrub are very tough and are used by our fishermen instead of thole pins. They twist them into a sort of platted ring which they call a gad or a *grummet*. This is slipped onto the oar and over a strong peg set into the gunwale of the boat, and it makes a very convenient substitute for row locks or thole-pins. The peculiarity of the West-Country folk in forming the plural or the possessive case by a distinct and separate syllable—as *ket-tles* for *kettles* or *kettle's*, is well known, so in this case they would say *Whit-tles* instead of *Whittles*. There is a point on Labrador (Lat. 50°) named Cape Whittle. The name is also given to the knife which is used to cut these whittles, and the verb to whittle is also formed from the same word. I judge the word not to be

French from the attempts made on the French maps to render it in a phonetic spelling thus.

QUITLIS BAYE.

This harbour, like so many others has its "Gallows Cove."

The next harbour going southward is called at the present day

MOBLE.

It is one of the most puzzling names perhaps on our shore. On all the maps, right up to Page's map, of 1860, it is called

MOMABLE.

There are of course, as in all our local names, several variations, thus for instance:—The oldest map in my possession on which I find the name is Thornton's (1689). There it is given as *Momables*. On Buache's map, 1736, it is *Mamale*. On Belin's, 1740, B. *Monales*. In Taverner's Pilot, it appears as "*The Momables Bay* and *Momables Bay*. On Cook's map, 1776, *Momables. B.* And so right down to Page's map as late as 1860, it is written *Momable*, though it was certainly then pronounced as now, *Moble*. According to the *genius* of the French language the word should be pronounced "*Mo-mah-ble*," with the accent on the middle syllable. How it ever became corrupted into, first *momable* with the middle syllable shortened, and finally *Moble* leaving out altogether the syllable *ma* is a mystery. The meaning of the word *Momable* is also unknown to me. I notice that Howley, J. P., on the last edition of his map has it *Mobile*. This is evidently incorrect.

The Southern Head of Moble Harbour is called

TINKER'S POINT.

This is the local name for a species of sea-bird of the auk kind—the razor-billed auk, (*alca torda*), known also as the puffin, quill'emot, or murre, which frequent the rocks off this point.

The French cartographers not knowing the familiar meaning of this term have rather amusingly translated it

POINTE DU CHAUDRONIER

Tinsmith's Point.

A couple of miles South of this Point is the very pretty little settlement, whose name, originally

TORRS' COVE,

has been barbarously corrupted into

TOAD'S COVE.

An effort was recently made by the late Rev. M. O'Driscoll to bring back the original beautiful and very expressive and applicable name. I am glad to see that this restoration of the old name is taking effect, though the official census of 1901 still holds to the meaningless designation of *Toads Cove*. It also unfortunately appears in the latest Howley Geological map of 1907.

In writing of *Torbay*, in Article XXII., I gave the origin of this name *Torr's* or *Tor's Cove*, being a repetition of the same old Anglo-Saxon word *Tor*, a tower being applied to a high Conical Hill. The name is very appropriately given to this harbour or settlement which nestles in a deep valley or gorge surrounded by very high peaks or *torrs*. The word has been as remarked above, corrupted into *Toad's Cove*, and this word has been translated on the French maps as *Anse aux Cra-pauds*. It is well known that a toad has never been seen in this country. The corrupt form arises from the peculiarly broad pronunciation of the early West Country inhabitants. They pronounce it as if it were spelt, *Toars Cove* and as they slur over the sound of the *r* it assumed the sound of *d*. If one listen very attentively to the natives of the place, even at the present day, one will find that they actually say *Toars Cove* and not *Toad's Cove*. They have no idea of what a toad is.

† M. F. HOWLEY.

Yesterday and To-morrow.

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having, Had:
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take, in the taking dies, and the joy we Had is its ghost.
Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or the joy we have clasped and lost?

❧ The Atlantic Cable. ❧



HIS year, 1908, is the Jubilee Year, or fiftieth anniversary, of the laying of the *first* Atlantic Cable at Bay Bulls' Arm, Trinity Bay. That cable worked, though in an indifferent manner, for 21 (twenty-one) days when it collapsed. A message was sent from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, Washington, and from Mr. Tiernan, Mayor of New York, to the Lord Mayor of London. For twelve years, from '54, when first issued, the scrip (\$300,000.00) was absolutely valueless. Until '66 nothing was done.

In 1866, the Cable was again (this time successfully) laid. Bay Bulls' Arm was abandoned, and Heart's Content selected instead; and the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship then afloat, was substituted for the *Niagara*. The occasion was one of great excitement and interest throughout the country, and large numbers of excursionists went from St. John's to take part in the Great Historical Event. The following letter of an eyewitness, written at the time by a lady of St. John's to her husband cannot but prove interesting, at this present jubilee year.

"LAKE VIEW," NEW PERLICAN,

TRINITY BAY, July 29th, 1866.

MIO CARO SPOSO,—I was just on the point of writing you when M—. O'M—. arrived with your letter and papers. I intend sending this by John Warren who goes to-morrow in the *Lily*, and who very kindly promised to take it. It would be a useless task to write you about the Cable being successful, as you know, I suppose, much more about it in St. John's than we who were looking on at its landing. I will try to give you an account of how we passed that memorable day, the 27th July.

I was up early, and at about half-past seven o'clock there was a roar of voices—"The *Great Eastern*!" All who were dressed ran to some point from which they could see her steaming up the Bay. I ran too, but being a stranger, missed the way, and on coming back to the house I found M—. O'M—. had just got out of bed, quite cross, and when I asked her the way—"I won't tell you," she said, "you let me sleep it out," so I lost that part of it. We got breakfast as quick as possible, and drove off to Heart's Content to see the landing. As Uncle Michael's car could not accommodate us all, and had to come twice, M—. O'M—. and I got a lift from Mr. Kough. He was very polite to our ladies while he remained here taking a couple or three up each time. We had a splendid view of the "*Big Eastern*," as the Bay people here call her, coming up into Heart's Content Harbour. The shore end of the Cable being on board the "*Medway*," the fleet remained some time at the entrance to the Harbour splicing it. It took from two to three hours to complete this part. She then steamed slowly up the Harbour. We could distinguish the cable quite clearly as it was paid out, and it appeared to us that the vessel was scarcely able to move under the great weight. When she came up as far as she intended she dropped anchor, and then the Cable was taken into a large boat, built purposely very wide, and flat bottomed, so that a coil might be made in her, and towed by four man-o-war boats to the shore. It was by this time 2 o'clock.

There was now some great delay and confusion caused by not having any person or agent there on the part of the Company, to point out the place where the cable was to be landed.

Mackay hid himself in the "Telegraph Office," whether intentionally or not I don't know, but I heard Miss McKen say, that Mr. Mackay said, it was none of his business. The boats must have been nearly two hours coming from the *Medway* to the shore. At last Mr. Lundy came on shore, the place of the landing was pointed out, and a deep trench had to be dug across the road and up to the office to bury the cable in. When we saw there was likely to be a delay in the landing we got a boat which took the whole party of us, with Dr. Tom, out on board the *Big Eastern*. She is immense. You will hear all about her better than I can tell you. We went through a great part of her, but as we were in a hurry to get back to witness the landing, I think we shall pay her another visit. We nearly lost it, we only saw the end of it. The jolly Tars all jumped out of the boats and caught the end of the Cable, and drew it upon their shoulders. They were out half the depth of themselves in the water bare-footed, and in the greatest excitement. All of the ships now fired salutes, and we thought we would have been shaken to pieces in our boat. We were on our return from the great vessel at the time of the firing. I think we were better situated with regard to the view we had, than those on shore, for there was such a crowd that some of us would not think of getting through it. There were prayers of thanks-giving in Church, and at night illuminations. M. O'M, Miss McKen and I took tea at Mrs. R. Kent's lodgings, and then drove home, the rest went on before. I found a letter from you on the table and after reading it and resting a little we started off again walking out this time. Uncle Michael, Mrs. H—., Mrs. Green, M—. O'M—, and I to see the Illuminations. We had to go nearly up to Heart's Content, and were but ill repaid for our trouble. They were very poor and very scanty, a few rockets only. You may be sure we were all very tired after the day and glad to get to bed. Mrs. D—. drove Agnes and I yesterday. She was looking for some beef for to-day, and we got it by great compliment. It was very fine, we had it to-day for dinner with young turnips, ham of home cure and white cabbage. I hope you will enjoy Mrs. Kent's Hospitality to-day. I was thinking in the morning before your letter arrived how you would spend the day. If you have it wet like it is here, you cannot be very comfortable. We intended having a long walk to-day to Norman's Point, but the weather disappointed us. We have had a few baths since I wrote before. There is a nice retired place here, not two minutes walk from the house, where we bathe. It is called "Bitter's Cove." We were out this morning before seven. I like it very much. We had some of our friends down here to-day,—John and the O'Maras and Dr. McKen. . . . He is going to dine this evening with Captain Anderson of the *Great Eastern*, a "towney" of his and great friend of his mother's. Uncle Michael is hay-cutting. He has splendid hay. I never saw anything like it, so high and thick; his barley is very fine too; and his potatoes. It is probable that Mr. Murphy will be up some time this week for us to go to Catalina. If not I suppose we shall be thinking of our return home after another week. I have found out the spa, and have had some of it to drink. It is very cold and quite agreeable. I doubt if it be more than a good spring of common water. . . . I don't think there will be another opportunity of writing before Friday next. The post man will be here then, so adieu for the present. . . . C—, M—.

The original or "first" Cable was landed in Bay Bulls' Arm, Trinity Bay, in August, 1858. This cable, after transmitting a few messages, "gave out." Too much power had been put on and the conductor became fused. For nine or ten years the Company struggled against every difficulty. The Directors in New York were paying out money at the rate of tens of thousands, and nothing coming in. Their electrician in Newfoundland was named *De Santy*. To all the numerous and indignant inquiries sent by the Directors the only answer they got was—"All right!"—*De Santy*. So monotonous and exasperating did this reply become, that Oliver Wendell Holmes immortalized it in verse of which the following is a copy:—

DE SANTY.

An Electro-Chemical Eclogue.

PROFESSOR:—

Tell me, O Provincial! Speak Ceruleo-Nasal
Lives there one *De Santy* extant now among you,
Whispering Boanerges, son of silent thunder,
Holding talk with nations?

Is there a *De Santy*, ambulant on Tellus
Bifid cleft like mortals; dormant in night-cap,
Having sight, smell, hearing, food-receiving feature
Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-Nasal
Or is he a *mythus*—ancient word for "humbug"?
Such as Livy told about the wolf that wet-nursed
Romulus and Remus?

Was he born of woman, this alleged *De Santy*?
Or a living product of galvanic action,
Like the *accarus* bred in Crosse's flint solution?
Speak thou Cyano Rhinal!

BLUENOSE:—

Many things thou askest, jack-knife-bearing stranger,
Much conjecturing mortal, pork and treacle waster!
Pretermitt thy whittling, wheel thine ear-flap towards me
Thou shalt hear them answered.

When the charge galvanic tingled through the Cable,
At the polar focus of the wire electric,
Suddenly appeared a white-faced man among us;
Called himself "*De Santy*."

As the small opossum, held in pouch maternal
Grasps the nutrient organ whence the term "*mamalia*"
So the unknown stranger held the wire electric
Sucking in the current.

When the current strengthened, bloomed the pale-faced stranger,
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and rosy,
And from time to time, in sharp articulation,
Said "All right!! *De Santy*."

From the lonely station, passed the utterance spreading
Through the pines and hemlocks, to the groves of steeples
Till the land was filled, with loud reverberations
Of "All right!! *De Santy*."

When the current slackened drooped the mystic stranger,
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew weaker,
Wasted to a shadow, with a hart's horn odor
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his forehead,
Whitened round his feet the dust of efflorescence
Till one Monday morning when the flow suspended
There was no *De Santy*!

Nothing but a cloud of elements organic
C. O. H. N. Ferrum, Calor, Flu, Sil, Potassa,
Calc, Sod, Phosph, Mag, Sulphur, Mang, Alumin, Cuprum,
Such as man is made of.

Born of stream galvanic, with it he had perished!
There is no *De Santy*, now there is no current.
Give us a new cable, then again we'll hear him
Cry "All right!! *De Santy*."

I am indebted for copy of this elegy, as well as for much
useful information concerning the Atlantic Cable, to the late
Thomas Scanlan, Esq.
† M. F. H.



A Christmas Box.



By Miss E. Sparrow, Burin.



IT was a very old house, so old that no one in Greenville knew by whom or when it was built. It had been a soldier's barrack, when the foreign foe was in Newfoundland waters, afterwards a dwelling for tradesmen, when work was plenty and houses scarce—and so it had sheltered successive tenants, until now, in its decay, it became the shelter of an aged widow and her daughter—a widow also.

The old lady had been a beauty in her day. At sixteen she won the heart of a dashing surgeon in the British navy, who had settled down after his marriage to practise in the village. But, as usual in those days, he was a lover of the wine cup, and although his earnings were large, they were never in very good circumstances.

He was dead for many years, and much as his widow had endured, she still took pride in showing relics of his earlier life: a silver snuff-box, silver shoe buckles, and his diplomas on yellowed parchment were all brought forth for the stranger's inspection.

The room used as a living room was charming. Two quaint old mahogany tables, a corner cupboard filled with china that

would be priceless in those days, and pictures equally ancient, made the room look pleasant. An immense chimney nearly filled one end of the house—the great fire-place, just opposite the centre table, looking very pleasant in winter; the back and hobs white, and hearth glowing red in the light of the fire.

A little low chair stood just in front of the grate, and there Mrs. Wood sat down when the duties of the day were done, and with her apron over her face, took a short nap in the gloaming before she lit the lamp. Mrs. Wood was a capital housekeeper, and everything went on like clock-work in that still house.

Precisely at one o'clock dinner was on the table, and at six, not a minute before or after, Mrs. Wood laid the immense tea-tray on the white cloth. The tray was quite a load, with the cups and saucers, but the ceremony was never omitted; and even the tray was antiquated. A long-eyed Chinese squatted in the centre, before an impossible temple, in yellow, and flowers, that had never a counterpart growing, bordered the edge.

It was near Christmas, and the weather was rough and stormy. Snow was already piled high over the fences—the frost was keen at night. Winter in Newfoundland is something to shudder at, without a sufficiency of firing.

Those two women knew the want of a great many comforts, but never till now had they to look forward to the long cold winter without means to buy the necessary food and coal, yet

they were contented and hopeful, and poor as they were, they were generous to those poorer even than themselves.

One old fellow whom the elder lady had known all her life was a regular pensioner. Nearly every evening he would contrive to be in, just at tea time, and take a seat on a "settle" which stood inside the big chimney.

Now, Mrs. Wood took great pride in keeping the sides of the chimney and the hobs plastered and whitened, and as Jerry had a very round back, and was apt to move uneasily in his seat, he was sure to dislodge some of the plaster, leaving a little heap of white fragments on the seat when he departed.

Next day, with many anathemas of the absent Jerry, Mrs. Wood went over the plastering process; only to find it in ruins again after Jerry's next visit.

The day had been cold and snowy, and the fire looked bright and cheerful as the two women sat in its glow at the neat tea table, and Jerry industriously dislodging plaster while he attended to a large bowl of tea and a thick slice of bread and butter.

"It's going to be a real hard winter, I think Maam," hazarded Jerry, "but I don't see any winters now like they were when I came to the country first. Why! one day we got up in our boarding house, and had to light the lamps. The house was covered in with snow, and then we had to tunnel through it three or four yards, after we opened the door, before we saw daylight."

"It will be a hard winter, anyway for some people, Jerry," said the old lady.

"Now," said Jerry, "if we could come across some of that gold that was hid by the privateers a hundred years ago."

"I wonder is that story true?" said Mrs. Wood, with a reflective glance at the fire.

"Well! old Skipper Tom Buffet told me that 'his father used to say that there was treasure hidden somewhere round this house. A boat rowed ashore from a strange looking vessel in the harbor after night, and the men came down this way. There was only this house here then, no houses near, and people did not notice them much, as crews often came ashore for water. Afterwards they heard that a privateer was met outside the harbor by a man-of-war. She was taken, and the crew made

prisoners. But, try as they would, they could find no money or valuables on board.'"

Mrs. Wood looked round thoughtfully and said: "I only wish we could find the treasure, Jerry. Just now, it would be a blessing."

"Yes," struck in the old lady, "and we would make you comfortable in that cabin of yours, too."

"Well, well, maam, there's no use in wishing; we must only be satisfied."

Just then a gust of wind struck the house, making it shiver, and the snow beat against the window. "Well! I must be faring home," said Jerry, grasping his stick.

Mrs. Wood closed the door after him. She looked out at a wild looking scene,—snow driving furiously past, and the waves from the little cove below the house, driving white upon the road. She retreated with a shiver. The storm increased as the night wore on, and after staying up till they were weary, the two women went to their room, only to stay wide awake, as the house seemed to sway to the right and the left.

* * * * *

As she stooped to remove the bricks something dark caught her eye, and clearing the space around it, she found it was a large iron box, somewhat battered by the usage it had received. Lifting it, with some difficulty, she found that it was locked, but the seams had been opened by the weight upon it. She could scarcely breathe when she saw that it was full of gold,—the hidden treasure so often talked of and sought after.

It must have been hidden about half way up the chimney by taking out some bricks and making a secure resting place for the box.

There is no need to tell the rest. The two poor women spent a glad and happy Christmas; nor were their poor neighbours forgotten.

Jerry was made as comfortable as possible in his own home, but still he made many a visit to that old and hospitable fireside, and many a time as Christmas came around again we saw him sit enjoying a bowl of tea, beside a glorious fire there, while the wind whistled through a rebuilt and newly plastered chimney.



SITE OF ALBERT E. REED & CO'S PLANT, BISHOP'S FALLS.



THE EXPLOITS RIVER AT BISHOP'S FALLS IN WINTER.



GREAT RATTLING BROOK, WHICH RUNS INTO THE EXPLOITS.



LOGGING, EXPLOITS RIVER.



OFFICE OF ALBERT L. REED & CO., BISHOP'S FALLS



COTTAGE OCCUPIED BY FOREMAN CARPENTER—J. ARNOLD,
BISHOP'S FALLS.



FOREMAN P. FINLAY'S COTTAGE, BISHOP'S FALLS.



Photo by R. P. Holloway.

View of St. John's, from the Southside.

The Cocos Island Treasure.

By C. H. Hutchings, K. C.



FOR nearly three-quarters of a century the eyes of treasure seekers have turned to that little island in the Pacific Ocean, which perhaps is important only as the reputed repository of untold wealth. Every now and again we hear of expeditions being fitted out to locate the treasures hidden beneath the soil of Cocos Island by the Captain of the *Mary Dier*. From time to time we read narratives of the plundered millions secreted on that lonely island; of the daring dash and adventures of the bold pirate and his unfortunate crew. Stories calculated to thrill one with a desire to take a hand in the search for the treasures—many a disappointed seeker believed were within his grasp.

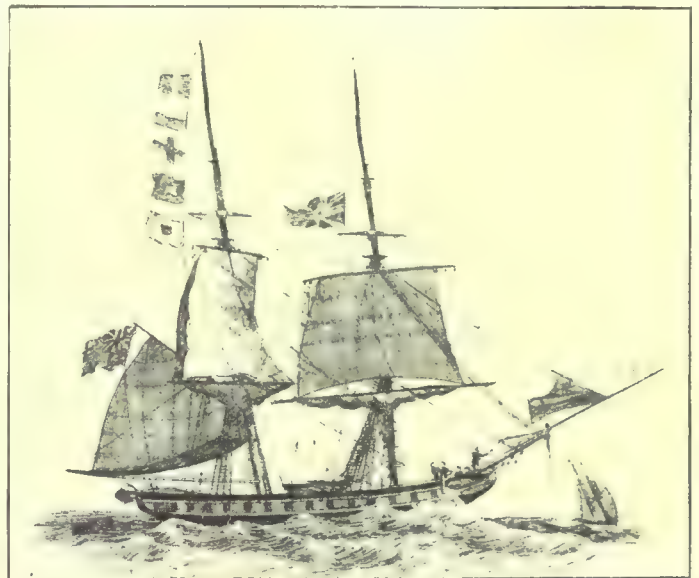
Possibly there are some still in our midst who remember the brig *Edgecombe*, Capt. Wm. Boig, which sailed from St. John's in the year 1841 in quest of this hidden wealth. From letters written by the Second Mate, William Boig, jr., son of the Captain, to his sister in St. John's a few years ago, and from extracts taken by him from the log of that ship in his possession up to the time of his death, and from traditions in the Captain's family, the following may be regarded as an accurate account of the "Cocos Treasure," and the only known successful, yet disastrous, expedition undertaken:—

In the early part of the 19th century the Chilians and Peruvians were in continuous conflict. In 1833 it became known to the inhabitants of Lima, that the Chilians contemplated an invasion of their town. Panic and consternation reigned. The people gathered together their jewels and moneys. The officials collected the state valuables; and all were rushed to the seaport Callao. At anchor there, rode the British brig *Mary Dier*. Her nationality inspired confidence and gave promise of freedom from attack. On board this ship, under guard of armed soldiers were placed the treasures of the people. But Thomson, her Captain, proved false to the confidence reposed in him and to the traditions of the Britisher. Under cover of darkness the guard was murdered; the ship slipped anchor and quietly sailed for the concealing ground of noted pirates—the Island of Cocos.

For several years Thompson led a pirate's life. Vessels which had sailed from Mexico and Lower Californian ports were captured by him, and the treasures which formed portions of their cargoes were taken to "Cocos Island," Thompson's vessel not being in a condition to proceed South, they crossed the land to the Gulf of Darien, and securing a small vessel they continued their work of piracy in the vicinity of the West Indies. In an attempt to take a vessel much larger than theirs, they were captured. Thompson and one of the crew escaped, the others were taken to one of the Islands and hung.

In the latter part of the year 1838 a vessel belonging to Messrs. Thomas of St. John's, sailed from this port for the West Indies. On the voyage one of the crew became ill and died. A hand was shipped for the return trip, who proved to be Thompson. In addition to the regular crew a ship's carpenter named Keating made the voyage at the instance of the owners of the vessel, in order to complete some work he had commenced in port. This carpenter and Thompson became very intimate, and on the way home the latter related to his newly found friend the story of his adventures and the hidden Treasure.

A few days after the arrival of Thomas's vessel the brig *George Henry Harrison*, Capt. Wm. Boig, reached St. John's from Liverpool. Keating lost no time in bringing Thompson on board, when the story was again related and the plans of the secret hiding place shown. Captain Boig became greatly interested, and immediately set about to induce the merchants of St. John's to assist in a proposed expedition, but without success. He returned to Liverpool and without much difficulty obtained the ear of Messrs. Smith & Irwin of that city. Thompson's story was repeated, charts were produced, enquiry was made at Lloyds and corroboration obtained of the capture of the vessels which had sailed from Mexico and Lower California. Smith & Irwin fitted out the brig *Edgecombe*, and under the command of Captain Boig she proceeded on her eventful voyage. From Liverpool she came to St. John's, took on board a cargo of fish for Messrs. Job Bros. and on January 20, 1841, started for Rio de Janeiro. Here they were joined by a Captain Gault who had been sent out by Smith & Irwin to accompany the expedition.



AN OLD-TIME NEWFOUNDLAND BRIG.

On the 9th of April, 1841, the *Edgecombe* again set sail, called at the East Falkland Islands, and arrived at Cocos Island on the 18th of June. Captain Boig made no delay in landing, and in a short while succeeded in locating the object of his journey. He didn't fill his boots, as some narrators declare, but took a small quantity of the treasure—consisting chiefly of precious stones—on board, intending to return for the remainder when arrangements for so doing could be safely carried out. Unfortunately he was accompanied by Captain Gault, who made all possible haste to inform the crew of the Captain's good fortune. Naturally the crew wanted a share of the booty, and not finding the Captain ready to wrong those who fitted out the expedition, they mutinied. The position was a trying one; but Captain Boig determined to defeat the clamouring crew, and with the assistance of Gault, Keating, and his officers, worked the ship from the Island to Panama, intending to get rid of the mutineers and return again.

Shortly after arrival, the Captain, Second Mate, Keating and two of the crew went on shore. When returning a squall upset their boat, throwing them into the sea. They managed to cut away the mast and upright her, and all excepting the Second Mate managed to get in. Being an expert swimmer young Boig made for the land, over a mile distant; reaching it in an almost naked and exhausted condition. He managed to enter the town through an old broken gate at the end of the main street, and hastened, as best he could, to the residence of the British Consul. A canoe was manned and put off for the scene of the accident, but no trace of the victims could be discovered, so they continued on to the ship.

Meanwhile the First Mate of the *Edgcombe* heard the cries of the boats occupants, and putting off in another boat succeeded in rescuing Keating and the two members of the crew.

What had become of the Captain? A crime was committed that day; and the perpetrator afterwards admitted his guilt to the heartbroken widow and children; excusing his act and begging their forgiveness with the plea that what he had done was for the safety of himself and his two comrades. Captain Boig was pushed from the half submerged boat. He never rose again, and was eaten by sharks. Two days after his right arm was picked up on the beach by a gentleman named Collett, who with his wife was awaiting the arrival of the English Packet.

When the Captain's son reached the ship he first learned of the tragedy, and on going to the cabin was further shocked to find that his father's sea-chest had been broken open and rifled. Everything of value had disappeared; the charts showing the locality of the hidden treasure, and the jewels he had brought on board, excepting a small bag: resembling a button bag, which contained twenty-seven stones. These twenty-seven gems were afterwards brought home by him to his mother; and two of them are now in the possession of the writer.

Whether or not the treasure was afterwards discovered is unknown: in all likelihood it was. Captain Gault, who knew its whereabouts, remained on the coast. He died at Panama twelve months after from the effects of an insect bite received on Cocos Island, and was buried alongside Captain Boig's arm in the English Cemetery. The *Edgcombe* was brought back to Liverpool by the First Mate, a Mr. Musgrave.



WATERFORD BRIDGE VALLEY—OPPOSITE LUKE'S BROOK.



A BIT OF COUNTRY NEAR THORBURN ROAD.

At Cape Spear.

The Nearest Point of the New World to the Old.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

I.

BENEATH my feet rolls the Atlantic sea,
Whose waves were shoreless since they left the strand
Of Erin's Isle; those clouds that seem to stand
Gazing on this new cape, last, it may be,
Hung o'er Gibraltar's rock, when speedily
They raced across the sky to find this land,
Where in new homes a democratic band
Build up a continent self-poised and free.
While my thought loiters Eastward through the long
Red labyrinth of Europe's ancient time;
Past Egypt's buried history sublime;
To where, still crooning Asia's sanscrit song,
The Orient sits amid a crumbling throng
Of palaces, and dreams of bygone crime.

II.

My fancy turns, and from the bluff gray hills
And lakes and woods of my own native isle,
(Whose tears are dashed, which now puts on a smile)
Runs past the hardy habitant who tills
His fathers' fields, and past the whirling mills
The world's food grinding, westward many a mile,
Over the mighty mountains pile on pile,
Till the Pacific sea its vision fills.
O vast new Country, rising in thy strength,
With virile limb, with virgin feeling pure,
What mighty height shall thou attain at length,
If thou but keep thee free from lust of gold,
From demagogues corrupt; and still endure;
Still stand for Truth, and still to Freedom hold!

III.

From eldest past to dim futurity,
So runs the current on of human Life,
Whose waves rejoice in calm or heave in strife:
And who shall say if in the days to be
Life flow not on, from sin and suffering free,
Till, windings done, with peace and glory rife,
When Time drops off, loosed by Eternity's knife,
It empties last into the Crystal Sea?
Life stands all dross and gold; shall not God's fire
Smelt out the base, refine the element pure?
That at the last as His own diadem
It glitter, crusted o'er with many a gem,
(From other worlds elect) and thus aspire
When Time shall beat no longer, to endure.

❁ ❁ Elections—New and Old. ❁ ❁

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



FEEL myself becoming quite a patriarch—at the present time the most ancient member of the legal profession, one of the only two surviving members of the House of Assembly of 1861, the other being Sir E. D. Shea. As a public lecturer, and an amateur journalist, I can claim still greater antiquity—having appeared on the stage nearly sixty years ago. Looking back on these old days, and comparing the elections of former times with the present contest, we can see clearly how we have advanced, and in some ways vastly improved. The contest of 1908 is unique in its character. Everywhere order reigned supreme. Nowhere has there been the slightest riot, or disturbance of the peace. As a humorist, one might lament that the fun has gone out of the whole thing. Faction fights are a thing of the past. An election of to-day is as sober and quiet as a Quaker's meeting. There are two predominating causes for this great change. The ballot and secret voting, and the closing of all public houses on election day.

I can claim some credit for the last regulation. The toughest job I ever undertook was the License Act. It was a great contest between the Publicans and the Puritans. The latter, headed by the late Hon. J. J. Rogerson, demanded a virtual Maine Liquor Law. I held that the country and public opinion in the Colony was not ripe for such a drastic experiment. We should proceed slowly and cautiously with a well arranged License Law. I not only prepared the Act, but I gave the most careful and practical directions for working it out in my Justices Manual.

The Hon'ble D. J. Greene is one of the first of our humorists. In a speech pleading for more pay and pensions for the Police, he told his audience:—"A Policeman is not like an ordinary man who can take his rest and smoke his pipe when his day's work is done. By the Regulations, when a Constable is off duty he must read that entertaining work 'Prowse's Manual.'"

We moderns living in these piping times of peace, with elections conducted like love feasts, can form no idea about the old contests.

In the Mother Country, in the pre-reform times, elections lasted for days—the polling went on sometimes for a week. The voters were limited to certain free holders; the great bulk of the population disfranchised. The reformers had an object lesson in such places known as "rotten boroughs"—like Gatton and Old Sarum—where there were less than a dozen voters. These small insignificant places had the same right to return a Member of Parliament as important towns like Liverpool, London or Leeds. The fight for Parliamentary Reform in the Georgian days, was a fierce struggle and bitter conflict. It was Lord Grey, the ancestor of our illustrious visitor (the Governor General of Canada), who passed the great measure and saved England from revolution. "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill" was the war cry of the Liberals. The King, the aristocracy, the whole landed estate of the realm were bitterly opposed to this sweeping change. It was only carried through the House of Lords by Grey's stern determination to create enough new Peers to force it down their throats.

There is a good description of an old election contest in Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," and a capital account of an Irish one in Lever's Charles O'Malley.

The picture is taken from life. Godfrey O'Malley, the victor in the contest against the English General Dashwood, is taken from the well-known character. The wild, reckless spendthrift, hard riding, hard drinking Blake, of Galway.

Billy Considine, and his well-known advice—"To be ever ready with the pistol" are actual types of the Irish gentry of the Georgian era. The sham death of Godfrey, his wake, and resurrection on Nomination Day, actually happened. An M.P. could not be arrested for debt, and Godfrey's only chance to escape imprisonment was this admirably carried out ruse.

Our first General Election was held in the fall of 1832. Sir Thomas Cochrane being Governor. The nine Districts returned very admirable representatives—P. Keough, John Kent and William Thomas represented St. John's. For Conception Bay—Peter Brown, James Power, Charles Cozens and Robt. Pack. Twillingate and Fogo—Mr. Thomas Bennett, who sat with me as Police Magistrate in 1869. Bonavista—William Brown. Trinity—John Buigley Garland (The Speaker). Ferryland—Robert Carter. Burin—William Hooper. Fortune Bay—Newman W. Hoyles (father of Sir Hugh Hoyles). Placentia—Roger F. Sweetman (Mrs. Verron's father) and John H. Martin. A very respectable body was the first House of Assembly.

The father of Free Government in the Colony was Doctor William Carson. Keough, his antagonist, was from Wexford (the Yellow-Bellies). The Great Liberal's defeat was due to a regular Irish trick. A man called Bennett came into the booth where there were a lot of Wexford men casting their votes. "Well," said Bennett, "I just heard the Doctor saying he didn't care a curse how the fight went on, so long as he could bate ould Keough and them blooming Yellow-Bellies." Carson lost every Wexford vote. The story was a barefaced lie.

The worst violence at our old Elections were committed by rival mobs around Conception Bay. Carbonear was the head centre of rioting. Governor Prescott was severely censured by the Secretary of State for the Colonies for not having disfranchised this unruly town.

Philip Henry Gosse the naturalist, father of the celebrated critic and poet—Edmund Gosse, tells us in his Memoirs, that the Doctor who committed the brutal outrage on the Tory Editor—Henry Winton—of the *Public Ledger*, by cutting off his ears on a lonely spot between Carbonear and Harbor Grace, was well known. The injured newspaper man was a famous writer in his day, brave as a lion and with a very leonine countenance. At one of Sir John Harvey's levees, where he attended, His Excellency said, in a stage whisper looking at Winton, "Who is that distinguished person with the highly intellectual countenance?" John Boyd's joke about him is immortal.

Winton was very taciturn, but in his cups he was lively and even brilliant. In an action of libel against a rival Editor who had stigmatised him as a sot, Boyd was asked by George H. Emerson, sr., the Defendant's Counsel—"Did you ever see Winton the worse for liquor?"

"Nae, nae mon," said Boyd, "never. I often saw him the better of it."

The election rows of 1861 are described in my History of Newfoundland. One old veteran leader of the Liberal Carbonear mob was heard lamenting his fate—"After all I done to put in my member,—killin' and murderin' de people to give him a fat

berth,—here I am streelin' about the path with nara billet, and starvin' wid de hunger."

It was liquor that gave nearly all the trouble in the old elections. The main cause of the row in 1861 was the attempt of a drunken vagabond to pull Colonel Grant off his horse.

Fortunately for our times we have done away with all this rowdyism, and the mad drunkenness that disgraced our former contests. I was always attacked most vehemently for having prepared the License Act, and then carried out personally my own laws.

One day an old Irish woman came into the office.

"Your Worship," said she, "What can I do? Pat is after drinking out his whole chest of carpenter's tools."

Who got them? I asked.

"Sure, Biddy Malone (a licensed publican) is after aiten em all up."

Well, said I, make your complaint and we will get them all back for you.

It is against the law to barter, or sell a tradesman's tools for liquor; so my Irish friend got all Pat's tools back, and \$25 for herself as a Complainant. The only drawback was being called a b—y informer by Biddy Malone.

Forty years ago I was a new broom and I swept pretty hard, so the liquor men found out, and also the merchant's whom I compelled to pay the balance of their fishery servants' wages in cash instead of "truck."



❧ ❧ Whymysicalities and Insularities. ❧ ❧

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



FROM "Insula," the Latin form of Island, we get the word insular. Islands are amongst the most beautiful and interesting scenes in nature. Naturally, isolation produces amongst Islanders many special characteristics, and peculiarities. For instance in Newfoundland we have numerous local customs, and a special vernacular of our own, which has been worked out by His Grace the Archbishop and others, but is not yet entirely complete. Many of our local terms arise from the occupation of our people. It is partially a sea language. We can all remember the story of the mate given to fine language, who, pointing to the mast-head light, cried out: "Extinguish that nocturnal luminary." When no one stirred on deck he called in sailors' lingo: "Blast your eyes, douse the glib." Out went the light at once. One of our special features is the principle of skipper. If three men go in a fishing boat, one is always the master, or skipper and the other two are the crew. Whilst ashore on the room there is always the master of the voyage.

My judicial career began nearly forty years ago. One of the most humorous incidents I can remember, is about the celebration of the gunpowder plot (5th November)—a purely Protestant festival to commemorate the failure of a great Anti-Stuart Plot and the discovery of Guido Fawkes (our Admiral Fawkes' ancestor) with barrels of gunpowder under the House of Commons. This fifth of November bonfire was kept up in one settlement, when the whole community, thanks to the influence of a dear old Irish Priest, had become converted to the true Faith. One 5th November the fire was placed too near to the Constable's house, his wife was near her confinement, she became so alarmed that her husband had to put out the bonfire. The celebrants looked on the constable as representing the Government, so in order to be revenged they loosed some planks in a public bridge and nearly killed three poor travellers who were passing over it at night. It reminds one of Sydney Smith's joke about stroking the dome of St. Pauls, in order to please the Dean, and Chapter.

One of the most humorous incidents that I can remember, was the run made by our people on the great Bank of Montreal at the St. John's branch. In order to fully appreciate the monstrous absurdity of this ridiculous proceeding, I must explain to my readers something about the history and finan-

cial position of this great Institution; by far the richest and most extensive and powerful financial concern on the Continents of North and South America. Judged by Colonial Standards, the Bank of Montreal is a very ancient institution having been founded nearly ninety years ago, in 1817. During all these years it has successfully weathered the storm and stress of many financial hurricanes. It occupies much the same relative position in British America as the Bank of England in the Old Country.

It has branches throughout the Dominion; from the Atlantic to the Pacific it is everywhere the Government Bank and Financial agent of Canada, the C. P. R. and the great Hudson Bay Company are a sort of appendages to the great Financial Institution. Its capital and reserve of Twenty Six Millions—all cash and all paid up—may seem large, but it is a mere trifle compared to its gigantic operations. The Great Canadian Bank is not confined to Canada. It has branches in London, New York, Chicago, Mexico, Spokane, in Washington Territory. Everywhere it is at the top of the tree and has the pick of the business. Its bitterest rivals will admit that it is admirably managed, and rigidly inspected. The most eminent men in Canada are on the Directory of the Bank of Montreal. The real head and Manager has been E. S. Clouston for years, he is now a Baronet. He will be for ever remembered as the most successful Ruler of this great business.



HUMBER RIVER.

Dear Delightful Dublin.

By E. C.



HOUGH having made many Atlantic voyages, and gazed with trembling expectancy so often on the sky above, and the waves that encompass it; detained off Queenstown and Moville and watched the "pilot" and mail boat come and go, many and many a time; seen the smoke "curl gracefully" from the snug cottages and more pretentious residences in shore—in fact "smelled the shamrocks" over and over again; yet, till the past summer, I had never breathed the air or trod the soil of Erin.

When one's business doesn't demand it, its not at all pleasant to "tack on" a supplement as it were, to a journey not yet finished; and the Irish sea is a pretty rough bit of water to tackle again after having had a week or ten days of the Atlantic. But the very pleasure of being in *Ireland*, makes up for any inconvenience of getting there.

We left London on the Sunday 5.10 p.m. train, from Euston to Lime Street. Having slept at the splendidly appointed L. & N. W. Hotel, we took the express from that station next morning, arriving at "Weston Row," Dublin, at 6 o'clock the same evening. The train part of the journey was quite pleasant; stopping at Chester to change we were whirled quickly north, through bonnie bits of scenery, till we reached Holy Head our objective point, and where we embarked on the boat awaiting us. Such a rush of passengers! And now, we could plainly see they were all for the Irish capital. They were mostly the members of the "Women's British National Association" going to hold a Convention in Dublin.

The one thing for us to do was to secure seats on one of the many lounges in the comfortable saloons; who does not do so, gets left in a crowd, as my first Dover-Calais experience taught me. Also, as the wind was high one could feel there was a storm brewing, and we met the full force of it; however, these "Cross-Channel" boats are equal to it, and there's scarcely ever a fatality.

The evening was cold and raw, landing; in fact nearly as chilly as our late October; and the sight of fires in the drawing-room of the Imperial Hotel, O'Connell Street, intensified the pleasure of being really in Ireland! I cannot annalize the feeling that pervaded me, as I gazed out, for the first time on this splendid street, and beyond to the square, where a monument towers above its surroundings!—a monument raised to Ireland's greatest hero, patriot and martyr! The tradition of the place seemed to enshroud, and its melancholy to overpower me! How many thousands of faithful hearts—exiles—would give the world to be gazing on this scene as I am to-night? How many have passed through this city for distant lands and never returned? "Come back to Erin," "Erin, the tear and the smile," "By Kil-larney's lakes and fells," "There came to the Beach," "The harp that once," &c., &c., &c., all seemed to breathe their own music around me and waken responsive chords within my own heart!

Next morning we set out to look up the sights. To my mind Dublin is very much like Glasgow—a great likeness exists down by the Liffey, crossed by so many noble bridges. The city has a splendid street-car service, too; and the tourist soon learns the "run" of it. We board one marked "Phoenix Park" and are soon being borne thither. We alight at the park gates, engage a "jaunting car" and are soon being whirled through one of the finest parks in the world! "The summer sun in splendor" shone on the magnificent scene, a thousand perfumes came to us from the highly cultured flower-beds and stately trees as we went rapidly on—past the Viceregal Lodge in an environment of almost tropical bloom—past the ill-fated spot marked by four stones, where Sir Cavendish met his doom—on mid the "windings of the ways" to one of the splendid summer residences of Lord Iveagh—the "strawberry beds" of which mark the turning point in our drive where we retrace the park by another way, and by which we get glimpses of "wood and rock of lake and waterfall" in the lovely suburbs of dear, delightful Dublin!

Phoenix Park is one of the largest in the world, covering an area of over 1600 acres!

I have had many drives in many climes—all delightful—none disappointing; but that morning through the Phoenix eclipses them all!

Taking the street-car again, we alight on our way back to see the celebrated palace of Justice, or, Injustice, the far-famed "Four Courts" on the banks of the Liffey. The phantoms of the great dead-and-gones greet us here; and the voices, stilled in the mad phrenzy of phrenzied and unholy times!

Arriving at our Hotel, we receive a "phone" from the Archbishop's Secretary to visit "Dumcondra," which is a great pleasure. The house, situated in its own grounds, is an ornament to the city as His Grace is to his church and country. Just beyond the palace, nestling among the trees of its own beautiful grounds is the famous college of "Clonlief"—one of the many ecclesiastical colleges of Ireland. Being vacation time, the place was as silent as the absence of life could render it. Hence we wended our way to the world famed "Glasneiven," appropriately called, the "Metropolis of Cemeteries."

The monument to O'Connell alone would make it that. It is in the form of a "round tower," and the view from the top,—which is reached by a spiral staircase—of the city and surroundings is superb. It is most pathetic to enter the vault and read the Patriot's last words, painted in large characters around,— "My body to Ireland and my heart to Rome"! His ashes certainly here repose in as imperishable a shrine, as LOVE could offer! Not far from the spot where O'Connell rests, Parnell also lies sleeping—his grave strewn with flowers, some so fresh, that they must have been morning offerings! What two men! What two souls! What a theme for the thinker, the student sublime!

Our next points of interest the following day were the churches and "Killiny." Churches are more or less alike in every city, if we except the old "minsters" and others of the "Pro Reformation Period." St. Patrick's is a gem of the Twelfth Century Gothic, but that, like many others, changed hands at the time just referred to. Its situation is very much against it now, as 'tis almost over-shadowed by the immense, unsightly brick buildings erected by Guinness (now Lord Iveagh) for the purpose of housing his poor employees.

Now here's a philanthropist if you will! We hear a lot in this little country *re* Temperance! Here's a man—a brewer—the largest brewer in the world—the proprietor of "Guinness's Stout"—"Nip" Stout—"Invalid" Stout—and other brands—and he's doing more to-day for the betterment of the poor, than half the "shriekers" on this unhappy globe. "Deeds, not words" are his motto. I could not help this slight aggression; for one cannot pass St. Patrick's without admiring the work of Guinness, Lord Iveagh.

And now for "Killiny!" We take a car at the Nelson Monument, which brings us through the lovely suburb of Kingston, past "North Wall" another terminus of the "Cross Channel" steamers; by lovely villas, orchards and gardens, now in the full flash of early Autumn: At the end of the line we take a Victoria, at an Inn, and proceed up as far as vehicles go, then "shank's mare" to the summit. The view from here is very beautiful and not unlike that obtained from our own "Signal Hill;" only we have no "Bray" and no "Glendalough" in the distance! "Sweet Dublin Bay" rippled in crimson glory, and sent forward a lazy tide to wash the beach beneath. The City lay in the foreground, and the glamour of Autumn was on land and sea; to me the time and place seemed full of poetry; but a poetry mingled with much sadness; below in some garden a bird chanted his "love song to the wind," while here and there strains from a piccolo or flute came borne on the air like plaints for a country's wrongs!

"Howth Head" is another of the show-places of the Irish Capital; the cars go to the very summit here, and its a series of windings till you get to the top. This is a great summer

resort—a sort of “People’s Park,” and the view of Bay and Ocean is unlimited and very fine. It is an endless picture of “ships that pass in the night,” and at every conceivable hour. There is a fine “Casino” here, where refreshments and meals are served at all hours. Its a favourite holiday resort for business people and others as well. A party of French tourists were enjoying the scenery and they took tea on the piazza at the same time as we did.

There are some splendid shops in Dublin; in fact in the one occupying the floor of the “Imperial,” I saw as handsome

dresser as in either London or Paris, and the largest “Merry Widow” hat I ever beheld was on exhibition there and what’s more it was marked “sold” in large letters!

We were a few days too late for “Doneybrook Fair,” and the horse-show had closed the day before we arrived. Of course “The Dublin Horse Show” is the event of the season. The weather seemed to break up while we were there, and we lost a whole day through the rain—and such rain—a day set apart to be spent at Glendalough—the valley of the “Seven Churches.”



❧ The Falls of Netagamyue, Labrador. ❧

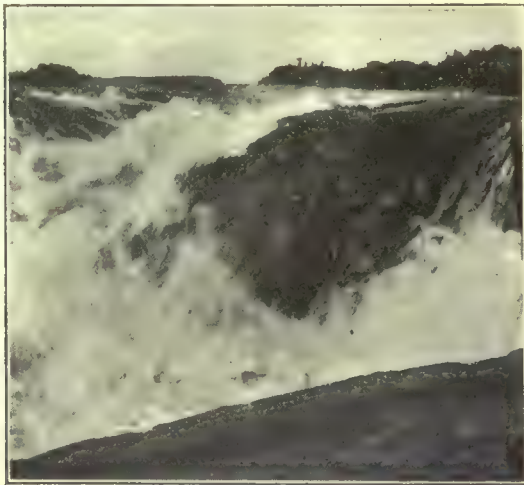
By Rev. J. M. Allan, M. A.



HAVE always been fond of beholding the scenes and wonders of nature, and of these waterfalls have had a particular attraction for me. And so, when on a visit to Harrington, Labrador, in August last, I heard of a wonderful cataract, some, four or five miles off, whose roar could be heard, and the mist of whose spray could at times be seen that distance, I felt I must try and get to them, before I went

air is fuller of ozone and you feel you are taking in great lungfuls of it at every breath, like the coast of Labrador on a bright day in July or August, and the wind off shore.

An hour’s run, hauling close to the wind, passing islands and rocks and shoals, so that you began to think it was a good thing you knew your pilot, and your pilot knew his grounds, we arrived at the mouth of the Netagamyue River, and after we had passed a shoal running far out into the sea, we turned on



THE FALLS OF NETAGAMYUE.



THE TWIN FALLS.

home. And thus, when on a beautiful afternoon, my friend, who had promised to take me there, sent over word to say that the wind was favorable, and he could take me that day, I at once dropped everything, and went in a boat with the messenger across several lagoons—for Harrington is a veritable Venice and Labrador gondolas ply in the coves in every direction), arriving at the wharf to find one of those splendid fishing skiffs, that brave the storms of this wild coast, awaiting me, the skipper in it, getting all ready.

There was no time lost—it is a busy place here, or else this is the busy season, for fish are plentiful this summer, and the days are fine and bright for curing them, and so the sails were soon spread to the wind, and we were gliding out of the harbor, and making our way westward—the skipper and myself, with a man to help manage the skiff.

Eh! but it was a lovely afternoon, and a joy to be alive, and in that boat, and with that skipper, gliding over those dancing waters, with that sky so blue above, and that air and scenery so glorious all around. Is there any place you know where the

our course, loosened out the mainsail, and ran before the wind. Then, our man before the mast says, “There they are, smoking away for you.” I looked up the river, and saw, a considerable distance off, what looked like the white smoke of a forest—which had burnt itself out, curling upward to the sky. This view, looking up the river as through a telescope, was an enchanting one, and it wasn’t the distance that lent the enchantment, for it became grander and more glorious the nearer we approached the Falls.

We are bowling along, the big mainsail catching the strong breeze, and now I understand what the skipper meant when he said, “It was a very rare wind that would suit for a visit to the Falls”; for the river was coming down with much force; and soon we were in a caldron, made by the wind and the river’s rush in an opposite direction. I own to grasping the sides of the boat, with something of the feeling with which a man grasps the sides of his chair when in the dentist’s hands, especially as the strong breeze was hurrying us straight towards the Falls, which seemed rapidly to be coming perilously near. The skip-

per owned up that a little mishandling of the tiller might be serious—if the oncoming rush were to turn her head, and she to lay broadside to the wash. But on she goes—when all at once, in a twinkling, she is taken and whirled away from the down-falling water. It seems you can just go so near, and then off you go again. There is a headland on the right-hand side which you can sail under, and come so near the Falls as to be under their spray; but once outside the headland you are in the current and off you go.

Below the Falls the water rounds out into immense beautiful basins on both sides—where there is no current, where everything is calm, placid and sheltering,—where you are sure there must lurk plenty of salmon, or Labrador trout, as large as salmon, where you can't help saying—what a place for a royal picnic; and where you feel you must run the boat on shore—as we did—and stroll along the lovely red sandy beach, with the hills running round it a few yards from the shore, unscalable, and covered richly with verdure, the ideal home of the mountaineer Indian.

I can't find out what is the meaning of its Indian name, Neta-gamyue, pronounced Net-ta-gam-yoo; but if it means twins, it is very properly named, for there are two of them, divided by an immense rock, almost an island, and the two falls are as like

the two proverbial peas,—as like as twins ever were, round whose arms their mother had to tie the colored ribbon to distinguish them. The effect of there being two, was to make both look smaller, than they really were, than they looked when viewed separately. As we sailed out, beating against the wind, and tacking, sometimes we would see the one alone, then both together, then the other one alone, and always when seen alone, each looked larger and grander, than when seen together.

What a power is running to waste in these falls! and with unlimited areas of pulp wood in all directions! Some day perhaps no very distant one, the charm of the solitude, the far-awayness of the place will be gone, and instead, as at Grand Falls nearer home, will have come, the whistle of the steam engine and the bustle of the busy haunt of man.

I do not know if the QUARTERLY opens its pages to anything that isn't out and out Terra Novian; but some of us, can't get rid of the ideas we imbibed at school that the whole of Labrador belongs to Newfoundland. Anyway the people around Harrington are all from the old sod, even from Burgeo and LaPoile; they love dearly still the old land, and I am glad to say have brought the best characteristics of true Newfoundland men and women to this bleak and desolate, but not unkindly coast of Canadian Labrador.



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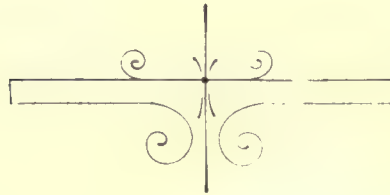
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16
Supplement to
THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.
Christmas 1908.



NEWFOUNDLAND.




An Ode.



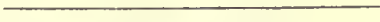
Written by

Governor Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G.



Set to music by

ALFRED H. ALLEN.



Price Threepence.



LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

When sun rays crown thy pine-clad hills,
And Summer spreads her hand,
When silvern voices tune thy rills,
We love thee, smiling land.

As loved our fathers, so we love,
Where once they stood we stand;
Their prayer we raise to heaven above,
God guard thee, Newfoundland.

When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore,
And wild waves lash thy strand;
Though spin-drift swirl and tempest roar,
We love thee, wind-swept land.
As loved our fathers, &c.

When spreads thy cloak of shimmering white
At Winter's stern command,
Through shortened day and star-light night,
We love thee, frozen land.
As loved our fathers, &c.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Alfred H. Allen.

Soprano Solo with Piano, or Unaccompanied Quartet.
Moderato.

P

When sun rays crown thy pine-clad hills And Sum-mer spreads her

hand, When sil-vern voi-ces tune thy rills, We love thee, smi-ling

Chorus. *mf* *cresc.*

land. As loved our fa-thers, so we love, Where once they stood we

f *ff* *mf*

stand; Their prayer we raise to Heaven a-bove, God guard thee,

f *ff* *rall.*

God guard thee, God guard thee, New-found-land.



Some Old-Time Anglers.

By A. J. W. McNeily, K. C.



HERE is nothing that so greatly tends to make a man feel young as the sense that he can still enjoy with keenest relish the favourite recreation of his life. Many are the delights that the tide of flowing years bring with them; many, also, are the joys which the ebbing years carry back, to refresh the flood time of those happier ones who follow us. But there are pleasures which neither time nor tide can take from the man who is physically and mentally sane. Chief among these are the joy of living and the joy of memories. The joy of living is usually associated with youth, and health, and vigour, and hope, and love, and high endeavour and freedom from carking cares. With such environment it necessarily rises to its supreme. But yet it would seem that this highest exaltation, this ecstasy of life, is more of a physical than of a spiritual development. It finds its completest attainment among the fairest surroundings which this fair world can give, under summer skies, in the leafy

No voice, but oh, the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

This is the true joy of living, always associated with the cult of the Angler, the contemplative man's Recreation. This is the purely spiritual joy of existence. Can any one question that the delight of life, as Youth perceives it, is not adequately appreciated at the moment of supremest exaltation by him who lives?

e fonte leporum
Surgit aliquid amari.

The thrill of enjoyment is in reminiscence; and this is a spiritual recognition of a joy idealized which has "orb'd into the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein."

I fear that I am acquiring some of the Horatian notes of senescence, amongst which are a tendency to wearisome diffuseness, and the praise of the olden time when he was a boy. This preface, however, is only what in the old days of pleading we used to call "matter of inducement." I have only been leading up to my memories of some Old Time Anglers.

I may well be pardoned, I think, if these reminiscences naturally lead me back to those of my own kindred on the distaff side, the men of which were all keen fishermen. My grandfather Alexander Whiteford, and both my uncles James and William Whiteford had acquired their love of rod and reel on the rocky coast around Fair Head and Northern Antrim, and in the lakes and streams of that beautiful land. On the coast itself there was splendid rod-fishing for lythe, and ling, and pollock, and gurnets, all of which would rise to a large white fly, or to the sand-eel used like a minnow, and afforded capital sport, as occasionally fish of ten or twelve pounds would be taken. The salmon streams like the Bush and the Bann were of course closely preserved, but there were some open lakes and streams which abounded in brown trout and the pure "*fontinalis*," and in the estuary of the Margy there was in the season a chance of getting some noble White Trout. I do not know their specific name, but they are only found, as I have understood, as an Estuary fish along the North Coast of Ireland as far west as Donegal, in portions of the West Coast of Scotland and at the mouths of some of the Cumberland and Westmoreland streams. One of the proudest moments of my life was when, a boy of 16, I brought to grass on the Margy bank a fish which weighed close on 10 lbs. It is more than 40 years ago and I may now safely confess that I was a poacher (for I had no license which would have cost me a sovereign) and my companion was a sweep, a noted poacher, who tied the most perfect flies that I have ever seen. The fish was well scaled, of dazzling whiteness, with dark blue back and brilliant carmine spots of small size.

My earliest fishing recollections, however, are of Newfoundland. About 1854 or '55 I became a pupil of my grandfather's. In summer we lived at Freshwater in a cottage of Mr. W. P. Walsh's and there, in the bright little stream which bounded the farm, and, under the guidance of the good old man, I took my first degree as an Entered Apprentice Bait-Fisher. Time passed and I was promoted to be the companion of the old man's excursions far afield to Oxen Pond and Three Ponds and occasionally to George's Pond on Branscomb's Ridge. Three Ponds, however, was our favourite resort, and many a lusty trout have I seen him bring from these waters, in workmanlike fashion to his feet. There were trout in these ponds in those days that would run close to 2 lbs. in weight, and I can recall as if it were yesterday the awful suspense with which I would watch a big fish running off from him, whilst I noted the glitter in his blue eyes and every nerve as tense as his line until his spoil lay gasping on the brown turfy bank of the lake. And then the thrill of pent-up excitement and triumph, as I cautiously unhooked him far away from the waterside! In such moments I don't believe that I could have been a prouder boy if the prize had been the captive of my own weapons. And thus I learned, too, what every fisherman should learn, that it is a good thing in fishing to be neither envious nor selfish, and also that one can generously



A. J. W. McNEILY, K.C.

woods, by some bright waters, or out upon the ruffled billows of that blue boundless mystery, the Sea. Howbeit the joy of life is not confined to the restricted territory of Youth and Hope. Sad indeed would be the maturer years if that small region of vital existence were the only field of life upon which this sunlight of the heart could shine. Oh, No! The receding, as well as the coming years, bring the joy of life; but it is a joy transformed by ripening influences. The flamboyant blossoms of youth and hope are matured into the bittersweet fruit of memories. *Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse*: but the joy of Memory is still a part of the joy of Life. And who shall say that the pure joy of living is the exclusive prerogative of youth? There are times when, though the heyday of the blood is past, it is given to man to feel that it is good to be alive, and when the problem of so many a care-worn spirit—is life worth living?—solves itself, *Res ipsa loquitur*. Life itself speaks to the spirit, not with the clamant and exultant voice of Youth, but with a pervasive silence like that of the "seraph band,"

admire good work, even though it isn't his own.

In those days my brother Bob, not yet promoted to a rod, would often accompany us; and the old man, who loved to be alone in his fishing, would generally send us to another pond, or to a part of the pond in which he was fishing as far as possible remote from his chosen water. Bob was my faithful henchman and admirer, and I recall very clearly one day when the old man fishing at the Southern Pond despatched us to the Middle lake. It was a day to be noted with a white stone; for then I caught my first *Big Trout*. It was a fish that probably went over half-a-pound. Bigger fish I had seen before, but never one so perfectly beautiful, of such noble proportions, and so exquisitely spotted! Bob no sooner had it in his hands than he rushed with headlong haste through marsh and woods and bushes to show it to the veteran expert. "By the bye, Bob, that *is* a whopper!" was the encouraging and approving verdict which Bob brought back; and soon, rising over the little hill

my pious memory makes too flattering a picture of him, my only apology is nineteen centuries old—*quia multum amavi*, because I loved him much. And yet I would appeal for my truthfulness to the memories of any who may yet survive who can recall a night round the camp-fire with Barney Whiteford. *Noctes cœnaque deorum* were these, like those in the days of rare Ben Jonson when "things" were "done at the Mermaid," nights which passed with song and laughter and good stories, and good fellows all! And, *vae mihi*, the glamour of youth and hope and buoyant happiness invested all the joyous present. Gloomy Care had no place behind the horseman. Still in the far distance was that morrow on which we should leave the golden shore of incurious youth, and voyage out upon the ocean of strenuous life. *Nunc vino pellite curas* was good enough philosophy for us then.

In those days Thomas's Pond was a famous camping place. It was much less accessible then than it is to-day. I understand that there is now a road to the very edge of Cochrane

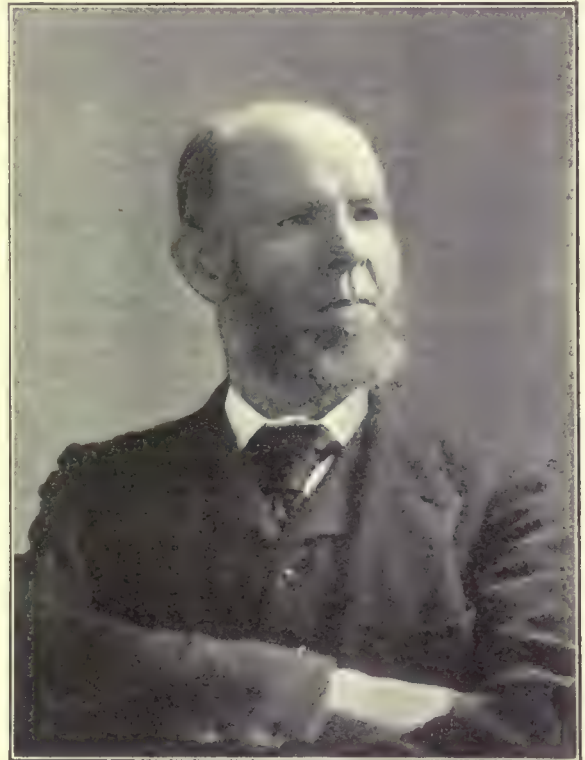


WILLIAM M. WHITEFORD, WITH "SCAMP" AND "SWEETLIPS"—
HIS FAVOURITE DOG AND GUN.

which divided the ponds, we saw the sturdy figure of the ancient, swooping down on our preserve.

But devoted as the veteran was to the gentle craft, he could not compete in angling skill with either of his sons. Bar Michael Thorburn, James Whiteford was the deftest handler of a rod or of a fish that ever I have seen. It was a liberal education to see him cast; and to see him tackle a good sized fish was equivalent to a Post Graduate Course in pisciculture. Peace to his ashes! No spirit gentler, purer or more unselfish than his, ever burst its mortal bonds.

And who of the passing generation does not remember William Whiteford? Dear old "Barney" as all his comrades called him? His was truly the typical Keltic nature. He did not seem to have a trace of the Northern Irishman about him. In vain would you seek in him for a vestige of that gravity and stolidity, that reserve and solemnity, which make the type of the North-Country Irish almost undistinguishable from the Lowland Scot. His was a spirit sunny as a day in June. His musical laugh had a contagion in it. He was a worshipper of wild Nature. He knew her and loved her in all her moods and phases. He was an adept too in all the craft of the woods, and no keener sports-ever cast a fly or followed a dog. Open-hearted and generous to a fault, brave and tender hearted, you would go far before you would find a finer type of the ideal Irishman than he. If



THE LATE JOHN MCNEIL.

Pond. But "in the sixties" it was a tramp for a fellow in good training from Sammy Knight's on the Old Placentia Road—"the ancient Samnite," as he had been christened—over marsh and through forest and brushwood and barrens, till we cried "Spell, oh" at Thomas's Pond. But we didn't coddle ourselves much in these days; and we were our own guides and porters. We carried no canvass; for with an axe and a couple of tomahawks we could rear a roomy "tilt" in about an hour; and then with a bed of boughs, a blazing camp-fire, the night's supply of fire wood stored, the kettles a-boil, and all the utensils of the woodland kitchen doing duty, with woodsmen's appetites we enjoyed the woodland fare, and slept the sleep that toil had earned. One such night stands out very salient in my remembrance. All my convives of that well-remembered night have passed behind the Veil, and I only am escaped alone to tell the story. For a fishing party it was a large one. There were Robert McBride and John McNeil and Moses Monroe and dear old George Bennett, and "Barney" Whiteford, my brother Bob, and myself. Doubtless we had earned our rest that night, but sleep did not trouble us much, for the night was filled with music and "mirth that wrinkled care derides and laughter holding both his sides." And there were tears in Barney's voice as he sang that rare old Irish ballad "Minona Asthore" with its passionate refrain,

"Oh, gra-machree, ma colleen oge,
Minona asthore."

And there was rollicking fun in the abrupt transition to "Nell Flaherty's Drake"; and then the woods rang out with John McNeil's fine baritone voice as he trolled forth

"The sun has gone down on the lofty Ben Lomond
And the time has arrived that I promised to rove
With the woodcutter's daughter, by Logan's sweet water,
To tell her how fondly her Donald could love."

And again the forest echoes were roused with the splendid swinging harmonies of Bishop's hunting glees, with "What shall he have who killed the deer?" and "Foresters sound the cheerful horn," "With hawk and hound," or "Blow, gentle gales"—all great favourites "in the golden prime of good Haroun Abraschid." Truly, as we look back upon that golden prime, we can say with Wordsworth,

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
And to be young was Heaven."



THE LATE I. R. McNEILY.

I could stretch out these memories with loving prolixity by tributes of affection to Bob McBride and George Bennett and Moses Monroe, three splendid types of manhood. The two first named were fine sportsmen but their specialty was the Dog and Gun. Alas for poor dear George, it was to this form of sport that he owed his tragic end; for he met his death by a gun-shot wound, received while duck-shooting. His gun, lying along the thwarts of his boat, was accidentally discharged by the movement of his dog, and a portion of the heavy charge entered his side with fatal effect. But none of these three were keen fishermen; and in these reminiscences of Old Time Anglers their record would be out of place. But not so of John McNeil. Like most of those of whom I am writing, he had been an acolyte of the cult before he came to Newfoundland. Among the lochs and streams of the "East neuk o' Fife," he had learned the lore and cunning of the craft, which books are powerless to teach. He knew the trick of the wrist in casting; and where the tyro's flies would "plowp down like a pun' o' cannels" his would fall like a snow flake, on the very spot where he knew by instinct that the "big chap" lay. And he was withal one of the most unselfish fisherman that ever I have met. Not once or twice I have known him, when his trained judgment had discovered a choice bit of water, after taking a fish or two, invite us from a distance

to his find, while he himself passed on in search of other likely bits. I wonder to how many avid fishers of the present time such a tribute as this could be paid. But this was a part of the man. In his nature there was not a blur of selfishness, and I very much fear that in these days *hoc vitium est piscatoribus*, as it was to singers in the old Augustan age.

Of Bob McNeily I would rather that some other pen than mine should write. He was one of a class of contemporaries many of whom are still surviving. They could speak of him with less restraint than that which love and kinship impose upon me. To them I would fain leave it to tell of his generous heart and liberal hand, his exalted sense of honour, his scorn of mean things, and the splendid promise of a career which "might have been," but was not; for to him all too soon, from our human point of view, came "the dread Fury with the abhorred shears, and slit the thin spun life."

Nevertheless without any restraint of fraternal piety I can speak of him as an Angler. Old Izaak, his namesake, (for his baptismal name was Isaac Robert) sums up the merits of his old friend Sir Geo. Hastings with the quaint and pithy sentence,



JOHN MARTIN.

"He was an excellent Angler, and now with God." And Bob McNeily was "an excellent Angler," and dearly loved the sport. Though he was a capital shot and could have "discourged" the venerable father of the craft with all the volubility of Yenator, he was a fascinated votary of the Rod. In his excursions he was frequently a companion of my venerable friend Jock Martin—of whom more anon—and he used to tell with graphic fluency and inimitable humour of days of delight which the veteran and himself had passed together, following the dogs upon the barrens and ridges, or whipping the waters of remote and unregarded ponds; as yet undiscovered by the predacious "sport."

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?*

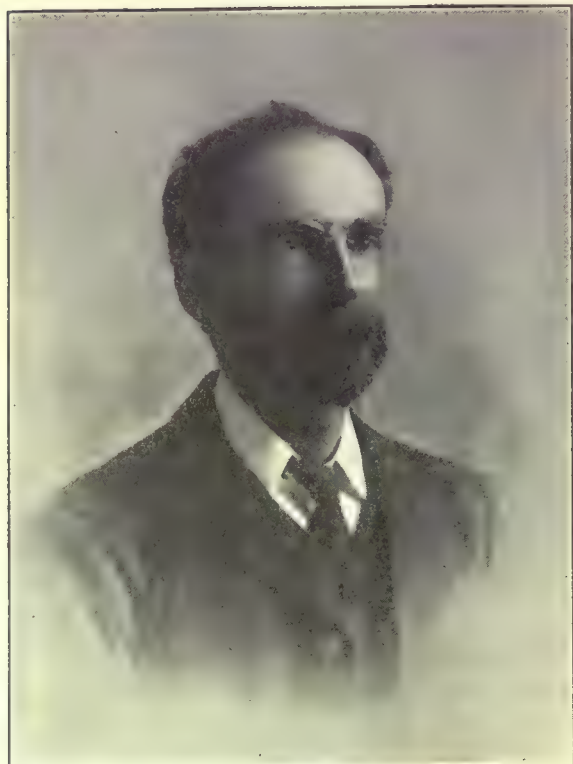
But I am warned that my space is exhausted; and yet much remains unsung. I have only casually referred to John Martin, and he well deserves a more extended appreciation. And I have many memories of Michael Thorburn and James Goldie, and a troop of others who are still remembered by "Piscatorians," as old Markham calls them.

I can at least renew their memories to many who still survive. And in the next number of this Magazine, it shall be my pious duty to resume my task.

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(To be continued.)





ALFRED H. ALLEN.



It is with pleasure that we publish in this Number the music and words of The Newfoundland Ode as a Supplement. This ode by our late Governor, the brilliant and popular Sir Cavendish Boyle, is well known to the public, and this setting of it by the talented Mr. Allen will be welcomed by the many readers of the QUARTERLY.

The music of Newfoundland, when it takes form beneath the hands of the gifted followers of Mozart and Litz, never fails in its appeal to the hearts and imaginations of our people. The deep resounding bass of storm-driven water on the shore; the weird piping of winds through the swaying riggings of a hundred ships; the shrill cry of sea-birds soaring in the blue sky, all have their charm, which, when blent in harmony and coupled with patriotic words, brings to the exile, in whatever lands he roam, fond memories of his sea-girt Isle. For this reason we feel that in many cities—from Sidney to Vancouver, in Canada; from Boston to San Francisco, in the United States,—wherever a company of Newfoundlanders shall gather during this Christmas time, that no song shall be sung with greater fervor, by the sons and daughters of Terra Nova, than this "God Guard Thee, Newfoundland."

As to Mr. Allen, the composer of this our "National Anthem," he is well known as the Organist and Choirmaster of the Anglican Cathedral, and Conductor of the Bach Choir. He has also been invited to the Conductorship of the Male Voice Choir which is now being formed in this city.

"We Love Thee, Newfoundland."

By Dan Carroll.

I sit far out upon the cliff,
The recent breeze has died away;
The fishing fleet rocks dreamily
Beneath me in the placid bay:
The roseate glow of evening tints
The distant hills, and there to lee,
Half hid in mist, the fishing town
Looks out upon the sea.

But now from many a fishing boat
Blue-wreathing smoke ascends the air,
And crew to crew send cheery hail
As they their evening meal prepare,
And many a snatch of song is sung
Of seaman-deeds by many a strand
Till down the line a youthful voice
Rings out,—*"We love thee, Newfoundland."*

From crew to crew 'tis caught, until
The fleet is chanting forth the strain,
And well I know the cliff below
With echoes, swell the grand refrain:
A hundred craft beat in the bay,
By brawny, stalwart seiners manned,
And white-winged sea-birds list, as swells,
"We love thee, love thee, Newfoundland."

As twilight flings across the sea
The shadow of her sombre sail,
And slowly on the hills afar
The crimson tints of sunset fail—
I join the song now swelling from
That toiling patriot-fisher band
*"When sun-rays crown thy pine-clad hills,
We love thee, love thee, smiling land."*

*"When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore,
And wild waves lash thy strand;
Though spin-drift swirl and tempest roar,
We love thee, wind-swept land."*

*"As loved our fathers, so we love,
Where once they stood, we stand;
Their prayer we raise to Heaven above,
God guard thee, Newfoundland."*

❀ Christmas, 1906. ❀

I'm sitting in the old familiar room,
The room wherein *we* sat a year ago—
It is not changed.

The same artistic prints adorn the walls—
The flowers she lov'd so well are still in bloom,
The cushioned sofa, the inviting chairs,
The Christmas reminders all are here—
But she has gone.

The children that she left are wrapped in sleep
And dreaming of the gifts that Christmas brings;
The ticking of the time-effacing clock
Is all that breaks the silence of the room—
And she has gone:

But has she gone? Ah, who can tell?
In fancy I can still her presence feel;
And all but see her glide from room to room,
And hover longest where the children sleep
To watch them with a mother's tender care.

* * * * *

Without the wintry blast blows fierce and chill—
The verdure and the bloom she loved in life
Are covered with their mantle cold and white;
The flowers that deck'd the mound are dead and gone
The grass that gently wav'd above her grave
Is seared and yellow.

Abandonment it seems to let her rest
Cold and alone among the silent tombs—
This thought was strongest on that fatal day
When pangs of separation first were felt—
Even now, when have elapsed the first dread year,
This bitter thought still burns within the brain.
No! no! she has not gone.

Her spirit pure, I know, yet lingers here,
Unseen by those still journeying towards home.
Her ceaseless vigil o'er her children dear,
Whose childhood needs a mother's care and love,
Has not been broken by what we call death;
This thought lends solace to the pain of grief,
And lessens for us here the sense of loss.

A'Pon My Word Story of a Caribou Hunt.

By H. Fraser.—(Concluded).

PART III.



FTER the report, he heard the ping of the bullet striking; but the deer still stood there. Must have hit that old juniper at the other side of the marsh, he thought, and lowering the 300 yard leaf, raising the 200 leaf and pushing in another cartridge, he fired at the smaller deer that had come up, and with its neck and head outstretched was smelling or licking the big one. Again he heard the bullet strike, and the deer immediately turned around and walked slowly up the marsh with its head and neck still stretched out, and then fell. The big one was still standing in the same spot, the only difference was it had wheeled round. It was sideways when he fired, and it was now facing him and snorting. Hu had heard stories of the

there facing him and snorting? After looking at each other for a while one of the parties became cooler and easier in his mind. Then he began to work around until he had got between the deer and the pond and within one hundred yards of the former. As he moved round the deer kept twisting and facing him all the time. At length the deer turned its head around to look up the marsh, as if looking for its companion, and in doing this exposed part of its foreshoulder. That was the chance, and was taken advantage of by Hu, who fired the second time, and it came down in a heap and began to twist around on its side like a penny wheeler that we used to delight in setting off in our boyhood days, and sent the moss flying like snow from a rotary plough, and then the rain came down in torrents and Hu made tracks for the camp as fast as his short legs could carry him; intending to get Croke and go back again when the



PAUNCHING THE FIRST CARIBOU.



CARRYING VENISON TO RAILWAY.

hunter being hunted by wounded caribou: of a Government Engineer, who owned longer shanks than the pair Hu used, who was chased by a deer he had crippled, and finding that he could not compete in the handicap, had in terror, turned, fired from the hip, and as good luck would have it, split the pursuing animals heart in twain,—of a guide from Deer Lake whose father was kept in a tree for three hours by a wounded caribou—and somehow in the great lonesomeness of the White Hills plains these stories seemed to press home with greater weight, and not only seemed possible, but even probable, and it is admitted that Hu more than once looked over his shoulder in hopes of finding a tree in case he had to beat a strategic retreat; for the thought was present that the brute was only waiting until it could locate the exact spot before making a dash. No tree above two feet in height was there, however. It may be wondered why he did not fire again, and again if necessary; but he left the camp with only four cartridges; had already fired two, and wanted to keep one for the tramp back. He stood up at last with his rifle ready—why did not the brute run away? or if it meant fight, why did it not come? What did it mean by standing

rain held up, which was so heavy, he thought, could not last long. Getting back to the camp he found all hands still in bed excepting Frank.

"Hello!" said Paddy. "Nice morning. I knew this would drive you in. How far did you get? Frank has taken your oil-clothes and gone looking for you."

"I did not go very far," returned Hu, "only just inside of the Gaff Topsail, and I shot a great big doe and a fawn."

"Let go, that is pulling our leg too hard," said Paddy. "What did you bring out?"

"I did not bring out anything," replied Hu, "as soon as the big one fell I hurried out here to get Croke to go in with me. Will you go, Croke? It is true; I am not joking. I shot a doe and a fawn, and the fawn had small horns."

"Then," said Croke, "it must be a two year old stag, the fawns don't have any antlers during the first year. It will clear up shortly and I will go in with you and we will get them out." It rained hard all day, and Frank was out in the whole of it looking for Hu.

Next morning Hu, Croke and Paddy started to get out the

doe and fawn. When coming near the marsh, Hu pointed, saying, "There is the doe, that white spot you see near the head of the pond," and they directed their steps towards it. Getting near it Croke commenced sniffing around, and then turning said, "Queer doe, boys." Another few steps and he doubled up, with his hands on his knees and roared. You could not understand what he was saying and could only catch the words "doe, doe," now and then. "What is the joke," said Paddy? "Why," replied Croke, "that is a ratty old stag that is lying over there, no good for anything, don't you smell him?" On going over and examining him they found that the first shot was too high and the bullet had gone through his back above the fore-shoulder, either touching or breaking the backbone which caused paralysis and prevented him moving in any direction. Croke was of opinion that if he had met that stag twenty years sooner he would have had a set of antlers fit to grace the hallway of a Prince. They took the head and horns and fore-hoofs and buried the rest. The other was also a stag, four or five years old, Croke paunched it, and cut it up ready to take up when going back to camp. In justice to Hu, it may be said that the difference in the size led him to believe them to be a doe and a fawn.

A short time afterwards Hu pointed out two deer coming over a ridge and wanted to go for them; but Croke said "No; that if they did not see anything better they would get them on our way out." He was after a big head. They did not see any others and coming back Croke got on the track of those deer and in a short time had them within range. "It is a doe," whispered Paddy to Hu, "you will have to shoot as we have killed ours." A doe was browsing about sixty yards away among some low bushes; eating the leaves off one of them. Hu fired, "My, she is gone! How did I miss it?" he exclaimed. "No," said Croke, "she is all right." "She is gone, I tell you," repeated Hu, highly excited, "I saw it jump over those low bushes." "No," said Croke again, "it is all right, you saw a deer jump, but not the one you fired at," it dropped, and so it proved. Croke was right and Hu had reached the end of his deer shooting for that season. The last to get a deer the first to finish. "Now," said Croke, "I think we had better not bother about the dressing just now; but hurry along after the other and see if we want it. He will run two or three hundred yards and will then wait for his sweetheart." With the unerring judgment of a bloodhound, Croke followed up the other and pointed it out standing in a little scrub of wood—"No head; but as nice a bit of meat as ever ran on four legs" said Croke, and Paddy knocked it down with a shot through the bushes. When they approached, it struggled to its feet again and Croke killed it outright with a shot behind the ear fired at four or five yards. Croke paunched it and hung it up in the trees and then they went back to the doe and treated it likewise. Another short round and they headed for the camp, picked up the hind quarters of Hu's stag (fawn they called it) and the head and hoofs of the big one—and another day was over. The next day Croke, Paddy and Hu went in and brought out all the venison that had been left in country and saw four, one, and two other deer that were not shot at.

Frank and Tim worked in towards the Mizzen Topsail, and had gone a considerable distance from the track before they saw any deer, then they came upon eleven feeding in a marsh, with a big stag in the centre. They could not go straight ahead as there was no cover in that direction and the deer were too far away to shoot from where they were. To gain cover and still keep to leeward they had to make a detour, and by the time they had reached the marsh the deer had moved to another, leaving a young stag behind them. This stag hung on to the sportsmen persistently. They shook their caps at it and endeavoured, in several other ways, to drive it to the others without alarming it too much: but failed ignominiously. The deer knew something foreign was near and wanted to investigate and would not be driven. When they shook their caps, it only excited its curiosity and it came up within ten yards for a closer look. Then in the most vexing manner possible it kept constantly working down wind in hopes of getting their scent and they made a crochet pattern trying to hold their advantage: being driven further from the herd all the time. At last, for no cause

whatever, except that it may have thought it time to return to its mates it bolted at stretch gallop straight for the herd. "All up now," said Frank to Tim, "and I did want that stag, so badly; he had pretty good antlers as well as I could make out, they looked bully, shining so brightly brown in the sun." "Bejabers! I wish I had shot that prying spalpeen," said Tim, "It would be too good for him, anyway. I suppose we'll go and see where they are gone?"

The young stag did not frighten the others. They found them grazing and resting in a marsh further along.

"Lave that prying devil to me," said Tim, "and I'll put two bullets in him if I can."

"Oh! all right," said Frank, "it is the big fellow I am after."

"Faith I would rather have his nibs," said Tim, "look at all the trouble he is after giving me."

By crawling across a marsh and into a woods they got within shot. Ping went Frank's rifle. Bang went Tim's, and the prying devil doubled up shot through the eye. Frank's shot had also taken effect. The big fellow staggered off to where a doe was lying down and gave her a butt with his horns and laid down in the place from which she arose. After giving him time to smother, they began to move towards him, when up he jumped and rushed into the bushes. They thought he was gone. Going through the bushes he jumped up in front of them and Frank gave him another shot, which tore along his back but did not stop him. Again following him up they found him dead in the marsh. He died from the effects of the first shot, for the second had only cut its way through the hair of the back. He carried antlers with thirty two points.

Croke had to be content with an ordinary head which he shot next morning quite close to camp:

Three fairly good heads were secured and fifteen deer all told—the full compliment. With the exception of the one day the weather was all that could be desired, and all voted it an A1 outing; or to put it as Paddy expressed himself. "I have been camping in the woods each year for quarter of a century, and I never was as well fed, or as comfortably housed, or enjoyed myself as thoroughly."



Night at Ville Marie Pond.

[AN APPRECIATION.]

By L. Fred. Brown.

Brood, brood, brood,
Soft twilight depths of gloom,
O'er all these darkening hills
'Neath the fair sky's boundless room.

Lapse, lapse, lapse,
In blue waves pure and deep,
Dimpling to the bird-haunted shores,
And lulling the flowers to sleep.

Weave, weave, weave,
O happy, caressing breeze,
Weird runes of this perfect night,
Through the tops of the solemn trees.

Sing, sing, sing,
Together in fairy-like beams,
Sweet stars of the mystic vault,—
Eye-music of visible dreams.

Trust, hope, hush,
My torn spirit dark and sad:
May the grace of this exquisite night
Teach me how to find rest and be glad.

Victoria Camp, September, 1908.

❁ Near the Walls of Fort Louis. ❁

By S. B. Harrison.

CHAPTER I.



INTER had set in early in Placentia. It was but the beginning of December, 1696, and yet the hills and beach were white with snow. The settlers were not in very good humor at this time. They had had their appetite sharpened for fighting at St. John's, and were disappointed by the disagreement between De Bruillan, the Governor, and the Canadian D'Ibberville. The Governor's naturally harsh and brutal disposition was not softened by the reports brought to him of D'Ibberville's splendid march through the country, and his success in carrying everything before him. England's power in the Island was broken, the French arms were everywhere triumphant, and the Governor of Placentia had no share in the glory. Little wonder that the settlers were gloomy and dispirited when this adventurous and hardy soldier of Frontenac was bearing off the laurels that ought to have adorned the walls of Fort Louis.

One man alone was not in any way cast down by the dispiriting influences of the Governor's frown and the settlers' gloom—it was Pierre Chavallac, Captain of the frigate *Aurore*, waiting in the harbor to take D'Ibberville's Canadians home to Quebec. He was a blue-eyed Breton, small in stature, but muscular and hardy, a thorough Croisicese, vivacious, good-tempered, and fond of the sea. He loved his friend and his wine—the latter too much so, his very few enemies said. He saw in Placentia, with its white cottages built out in the sea, and its surrounding hills, the picture of his native St. Malo—"for from St. Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run!" Another reason there was which made Capt. Pierre fond of Placentia; he loved St. Malo and his frigate—the *Aurore*, but more than all, since his arrival in Newfoundland, he had learned to love Phemie Flechard.

Phemie was a stout, rosy-cheeked maiden, who made a pretty picture standing in the doorway of her cottage under the brow of what is now Dixon's Hill. Her picturesque Breton costume—short petticoat, blue jacket and a cotton handkerchief crossed over the bosom—her laughing eyes and white teeth had done for the gallant Captain at the first glance.

The formal rules of French courtship were not strictly adhered to in the settlement, so that often before they had been regularly betrothed in the presence of the Governor and his chaplain, Pierre and Phemie used to take many solitary rambles up the shores of the Arm, and the old tale was whispered to the listening fir-trees in Breton "patois" centuries before "the ancient capital" became the haunt of summer tourists and dark-eyed, English-speaking coquettes. Pleasant were the days they spent together; joyous were the dances they had within Pere Flechard's low-roofed cottage. Pierre cared little for the glory to be gained in fruitless assaults upon Carbonear and Bonavista, and hoped that the *Aurore* would not soon be needed to take the soldiers to stupid Quebec. He was now betrothed with all the legal formalities, and Phemie was to be entirely his after the Christmas festival.

CHAPTER II.

It is Christmas Eve, and all the villagers are busy, preparing for the Midnight Mass—all work is laid aside and the houses

and the church are decorated with boughs and ever-greens. Phemie Flechard is running to and fro in the little cottage, her face beaming and eyes sparkling, as here she drapes the ever-green over the chimney, and there lays out, carefully brushed, her father's goat-skin waistcoat and gaiter boots. Anon her face assumes a feminine-critical appearance, as she examines the ugly national head-dress which must be worn on Christmas Day. Captain Chavallac, with a light step, paces the deck of the *Aurore*, giving orders and preparing to salute the arrival of the Savior King as soon as the guns of Fort Louis shall give the signal. When a man is in love he feels the influence of Christmas keenly, a soothing happiness is shed over his being, and he is willing and desirous of making those about him feel some of the joy that pervades his heart.

Now the big gun from the fort announces midnight, the caronades of the *Aurore* are brought into play and peal forth their thunder, while the joyous sound is borne away in the distance—the North-East Arm re-echoes among its little islands and rejoices in the birth of the Son of Man. The silver tinkling of the little bell at the Church follows the booming of the guns, soft music after thunder, falling with pleasure on the ear, and proclaiming the mission of the Redeemer: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

The people throng towards the Church, lights shine from the windows and along the snow, the men and women trip forth in their finery, and merrily laugh and exchange pleasant greetings in their not unmusical dialect. Superstition marvellously effected those simple Bretons, and the strong hardy men as well as the laughing women suddenly become quiet and shiver as they pass the gloomy angles of the Fort and the frowning guns, now quiet and sullen,—they fancy they see the wind-fiends of their native sea-coast rushing in fury down the Arm. The lights and the cheerful glow of the church put them again in merry mood, dashed with a religious awe and solemnity as the priest mounts the steps of the altar. He was a tall, severe-looking, dark-faced man, a missionary of the same type as Fathers Brebeuf and Jogues, and ready, too, no doubt, like them to brave all manner of tortures for the good of the faith.

The congregation is composed of the fishermen of the settlement, with their families, and the thick-set sailors of the frigate, with their light curly hair and merry blue eyes, ogling the girls on the opposite side of the Church. Near the altar rail was the Governor, stiff, sullen and severe, out of harmony with the time and place, and by his side Captain Chavallac, restless and unstable, finding it difficult to watch the ceremony, for Phemie, with a modest blush and eyes cast down, sat close behind him.

The choir chants the "Adeste Fideles," and the people, with one accord, bow their heads, feeling that even there on the snow-covered beach of Placentia, far from their homes in Brittany, the God of all nations has come to bless and protect them, reminding them that they are as near Heaven on the Atlantic Sea as on the shores of France. "Venite adoremus"—the tough old Brouillan, a warrior careless of death and human power, bends his head; "Venite adoremus," and Pierre Chavallac, a sturdy seaman and jovial companion, kneels and prays, with sudden fear, that his Phemie may be kept from danger. The solemn tones of the "Amen!" linger in the roof

of the rough church as the congregation move towards the door and under the stars of a Newfoundland sky wish each other God's blessing and protection.

Captain Pierre, full of thought and more deeply in love than ever, wandered slowly towards the beach, beside the great quadrangle which guarded the entrance to the town, and against which the vessels almost grazed as they passed. Here a boat was waiting to take him on board his ship.

"Give way my lads!" and the boat shot quickly out into the arm. The night was dark and heavy threatening clouds were gradually coming up from the north-east, as the wind tore along the water lashing it into fury.

"Steady, there!" cried Pierre calmly, to the man in the bow, who in sudden nervousness had almost overturned the boat. The men were wrought up to positive fear by their superstitious fancies; the windwraith was to them an evil spirit, warring and revolting against the deliverance of mankind. The boat was filled with water, and only great coolness and steadiness would enable them to row with safety; they were not far from the *Aurore* now straining at her cable, struggling like a fiery steed to free itself. "Steady, lads, here we are!" but, ere the words left his mouth, Pierre heard a crack as if the hull were rent asunder, and saw the frigate tearing madly towards them. Too late were the orders given, the boat, struck amidships, was cut almost in two. One man alone managed to keep afloat upon a portion of the shattered boat, and was rescued in the morning. The body of the captain was found on the beach near the angle of the Fort and buried by the side of the Church on the same day.

CHAPTER III.

The sun was shining brightly on the morning of the twenty-fifth of October, 1713, and there was great noise and confusion in the settlement of Placentia. The settlers were busily engaged in gathering up their effects while many a one was leaning against his door-post, gazing sadly at his cottage, the birthplace of his children and his home for many years. The Governor, no longer the rough De Brouillon, but the determined and equally reliant De Costabelle, was going about superintending the departure of the inhabitants and seeing that none remained behind. France could not afford to lose such subjects. On two frigates alone waved the lilies,—the British ensign surmounted Fort Louis, and for the first time British war-ships lay quietly under its guns.

The men being arranged in order, with the Governor at their head, march gloomily and sorrowfully towards the beach; but honorable withal is their departure; they bear their arms and property with them to their new homes. The women come next, and amongst them, walking here and there, comforting and cheering her weaker sisters, a woman clothed in black, with a pale face, bearing the marks of some silent sorrow. The men remove their hats as she passes, and make room for her in the boat, while she smiles wearily and thanks them in a low, sweet voice. It is Phemie Flechard, who, for the last eighteen years, has been the good angel of the settlement, nursing the sick, feeding the poor, teaching the children, and doing many other acts which have endeared her to the people, to many of whom her sorrow is but a tradition, though by all her feelings are respected and herself beloved.

All are embarked. The Governor gazes mournfully over the side of the departing ship, while the guns of Fort Louis, fired by English hands, thunder forth a last salute, the sound of the English roll-call is borne faintly to his ears, the wooded slopes

of Mount Pleasant recede from his view and the French dominion in Newfoundland is at an end. A broken tombstone in the church at Placentia records the death of the Croisicese Captain Chavaillac, and they say that Phemie Flechard died in Louis-berg before it passed out of the power of France.



MOONLIGHT, BAY OF ISLANDS.

The Maiden of My Dreams.

By J. S. Wallace.

WHEN cares oppress, to slumber's couch
I haste me, there to seek repose
From saddened past, from future dark,
And all the present's woes.

And as I slowly sink to sleep,
The years, like vultures at their prey
Scared by the sound of someone near,
Take wing and fly away.

She stands before my troubled gaze,
Her beauty on my vision gleams;
I rise and greet her, lip to lip,
The Maiden of my Dreams.

She drains the sorrow from my heart
With but a glance of her tender eye,
As the summer sun the water draws
In incense to the sky.

She takes my hand, we roam afar,
O'er many daisy-studded dales,
Until we come, where beautiful
A golden river sails.

In rippling waves of liquid light
The limpid water onward streams;
She leaps into the foam and smiles,
The Maiden of my Dreams.

I wake with sad but stronger heart,
(Her parting smile upon me beams)
And sail the river Life, to meet
The Maiden of my Dreams.

St. John's, Nfld., November, 1908.



2,500 BARRELS JUST IN
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Don't Dress

In a chilly room when
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Buying! ❀ ❀

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A Fresh supply of
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PHONE 40.

J. D. RYAN,
281 Water Street.

REGULATIONS

Relating to the preservation and improvement of Game Birds in this Colony made and prescribed by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of Section 9, of the Act 6, Edward VII., Cap. 20, entitled "An Act respecting the Department of Marine and Fisheries."

Whereas there has been imported into this Colony and set at liberty for the public benefit a number of Game Birds known as Capercaille and Black Game.

And Whereas it is desirable to prescribe regulations for the preservation and improvement of the said Game Birds the following regulations have been made by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said Act for that purpose:—

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive or give away, or have in his possession any Capercaille or Black Game or the eggs of any such birds within this Colony at any time from the 12th day of October, 1907, to the 12th day of October, 1917.

2. Every person who violates the above regulations shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs, and in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

The following description of the birds is published for general information:

THE CAPERCAILLE COCK is a large bird, weighing from 7 to 12 lbs., of dark blue plumage, but white from the crop downwards and with white spots on the upper wing-coverts.

THE BLACK COCK, which is larger than the Partridge, is also of dark blue plumage, with white feathers under the tail and in the wings.

THE HENS OF BOTH SPECIES are the colour of the local Partridge in early summer, i.e. a light brown.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, ✿ Hearth Brushes, ✿ Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.
Newfoundland Penitentiary, November, 1908.

Customs Regulations ✿ As to Invoices.

1.—Every invoice of goods imported into Newfoundland shall be certified in writing as correct by the person, firm or corporation selling or consigning the goods, and shall truly show the whole and actual value of the goods in the currency of the country whence the goods have been exported directly to Newfoundland, and the quality and description of such goods, and the marks and numbers on the packages, in such a manner as to indicate truly the quantities and values of the articles comprised in each exportation package, all of which packages shall be legibly marked and numbered on the outside, when of such a character as to enable such marks and numbers to be placed thereon. (Form 11).

2.—If invoices are made out at lower prices, for goods exported directly to Newfoundland, than the fair market value thereof when sold for home consumption at the time and place when and from which they were exported, there must be clearly shown in a special column, or in addition thereto, the fair market value of the goods described therein, as required by the Customs' Act.

3.—In the case of goods consigned to a person, firm or corporation, other than the actual owners of the goods resident in Newfoundland, and in the case of goods which have not been actually purchased by the Consignee or importer in the ordinary mode of bargain and sale, or where purchased through an agent, there shall be annexed to the invoice of such goods a declaration to be made by the foreign owner or exporter of the goods in the form approved by the Governor-in-Council. (Form 6).

4.—When goods are imported into this Colony from any country, other than Great Britain, Ireland or Canada, the invoices thereof must show the cost of inland transportation, shipment and transshipment with all the expenses included, from the place of growth, production or manufacture, whether by land or water, to the vessel in which shipment is made, either in transit or direct to this Colony.

Importers, of goods brought into Newfoundland, will please take notice that no invoice will be accepted at the Customs unless the declarations, provided for by the Governor-in-Council, are attached thereto.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

Department of Customs,
2nd of January, 1908.

GENERAL POST OFFICE. ✿ ✿ Telegraph Money Orders.

FROM this date Money may be transmitted by means of Telegraph Money Orders from all Post Offices in Newfoundland at which Telegraph and Money Order business is transacted.

The Scale of Charges of Commission on Telegraph Money Orders will be the usual Money Order Commission, plus twenty cents, the cost of a Telegraphic advice to the Postmaster at Office of payment.

In all other respects Telegraph Money Orders will be subject to the ordinary Money Order regulations.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, St. John's, Nfld., June 3, 1908.



Published by Authority

ON recommendation of the Minister of Finance and Customs, the following amendment to the Rules and Regulations respecting Drawbacks, which were published in the *Royal Gazette* of the 7th June, 1898, and amended on the 6th September, 1898, and 16th October, 1899, has been approved by His Excellency the Deputy Governor in Council.

R. BOND, Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, August 25th, 1908.

After the words "actual and due landing of the same," and before the words "No drawback shall be allowed," etc., the following words to be added, viz. :—

"Provided that the said goods, wares or merchandize have not been exhibited for sale nor been in any way lessened, nor been exhibited or used in any way for hire or profit, and that they are in the same condition and quantity as when imported."

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Government has arranged, with a view to encourage Industrial Education amongst the workingmen of this Colony, that Engineers, Artisans, Mechanics and Apprentices may hereafter be admitted, at specially reduced fees, to study in the night classes of the School of Art such courses of Technical Drawing as may be required in their various industries.

These Classes will Re-Open October 1st, 1907. All information as to hours, fees, etc., may be obtained of Prof. Nichols, Principal of the School. Early application is advisable.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
September 12, 1907.

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last preceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of imprisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or carcase of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of said section.

W. B. PAYN,

Deputy Minister Marine and Fisheries.

J. J. O'GRADY,

Painter, Glazier,

Paper Hanger,

and

House Decorator,



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Address: No. 3, Fergus Place.



Published by Authority

ON recommendation of the Minister of Finance and Customs, the following amendments to the Rules and Regulations respecting Samples such as are carried by Commercial Travellers, and which were published in the "Royal Gazette" of date the 2nd May, 1905, have been approved by His Excellency the Deputy Governor in Council.

R. BOND,

Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
August 25th, 1908.

The following to be added to the latter part of Section 1, viz. :—

A drawback equal to the amount of duty paid by commercial travellers may be paid on such samples when exported within six months of their importation, and upon a certificate from a landing or examining officer identifying the goods and the quantity thereof which shall be attached to the Export Entry. The drawback may only be paid upon the presentation of Form No. N. F. 12, Claim for Drawback, properly filled in, and with landing certificate of foreign Customs, duly signed.

The following new Section, to be numbered "4," to be added to the said Rules and Regulations :—

4. Articles of theatrical societies, known as "properties," circus horses and cattle, menageries, carriages and harness thereof, musical instruments of companies visiting Newfoundland for exhibition purposes, may be admitted upon a deposit equal to the duty being paid, or upon a bond being giving securing the duty. Such bond shall set forth a reasonable time within which the export must be made.

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Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VIII.—No. 4.

MARCH, 1909.

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NO.	LOCATION OF BOXES.
12	Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
13	Factory Lane.
14	Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15	Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16	Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17	Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18	Water Street, East.
112	Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113	Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114	Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road.
115	Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116	King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing.
117	Opposite Government House Gate.
118	Kennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21	Head Garrison Hill.
22	Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23	Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24	Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25	Court House Hill.
26	Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27	Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28	Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221	Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223	Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224	Maxse Street.
225	Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226	Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227	Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228	Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
231	Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232	Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
233	Flemming Street.
234	Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235	Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31	Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32	New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34	Waldegrave and George Street.
35	Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36	Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37	Head Pleasant Street.
38	Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39	Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
312	Horwood Factory.
313	LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
331	LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332	Pleasant Street.
334	Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335	Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336	Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337	Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338	Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42	Southside, near Long Bridge.
43	Central, Southside.
44	Dry Dock.
45	Southside, West.
46	Road near Lower Dnndee Premises.

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Supreme Court of Newfoundland.---List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
Mobile	Ferryland	John T. Fitzgerald.	Pushthrough	Fortune Bay	Joseph Camp.
Ferryland	"	George Geary.	Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Salmonier	"	"	Ramea	"	Matthew Nash.
St. Bride's	"	"	Rose Blanche	"	Prosper A. Garcien.
Placentia	"	Jos. Collins.	Channel	"	James H. Wilcox.
Oderin	"	Peter Manning.	Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.	Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
Burin	"	Stephen White.	Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
St. Lawrence	"	"	Sandy Point	"	M. E. Messervey.
Lamaline	"	William G. Pittman.	Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Grand Bank	"	Eli Harris.	Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Belleoram	Fortune Bay	"	Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	John Tapper.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	DISTRICTS.	NAMES.
BATTLE HARBOUR	LABRADOR	Samuel Rumsey	Keels	Bonavista	Mr. J. Murphy.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	Bonavista	"	Noah Burge.
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Musgrave Town	"	"
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Andrew Gullan.	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Little Bay	Twillingate	P. J. Leary.	Trinity	"	John W. James.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Springdale	"	Jonathan Anstey.	Northern Bight	"	Edmund Benson.
Pilley's Island	"	Thos. Roberts.	Britannia Cove	"	"
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning	Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.	Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Botwoodville	"	A. G. Young.	Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.	Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.	Hant's Harbor	"	"
Grand Falls	"	Wm. H. Ash.	Old Pelican	"	Moses Bursey.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.	Bay-de-Verde	Bay-de-Verde	Reuben Curtis.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.	Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.	Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.	"	"	Jas. Fox.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	N. Gillingham.	Bay Roberts	"	A. Hielthy.
Wesleyville	"	Jacob Hefferton.	Brigus	Port-de-Grave	John Leamon.
Port Blandford	"	"	Harbor Main	Harbor Main	James Murphy.
Greenspond	"	N. A. Chafe.	Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Glovertown	"	Thomas Wornell.	Kelligrews	"	Isaac LeDrew.
Alexander Bay	"	Charles Kean.	Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	A. E. Rees.
Gambo	"	John Ralph.	Bell Island—Beach	"	"
Salvage	"	Edward Oldford.	Portugal Cove	"	"

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The Newfoundland Quarterly.

Vol. VIII.—No. 4.

MARCH, 1909.

40 cents per year.

❁ Newfoundland Name-Lore. ❁

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D.

xxv.



IN WRITING of Cape Spear (Article XXII.), I mentioned the group of islands standing off Tor's Cove, but as I have since made a personal inspection of these islands and obtained some further information concerning them, I will here once more refer to them. The first two, viz., Gull I. and Green I. respectively off Whittle's Bay and Moble, require no further notice. The large island close in shore, which forms the harbour of Tor's Cove, is still called Foxe's Island by the people. There are three other islands in the group. The larger and outer one is called Great I. or Goose I. (these names represent but one island as mentioned Art. XXII.). Then there is the middle island, which is still known to the people as *Spere*, or *Spear*, Island, though it is more commonly called *Ship* Island. I asked the fishermen why it is so called, and they said that under the lee of it is the best anchorage ground for large ships, but no ships come here now, nor for many years past. The origin of the name goes back to at least over a hundred and fifty years, and a better explanation is found in Taverner's Pilot (1755).

" . . . Isle de Spear, a mile within the greatest of the said islands uses a ship every year to fish there, on which island is a stage on the inside, . . . and good riding in the summer season, the island being pretty large."

During my recent Episcopal Visitation, of the Parish of Tor's Cove, we rowed out in a dory to explore the Island. It is about three quarters of a mile from the shore. It is saddle-backed, that is to say it has a hill or rising ground at each end and a low flat depression in the center. On this low part there were some vestiges of "clearings," showing the grass-covered outlines of ancient potato-beds. One of our crew said that his father had a fishing-room here and that he had been brought up as a boy on the Island. He showed us also an old French grave-yard. There were some mounds showing the appearances of graves, but there were no tombstones.

Between this island and the main land there is a smaller island, the name of which the men seemed somewhat doubtful about. It is generally called

PEEPY,

but some of them called it *Pebble Island*, and *Peevet Island*. The island is mentioned by Taverner but he gives no name for it. "The northernmost Island," he writes, "is only a round hill fit for no use!" and that is a good description of it. It is in shape like a hay-cock. Any person to-day visiting this picturesque and thriving settlement, with its numerous neat and ornamental cottages (the Census of 1901 gives 75 houses and 134 barns and other buildings, and there are many more since that) its population of 335 persons, its several business stores, stages and rooms; its elegant Church which "tops the neighbouring hill," and above all the splendid Presbytery recently erected by the energetic Pastor—Rev. P. J. O'Brien; will read with surprise the description given of it by Taverner just 151 years ago. "The next to the *Isle de Spear* is *Toad's Cove* where "a planter lives (!), a place for boats to fish, but not for ships "to ride."

About a mile southwards from *Tor's Cove*, there is one of the small creeks with sandy beach which are to be found all around our coast and are named "*Capelin Coves*." This one has been lately called by the clergyman by the name of

ST. MICHAEL'S,

and a neat little chapel has been erected there dedicated to the

Archangel. This is a happy change of name and I hope it will be adopted by the Nomenclature Committee.

We now come to

BAULEEN.

In Article XXI., speaking of the Cove of this name in Conception Bay, I stated that it is simply the French word *Baleine*, a whale. In writing of Bauleen in Conception Bay, I stated I could not give any reason why the name had been given. In the present place the reason is obvious. A short distance off the Little Cove there is a rock which is just barely "a-wash"—or a *fleur d'eau*, so that as it appears and disappears alternately in the swell of the waves it presents a striking likeness of a whale breaching. It may be that there is such a rock also at *Bauleen* in Conception Bay (See Article VI.).

LAMANICHE.

This is as Taverner says "only a cove in the Bay where is no safe riding for any ship." By "the Bay" he means the bight between Cape Neddick and Bauleen Head. Lamanche is, indeed, a very extraordinary and picturesque place. It is a mere little gorge or creek penetrating a short distance into the land and overhung by very high cliffs which almost shut out the daylight. They rise on the north side to some five or six hundred feet. There is no spot of level land at their foot, and the few stages and flakes are so constructed as to project from the sides of the cliff out over the water in a most precarious manner. An ingeniously contrived suspension or swinging bridge spans the creek, and is the only means of crossing from one side to the other. At the foot of the cove a magnificent waterfall tumbles down, jumping from rock to rock and forcing for itself a cleft in the sheer precipice, coming from a chain of lakes above, some hundreds of feet higher than the sea-level. As to the name, I am at a loss to explain it. The primitive meaning of the French word is a *sleeve*, and then a channel. It is easy to see the illation. The British Channel is called by the French "*The Channel par excellence, La Manche*, but neither in this place nor in the other of the same name in Placentia Bay is there anything which appears to authorize or suggest the name.

In the side of the cliff a little to the southward of Lamanche is a small creek called

MONEY COVE.

It is only another of those innumerable spots around our coast which have attached to them a legend concerning buried treasure. The southern head of this bight, already alluded to, is named

CAPE NEDDICK.

The word neddick, nuddick or noddick, is a local term for a hill, probably a corrupt form of *hummock*. This hill, however, is much more than a hummock. It is a high bluff headland, and is thus described by Taverner: "Neddick is a high point, flat at top, and strait down to the water."

The next harbour is

BRIGUS SOUTH, OR, BRIGUS BY SOUTH.

At the time of Taverner's description it was "a place of little consequence . . . where live two planters." The population has not increased much since. At the taking of the last census, 1901, the number of inhabitants was only seventy. As to the name, all that can be said about it will be found in Article XIX.

We now come to a very important harbour viz;—

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.—2.

CAPE BROYLE HARBOUR.

It has an "indraught" of over seven miles, and it is about two miles broad at the mouth so that it may almost be called a bay rather than a harbour. The southern head forms the very conspicuous promontory of

BROYLE HEAD

Taverner describes it as "the most remarkable land on all the S. Coast of Newfoundland, for coming out of the sea either from the southward or northward it makes with a swamp in the middle, and appears like a saddle." The name would seem to be French, and is spelt in very many different ways. Whitbourne in the early part of the XVII. Century—(1610-11)—calls it *Borrell*. Abbé Beaudoin (1696) calls it *Cabreuil*. This of course is a mistake for *C. Breuil* i. e. Cape Breuil, by a form of corruption alluded to in Article VI. where examples are given as Carenas, for C. Arenas, Carouge, for C. Rouge, &c. On the map of Jacobscz (1621) it is given as—C. Brolle, Dudley (1647) has C. Brael. But Mason, (or rather Vaughan,—1625) has it exactly as we spell it to day,—so also has Seller, 1671. On some maps it appears as *Cape Royal*, but this is certainly a mistake.

Immediately South of C. Broyle is

CAPELIN BAY.

Almost every cove and bay around our shores, which has a sandy beach, where the caplin come in to spawn is called by our fishermen "Capelin Bay or Cove." There are in the Post Office Directory no less than *nine* of them belonging to seven different districts. The District of Trinity having to itself no less than *three* of them, of course there are hundreds of others on our coast, but this is enough to show how bewildering it must be to our Postal Officials, and what need there is for the interference of the Nomenclature Committee. The Harbour or Bay of which we are now speaking, is I think the most important one of the name in Newfoundland. It is thus described by Taverner, 1755, "Caplins Bay is large and good, and runs in a great way W. N. W. at least six miles . . . where many ships may ride in good ground, and where at sometimes the Newfoundland fleet meet, that are bound with convoy to the Straights, (i. e. of Belle Isle) but generally the rendezvous is at Bay of Bulls." The name of Caplin Bay was attached to this inlet at a very early period of our Cartographical History. It was a well known cove at the time of the founding of Guy's and Vaughan's Colonies (1610-20).

It formed the Northern Boundary of the portion of territory sold by Guy's Company to Sir Wm. Vaughan in 1616, as appears in the Latin Inscription on the Vaughan Map, hitherto erroneously attributed to Mason. In this rather pompous inscription it figures under the classical name of

CAPLINI PORTUS.

On the map itself, however, it appears more soberly in plain English, as we have it to-day, viz.,

CAPLIN BAY

The name of Caplin is of Portuguese origin, The fish is like a smelt, and is of uniform size being about six inches long, the female slightly smaller and more gracefully formed. They are of the Genus *Salmonide* and of the species *Mallotus Villosus*. The Portuguese call them *Capelino*; the Spaniards *Anchova*, though the Anchovy is somewhat different, being of the herring family, and not reaching more than three inches in length. There is a small island off Fayall, in the Azores called by the Portuguese

CAPELINOS.

On the south shore of Caplin Bay about half-way to Ferryland there are a Hill and a Headland called

SCROGGINS'S.

The name is not easy of explanation. The earliest mention I find of it is in a Deed of Sale from Mr. James Shortall to the V. Rev. Father Ewer dated 1798. In that Deed it is called

SCONGINGS.

The Deed is signed by Francis Tree, Deputy Sheriff. Father Ewer himself, however, calls it *Skoggins*, and in a letter to Bishop Fleming he gives a little bit of History concerning it.

"My predecessor in occupation," (Mr Shortall) he says "got it through his wife whose name was Tucker. She was a grand daughter of the original grantee" (name unfortunately not given) "who got it for services rendered to the King's Ship in Action with a French Frigate." There is no such family name as Scroggins or Scoggins among those mentioned by Whitbourne as forming Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1621.

In that very fantastic work of Sir. W. Vaughan's, "The Golden Fleece," I find the name in a rather curious connection. This Bizarre writer imagines a meeting of the Court of Parnassus, Apollo presiding. Saints Patrick, George, Andrew and David were present. "They consulted how they might grace the Mighty King of Great Britain (Charles I.). St. David made choice to rejoice the King's heart with a sonnet in memory of his hopeful marriage and Coronation, the which when he had perfected and sung in the Amphitheater at Parnassus Scoggin and Skelton the chiefe Aduocates for the dogrel Rimes, by the procurement of Zoilus, Momus . . . very saucily interrupted him!" The "Scoffers and Buffones" were banished from the Court by the Lady Pallas, the Queen Regent! I do not know the meaning of all this or whether there is any meaning in it.

Since writing the above I learn that there is at Torr's Cove also a headland named Scoggins, of which I had no knowledge when describing that place.

In my Ecclesiastical History (p 99), I went lengthily into the history of the origin of the name of

FERRYLAND.

I will here give a brief summary of what I there stated. The late Bishop Mullock in his Lectures on Newfoundland says "Sir George Calvert subsequently Lord Baltimore, . . . a zealous Catholic . . . got from King James a large grant of land from Bay Bulls to Cape St. Mary's. . . He wished to perpetuate the Religious Memories of the English Church in his new plantation, so he gave it the name of

AVALON."

This was the ancient name of Glastonbery, a town in Somersetshire, where tradition has it that St. Joseph of Arimathea founded a Church and it was looked upon subsequently as the cradle of Christianity in Britain.

There was an ancient Roman town formerly called

VERULAM,

but subsequently St. Alban's, in honour of England's proto-martyr who was beheaded there during the persecution of Dioclesian (A.D. 303), hence Calvert "wishing to revive these Catholic glories of his country called his Province Avalon, and his own town Verulam. The name was at first corrupted into Ferulam, and finally settled down into the vulgar and trivial name of

FERRYLAND."

Thus far Bishop Mullock. Unfortunately we cannot accept this very pretty theory, at least as far as the name of Verulam is concerned, though it is undoubtedly true as regards Avalon.

The place was called Ferryland, before ever Lord Baltimore came to Newfoundland. In all the letters written by Governor Wynne to Lord Baltimore at the founding of the Colony (1621) the name of Ferryland is distinctly given. Even in the letter of Lord Baltimore himself written from the Colony to the King, dated August 19th 1629, the address is clearly given as Ferryland. Some variations of the spelling are of course found, but nothing to suggest in the remotest manner, *Verulam*. Thus Whitbourne in 1619 calls it *Foriland*. The name is in reality a corruption of the French word

FORILLON.

This word is generically used by the French for a rock or island standing close to the main-land with a very narrow channel between, which is dug or bored out by the constant action of the waves. The word is derived from the Latin *forare* to bore or dig out. In a note to Champlain's Voyages (1603) we read "The word *Gaspé* in the Abenakis language means, separated, and it is well known that the *Forillon* at Gaspé is a remarkable rock dug out (miné) by the violence of the waves." This rock known as "The Old Man and Woman" has now disappeared having been completely undermined some few years

ago. Now at our Ferryland, we have an excellent specimen of a Forillon, in the well known rock called

THE HAZURES

(a corruption of "Hares' Ears"). There is another similar rock off St. Lawrence, and it is called by the fishermen "Ferryland Head." The settlement of Ferryland continued to be called Forillon by the French for nearly a hundred years after, as it is so called continually by Abbé Baudouin in 1696. And although the English corruption of the name had taken place before Lord Baltimore's time, as we have seen, yet still the French name was sometimes used by Englishmen. Thus we find John Slaney, treasurer of John Guy's settlement, writing in a letter dated 1611 as follows "The Master (John Guy) intends to go to Forillon or Ferland."

Jacques Cartier (1534) speaking of the Bryon Islands and Bird-Rocks, Gulf of St. Lawrence, says: "Between two of them there is a Forillon (*Entre les quelles y a ung petit forillon*)."
It corresponds exactly to what our fishermen call a

PUSHTHROUGH.

The name appears as Forillon on Descellier's map as far back as 1553. On Martinez, 1580, as *Farillo*; Homez, 1559, has *Farillyam*; the so-called Mason map, 1625, about Lord Baltimore's time, has *Ferriland*; De Laet, 1630, has *Punta de Forillon*; Thornton, 1689, *Feriland*; Fitzhugh, 1693, *Ferriland Head*; Friend's map, 1713, *Ferrillon*; T. Cour Lotter, 1720, has *Ferillon*, and finally Cooke, on his celebrated map of 1774, gives us the modern form of Ferryland, and so it continues ever after down to the present day. It will be seen from the above that the old French name died a hard death. The Island forming the harbour of Ferryland is called

ISLE OF BOYS

or Buoye Island, which of course is a corruption of the French *Ile de Bois*, or Woody Island, a name very common around our coast. Whatever appropriateness there may have been in this name in former times, it is at present certainly a misnomer. There is not a vestige of wood, or even bush, on the island. The top is quite flat and is covered with a nice verdant grassy sod. The island was well fortified in past times, and the ramparts and earth-works now covered with grass are quite visible, and several old dismounted cannon are lying about. The southern side of the harbour is formed by the long peninsula named

THE DOWNS.

It is formed entirely of drift gravel and rises to a height of over a hundred and fifty feet. It slopes gradually towards the water, and is covered with a rich green grass. It was at the inner portion of this peninsula just where it joins the main land, that Lord Baltimore's settlement was situated. Here stood the "Great House" so grandly described by Governor Wynne, the foundations of which are still visible as well as some portions of the pavement, of what Governor Wynne (by a stretch of imagination) calls "a prettie street." At this part of the harbour there is a small inner harbour called

THE POOL."

At the present day it is much reduced in size owing to the movable nature of the pebbly beach, and is only used for hauling up small boats for the winter. At the time of Lord Baltimore, however, and indeed much later, it was very much more commodious. In Taverner's Pilot, as late as 1744, we read—

"... being within the said *Buoy* Island, you may run in and anchor where you please being a good handsome Breadth: or you may go into the *Pool*, which is a place on the Lar-board side (going in) within a point-of-*Beach* where you ride in 12 Foot Water, at *Low* Water, and there the Admiral's Ship generally ride (The stages being near) several Planters, Inhabitants, lives in this Place."

The next harbour to the south of Ferryland is

AQUA FORTE.

This name speaks for itself, and has been very little corrupted. Indeed the manner in which the people (fishermen) pronounce it, *Aggie Fort*, is nearer to the original than the form written on the maps. Whitbourne, p. 53, writing in 1619, calls it *Aga-forte*. The name is of Portuguese origin; *agua forte*, strong water.

The name has not, as might be suspected, anything to do with alcoholic liquor, but is derived from the fact that the river running into the harbour tumbles down in a series of furious and roaring cascades through a wild and rocky gorge.

At the mouth of this harbour stands a barren rock or small island precipitous on all sides. It is called

SPURAWINKLE,

and has been already alluded to in Article XV., when speaking of Skerwink near Trinity.

This name of *Agua-forte*, was in possession before the times of Baltimore, Wynne, Vaughan, Whitbourne, or any other of these English navigators, came on the coast, and like Forillon, *Fermeuse*, *Renouse*, &c., shows that this part of the Colony was well peopled and colonized long before Guy's Plantation at *Cupids*. In fact it must have been settled early in the XVI. Century. Hence it seems almost absurd now to talk of celebrating the ter-Centenary of Guy's Colony, as if it were our first settlement. Moreover by this Celebration we run the risk of losing our dearly coveted title of "Britain's Oldest Colony." This difficulty was clearly seen and pointed out by Mr. Gosling at the recent meeting of the Historical Society, and though several efforts have been made to answer the objection, it has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished.

+ M. F. H.

English Grammar Schools And Their Endowments.

EVERYONE has heard of the endowed wealth of the great English aristocratic schools, such as Eton, Rugby, and Winchester, but the romance of the smaller ones in Provincial towns is less known. Lytham is a little town in Lancashire. Two centuries ago an old inhabitant bequeathed £5 annually to the Grammar School of his native place; to-day, by prudent investments, this represents *half a million sterling*.

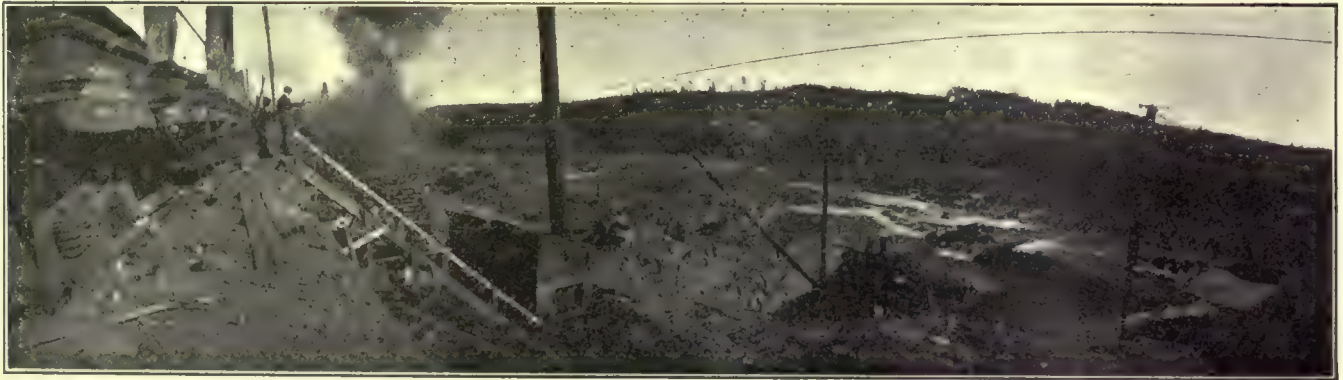
Birmingham is also immensely rich through a very ancient endowment, owing to the value of the property given for education having enormously increased. Bedford Grammar School is almost the most remarkable of all. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an old Bedford tradesman called Hawker, living in London, on his death-bed remembered the Grammar School of his native city, where he had been educated. By his will he left a little property in the city which then yielded £42 a year. By the increase of London the land has become one of the most valuable sites in the metropolis. The Trustees have managed the funds so wisely that out of the accumulated amount seven great schools have been built at Bedford City. Finer scholastic edifices are not to be found. Each cost from £50,000 to £76,000, stg. and each has nearly twenty acres of playgrounds. Four are for the higher classes, two for boys, and two for girls. Three magnificent Institutions are for the working classes, with the same extent of playing fields. Built on modern plans and of the most superior character. The funds are so large that the very highest salaries are paid to the Teachers and the very best are thus secured. The Bedford schools enjoy in consequence the highest reputation. It has been of an immense benefit to the Town. Hundreds of well to do persons resort to the city in order to give their children the very best education—all the result of old Hawker's modest bequest in the Tudor age.

I have always considered the Teachers' pay in Newfoundland disgracefully inadequate. Nothing rejoiced my heart more at home than to learn that our friend the Principal of Bedford High School for Girls enjoyed the decent salary of \$5,000 a year. —D. W. P.

Progress in the Interior of Newfoundland.



Paper Mills in course of construction at Grand Falls
by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company.



Excavating the Rock.—Site for Power House by the
River Exploits.



Shows Mills in course of construction ; also, Penstock
or Pipe which takes the water from the Dam to
Power House. Where derrick is, you will note where
Pipe bends to go over the Hill to Power House.

Some Old-Time Anglers.

II.

By A. J. W. McNeily, K.C.



IN any record of the Old-Time Anglers of Newfoundland, something more than a passing tribute should be paid to that *doyen* of Sportsmen the venerable JOHN MARTIN. He has not only been a representative of Sport in himself, but he has been the founder of Sport for generations yet unborn in our glorious land; for it is to his initiative industry, energy and skill that we owe the introduction into our waters of the noble Californian Rainbow Trout. Although more than ninety of the fugacious years have glided past him, he still is hale and hearty; his eye is not dim nor his natural strength greatly abated. That he may live to celebrate his centenary is the pious prayer of all good anglers: and Heaven forefend that any thoughtless scribe should precipitate his dissolution by penning his biography. For though that biography

humble beginning of pisciculture in Newfoundland was made. It was crude and unpretentious, but the experiment with Sir James Maitland's Lochleven ova proved a complete success. Thousands of Lochleven fry, vigorous and predaceous, were hatched out in the first year, and to the propagation of this variety of *Salmo Fario* the efforts of the Association were for several years directed. Although Long Pond was ill-adapted for the culture of the more delicate varieties of trout, (for it swarmed with eels and the food supply was scanty) these hardy immigrants from the Scottish waters with the tenacity and pertinacity of their compatriots not only "held their own," but began to acquire some alien property. Where they had been given an experimental tenancy on sufferance they seized a freehold right, and with force and arms they drove the indigenous tenants of the waters before them, and "assimilated"



JOHN MARTIN.

could contain nothing but kindly and gracious reference to a long and well-spent life, the good old man is as modest as a maiden of the bye-gone generations, and is better contented that his life-work should be his epitaph, than that he should be the subject of contemporary appreciation and esteem, however sincerely it might be set forth.

It is more than a quarter of a century ago since, first at his instance and by his promotion, there came into existence the Association which has done so much for the propagation of new varieties of game fishes in Newfoundland. Like most new enterprises undertaken by enthusiastic but inexperienced amateurs, the "Hatchery Club" (which was the conventional short title of the Game Fish Protection Association), was beset with many initial difficulties. The Government of the day, with some reluctance, conceded to the members of the Association a lease for a short term of years of the waters of Upper Long Pond with exclusive rights of fishery, on the conditions that a Fish Hatchery should be maintained and operated, and that a rental of 10,000 fry per annum should be reserved for the use of the Crown. The first hatchery was built on land of the Hon. Stephen Rendell, near the bank of the little stream which flows into the lake on the northern side. The erection and its equipment were designed and superintended by Mr. Martin, who had some knowledge and experience of Sir Jas. Maitland's very successful fish hatching establishment in Scotland. After the style, *longo intervallo*, of this great establishment, the



THE LATE SIR F. B. T. CARTER, K.C.M.G.

most of those who resisted their possessory claims. Large numbers of the new-comers, dissatisfied with their surroundings, passed down to the more congenial waters of Quidi Vidi Lake, where, with more generous feeding, they have grown apace, and hold to-day an almost undisputed possession. In the later '80's the fry was introduced to Munday's Pond, and here the new-comer "waxed fat" like Jeshurun. It is deplorable to note that in this locality it was "the armies of the alien" who "put to flight" the beautiful indigenous fish which for some years previous had been found with favourable environment in that eligible and accessible water. It was in these later '80's that the Association made its first attempts to propagate the Rainbow trout. The ova were imported from New York and the work of the hatchery was entirely successful. But though many tens of thousands of fry were hatched into vigorous vitality, as soon as they received the freedom of Long Pond all trace of them was lost. After a couple of years had passed, and no Rainbow trout appeared in evidence, it was assumed that they had passed down the stream to Quidi Vidi, and a fine wire

netting was placed across the outlet of Long Pond; but when in '89, after 50,000 fry had been let loose in Long Pond, and not a solitary Rainbow trout had come in evidence, it was suggested by Mr. Martin that the efforts of the hatchery, so far as Rainbow fry were concerned, should be directed to other and more promising waters. The distribution of the fry was referred to his knowledge and experience of local waters; and thus it happened that Murray's Pond and Butler's Pond were selected as the principal breeding places, and from year to year the distribution was made to other lakes, among the ridge of hills which stretches eastward from Portugal Cove to Bauline, to ponds along the Old Broad Cove Road, and in the westward from Ryall's Pond to the stretch of disconnected lakes which runs north and easterly to the Thorburn Road. It would be ungracious in this narration to omit the fact that for many years of the initial struggles of the Association the duties of its Honourary Secretary were zealously and efficiently discharged by Mr. Robert G. Rendell.

In 1894, the Long Pond Hatchery having been abandoned and the lease surrendered, a new lease was granted to the Association conveying for a term of years exclusive rights of fishing in Murray's and Butler's Ponds. At the former pond a new hatchery was erected and equipped and a more elaborate system was inaugurated. The new hatchery owes much to the zeal and enthusiasm of Mr. R. A. Brehun, who is not only a

remains yet much to be done in the way of plenishing these ponds by judicious reinforcement of the stock, and by way of legislation or fishery regulations which will have regard to the fact that the Rainbow trout is to be distinguished from all its indigenous congeuers by its spawning season, which, so far as has been observed in all waters, is from a late period in May to the early part of June. To many of us it seems somewhat to be regretted that we have been born too soon, and may not see the long results of time. But it is certain that in a score of years the happy generation, to which the love of Angling descends, will have ample opportunity of enjoying the splendid domain of Sport which their predecessors cultivated and endowed. And it is for this coming race of fishermen to remember that it is to good old John Martin, the pioneer of Fish Culture in Newfoundland, that they will owe their heritage in some of the loveliest waters of the world.

Oh, born beneath the Fishes' sign,
Of constellations happiest,
May be some where with Walton dine,
And Horace bring him Massic wine,
And Burns Scotch drink the nappiest!

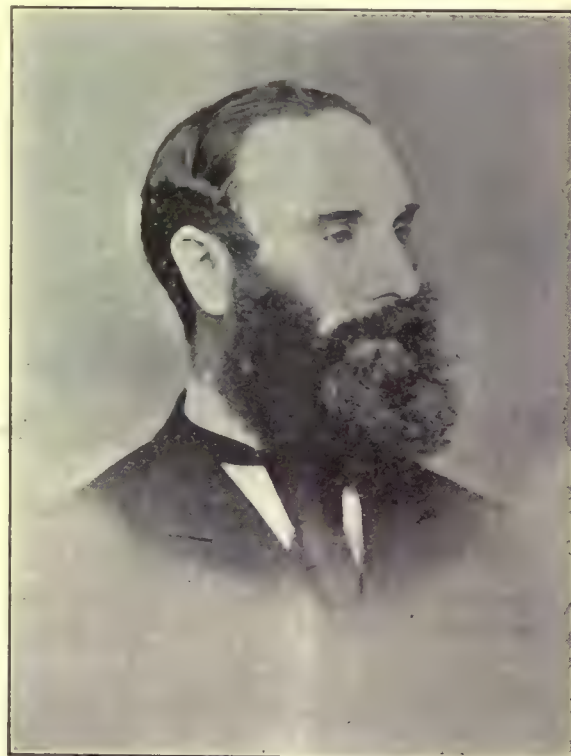
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It is a fact not unworthy of note that the majority of the old-time Anglers with whom I have foregathered were men either of Scottish or Irish blood and birth. It may be that my own personal equation was a factor in this association, and that my "natural selection" of comrades tended towards the best



THE LATE MICHAEL THORBURN.

keen angler but an expert pisciculturist, and by whom it was for several years successfully operated and with progressive efficiency. It was reserved for Dr. Keegan, however, the present learned and accomplished President of the Association, to bring the hatchery to the condition of perfection, in which it is to be found to day. There is no longer any necessity for the importation of ova, as a sufficient supply is obtained from the carefully tended Breeding Pond. About 120,000 fry are annually hatched out, and in addition to the annual rental tribute of 10,000, many thousands are purchased by the Government for the stocking of lakes in nearly all the districts of the Island. They have been introduced into a large number of lakes within a ten mile radius of St. John's, and in some of them they have thriven splendidly; and it is a notable fact that they are more numerous and grow to a larger size in ponds which had previously few or no indigenous fish. Nevertheless there



THE LATE JAMES GOLDIE.

fishermen of the time, and without doubt the best and keenest and most accomplished were those whose maiden casting lines had been baptised in streams of the Green Island or in the splendid waters of Caledonia "stern and wild." The blood-note of the Angler marked them all. They were born into the guild, burghers by right of birth, and apprenticeship to its mysteries—skilled craftsmen every one. And, towering over all the rest in enthusiastic love of the sport and in acquaintance with all secrets of lake and stream was that Prince of Anglers, MICHAEL THORBURN. "Kind father for him," as the Irish saying goes, for he was the son of that Thorburn of Elibank, whose skill is so eloquently extolled by grand old Christopher in the "Noctes." "Ye canna cast a flee wi' Thorburn" is praise indeed, and the praise of Christopher lifts an angler to the immortals. And Michael was no unworthy claimant for the same ancestral honours. If Michael had not flourished among

us it would have been hard to deny the claim of prominence in the craft to his brother, Sir Robert, who was an "excellent angler" and a fine all-round sportsman. But when the sun is shining no one sees the moon or the planets.

The Thorburns could not help being fishermen. They had the vocation, the effectual calling of the fisherman's blood. And even yet in the Old Country the calling seems to remain. It was only last September that I received from a friend in Scotland a report of the season's operations at Lochleven. In that report the following paragraph is prominent: "Seven trout of 3lbs. weight or upwards were taken or two more than last year. Three of these were got with fly, two of them being hooked with the Butcher, including the heaviest, which was caught by MR. M. M. THORBURN, of Peeble's, on the 17th of August, and weighed 4lbs. 13oz. This was the largest trout captured for three years, and the heaviest killed with fly for at least ten years." [It should be noted that trolling with the minnow, spoon or lure is the mode of fishing most practiced on Lochleven]. The Mr. M. M. Thorburn referred to in this report was a cousin of our lamented Michael, and of course a descendant of the ancient angling stock.

The early days of the Thorburn brothers were spent upon the banks of the historic Tweed, a noble stream flowing through a country prodigal in natural beauties, and marked at every ford and pool and knoll and sylvan glade with the stamp of legend or tradition or history; a stream beloved of the great Sir Walter and immortalized by him in graphic, narrative and sonorous verse. Here at Ashiestiel, while Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire, he wrote the "Lady of the Lake," and, indeed, all his fascinating romantic poetry. The mansion in which he then lived seemed almost to overhang a steep-wooded bank on the south side of the stream. Scott was greatly attached to the locality, and Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd (the man who couldna "cast a flee wi' Thorburn"), describes the Wizard as being in highest glee when "toiling in Tweed to the waist, with rod and leister." Abbotsford, where the great magician afterwards lived and died, is some six miles nearer the sea than Ashiestiel, and it is in this stretch of water that the best salmon pools of the famous river are to be found; and here the Thorburns lived and flourished in their youth. In such an environment a boy, opulent in vital energy, must either become a fisherman or a poet. Michael wisely elected to be a fisherman. And so the world probably lost a mediocre maker of verses and gained a notable angler.

Michael was scarcely out of his teens when he came to Newfoundland, and he had been here for several years before I came to know him as a fisherman. The filling of large baskets with small fish was not his ideal of fishing. He would rather spend a day in unwearied and unrewarded flagellation of a pond with the possibility of getting a good fish than fill his creel with the ordinary spoil of the angler; and it was on these lines that our tastes coincided. His was the patience of the true Angler and he was himself an exemplification of the family crest "a leopard, sejant, gardant," and the motto, "We live in hope." Howbeit, the leopard, should not have been sitting, for Michael had no regard for sedentary sport. He never sat in a boat when fishing, he invariably stood to it. Before the Rainbow trout began to thrive there was some few ponds within easy distance of St. John's which we two exploited together in the long summer evenings. Amongst these was Jonas's Pond, near Middle Cove, where, under favourable circumstances, some fine red trout could be taken. Then there were Gosse's Pond on the Bauline Road, Duck Pond on the Thorburn Road; and in the West End, Branscomb's Pond, Neville's Pond and Topsail Rocky. In all these ponds there was always a reasonable chance, with careful fishing, of getting fish of a pound to a pound and a half in weight, and "bonnie fish" they were. For two or three years before the fire we did some very persistent fishing of George's Pond, Signal Hill. There were some magnificent fish in that water, but they craved wary fishing and were rarely taken until dusk had well set in. I remember one glorious evening in July that we had walked over the hill to find the pond unruffled by the slightest breath of wind. We put our rods together and stretched out upon the grassy slope beneath the Hospital to smoke and wait for the sunset. But before the

sun went down we saw and heard the splash of a big fish on the outside of some weeds, about forty yards from the shore. "Try him, Michael!" I said. But he said "no," he was too far out, and, besides, he said, "I am going to get a couple of big ones down in this western arm." I was standing on a high bank of rock which sloped steeply to the water, and without much effort could make a long cast. The light line curled out gracefully to its fullest length. The flies fell as softly "as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight." A swoop and a swirl; and then that strange electric thrill that passes from the end of your line through your finger tip and up the wrist right on to the articulations of the humerus! What a thrill it is! And, what a message it telegraphs to your pulsing heart! THIS IS A BIG ONE, AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM. From the high bank I fought him for some minutes, but to land him it was necessary to descend to the water's edge away from the steep rock. Somehow I managed to get down over the rugged slope, and then I had full control of him. In another five minutes Michael had him scooped into the net, a shining glory of two and a quarter pounds. As it was drawing towards dusk Michael hurried away to his pet piece of water, and in less than ten minutes I heard the splashing of a heavy fish. I hurried to help with the net and soon he brought to grass a splendid three-pounder. In the stretch of water extending to the end of the arm there was not room for two fishermen, *who were friends*, and as I had done enough for glory, I lighted my pipe and watched my friend. In less than another ten minutes he was busy again and his fish fought hard. Twice he came in within about a foot of the net but each time rushed off with a whirring gift of line to all appearance as fresh as when he was first stricken; but at last he came in with a final splash of protest and lay upon the bank—four pounds seven ounces! As we stood admiring him we saw the splash of another big chap, some ten yards to the westward. "You go for that one, Mac," said Michael, "he'll come to yon claret hackle of yours!" "No, Michael," I said, "you discovered this water, go and get him yourself;" He didn't stay to argue, and I had the idea that he went without any strong reluctance. At any rate he got him and he was a splendid fellow just over 3½ lbs. That was surely a notable evening's sport; three fish aggregating nearly eleven pounds for one rod in less than two hours. Though I had but one for my own rod, and that the smallest, I was perfectly satisfied. Of course such strokes of luck were rarely to be recorded; but, oh! how luminous, how pre-Raphaelite in all its minor incidents is the memory's record of these vanished delights. To-night I can visualize that scene in all its beauty, the western sky burning with the many-coloured tinctures of the sunset; the still radiance of the lake below; the islets of the lily-pads; the precipitous shore-line on the northern side, covered with flowering shrubs, the snowy wealth of the *Amelanchier* blossoms and the bright purple of the *Rhodora*. Afar below us the stretch of the harbor stream and the expanse of city and suburbs, and above us the frowning height of Signal Hill. The human element was all that was needed to complete the charm, and that was represented by two very happy and successful fishermen.

Very closely associated with all my reminiscences of Michael are my memories of another very dear friend, the late JAMES GOLDIE. The type of Scotsman is infinitely varied, and in the individual you shall find many combinations of the "perfidious genius" of the race. In James Goldie there was a combination of the most admirable traits of Scottish character, with

" . . . all the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And give to all the world 'This was a Man!'"

For a man of natural reserve the profession of a banker tends to narrow the circle of his personal friends, but it never "froze the genial current" of Goldie's soul. He was one of the clearest-headed and kindest-hearted men that ever it was my good fortune to know. When I add that he was a rare good Angler, that he had a Carlylean hatred of shams, and that though he was a perfervid Scotsman he had a keen perception of humour—I think I have sketched the outline of a rare and attractive personality. He was a man of extensive reading and well versed in the English classics, but he revelled in Burns and

Sir Walter, and in "the guid Scots tongue" he could give you from memory whole pages of the "*Noctes*," rolling out his rrr's and aw's in "deep chested thunder." For quite a number of years we spent Regatta day together, and oftener than elsewhere at Bauline Long Pond. The place attracted us and on nearly every Saturday through the season, charioted by big jolly Jim Sage, we threw worries to the winds which rippled that lovely sheet of water. It was a charming spot, wooded to the margin, bordered by low circling hills, with great flat-topped rocks and wooded islets rising out of its gleaming expanse, shaped like an hour-glass, with a narrow strait leading into its upper reaches where the largest fish were to be sought. The quiet joys of these bright summer days linger still in affectionate remembrance. The fragrant pipe was then an incense to all the woodland deities, and the modest quencher was a libation of Hippocrene to the Muses. Oh! fortunati nimium! it was good to be alive. The last of these halcyon days that we spent together was in '93. My comrade was then in failing health but cheery and genial as ever, and with unabated keenness for his favourite sport. In the following December, standing on the deck of the steamer that was about to take him from the land he loved, I pressed his honest hand for the last time, and I knew that never again would I see his face or hear his voice. "The Lord keep you in the hollow of his hand, my boy," were the last words I heard him speak, and it was with no simulation of solemnity that they were spoken. And here, without any theoretic comment, I record a psychical fact:

On the 21st of June, 1894, Michael Thorburn and I went in to a new pond on the Bauline Road, on which we had placed a boat. We were all alone that day, as we could not get the services of Dick Crowe, our customary oarsman. The day appeared to be an ideal fishing day. The sky was overcast with soft clouds and a warm southwest breeze just ruffled the waters of the lake. We knew that there were big fish there, for the fellows who brought in our boat in the winter had got some through the ice between three and four pounds weight. But the luck was against us. We "fished and better-fished" the live-long day. Michael got one fish of about a pound in weight, and I hooked and lost a heavy one, and that was the aggregate of the day's sport.

A strange depression was upon both of us, and I believe that all our conversation through the day until we reached the waggon on our return to the city could have been compressed into twenty minutes of continuous speech. On our homeward way we scarcely spoke until we reached the junction of the Torbay Road when almost unconsciously I said, "poor old Goldie!" "Good God, I have been thinking of him all the day," said Michael. "And so have I," I replied. And then we began to speak of him and to recall the many pleasant days and hours which we had passed together. On the following morning we chanced to meet, just opposite the City Club, and we were talking together for less than a minute, when Willie Donnelly, then on the staff of the Union Bank came over the Market House Hill with a cable message in his hand, which, without a word, he showed us. It read, "James Goldie died yesterday." And somehow, though the latest news of him had been singularly hopeful, we were neither of us surprised that the end had come.

Years have passed, but neither Michael nor myself ever re-visited these scenes of vanished pleasures that were so closely associated with memories of our departed friend.

I have only one more chronicle of bye-gone Anglers to record and that must bring my crude and hasty sketches to a close. To the younger generation the name of SIR FREDERIC CARTER, though it must always loom large in our colonial history, does not bring as it dees to us older ones any memories of the personal charm of the man. The older members of the Bar and those who were politically associated with him will always remember him with affectionate regard. Of his sturdy honesty, his judicial wisdom, his statesmanlike grasp of affairs, and of the stainless record which he left behind him, this is not the place to speak. But those who knew him best can speak of his geniality, his appreciative sense of humour, his goodness of heart and his loyal friendships. In these "trivial fond records" he deserves a notable place as an enthusiastic and accomplished

master of the Angler's craft. I have fished with him at Biscay Bay, at Grandy's Brook, and at Grand Bay Brook, near Channel, and can bear testimony to his love of the sport and to his "fellowship in the mystery."

Weighed down with many cares and responsibilities, inseparable from his high position, he always found a potent sedative in the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By woods and streams, with rod and reel, he found the unfailing solace which wild Nature gives to all her illuminated children. I hold that there is some spiritual defect or spiritual distortion in the man who cannot feel his soul attuned to the great Earth Mother. To such an one the "primrose by the rivers brim" is "a yellow primrose" and "nothing more." And yet all the primeval instincts of man go out to Nature-worship, in which there need be neither Pantheism nor Idolatry. The universe itself is a manifestation of the Divine, and to the illuminated spirit of the Contemplative Man all Nature is splendid and eloquent. Earth, with all her thousand voices, stirs in him the sense of the True, the Beautiful and the Good. He is receptive to all her sights and sounds, "wax to receive and marble to retain."

For him "a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Earipides,"
Can wake "a thousand hopes and fears,
As old and young at once as Nature's self."

* * * * *
And these our friends of the old-time have passed behind the veil: But still we cherish and revive with soft regret our memories of them all.

"And we, we too, shall fail,
A few brief years to labour and to bear;
Then comes the sexton and the trite old tale,
'We were.'"

But yet it is in no Epicurean spirit that we would "make the most of life we may." Whilst still the revolving year brings us the joy of spring, the verdure of woods, "the circuit of the summer hills," the music of streams and the gleam of lakes, the smile of woodland blossoms and the song of birds, the Lord of Life desires us to enjoy our life with worshipful gratitude to Him, the Giver. From my heart I pity the thinking man, who, with the splendid environment of wild Nature which here is daily accessible to us all, fails, by reason of his high philosophy, to feel his pulses bound responsive to the call of "the Red Gods." Let him cherish if he will the comfort which Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and all the pessimists of the Fatherland can bring him. But let our simpler and more primitive souls rejoice in the glorious optimism of Pippa's carol:

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

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MURPHY'S FALLS, SALMONIER RIVER.



The Last Presidential Election.



By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D. D.



ONCE AGAIN, for the tenth time in the last half century, the Imperialist Party in the United States has been supported by the people; and the triumph is all the greater since the South, though opposing the Republican Party at the elections, supports their policy in the legislature (since they have acknowledged the inequality of races) and has no more in common with the Northern Democrats than *e.g.* Ireland has with the Radicals of Great Britain. The new President is one who has declared himself a Hamiltonian, and boasted that to-day the overwhelming majority of the American people are not Jeffersonian but Hamiltonian in their principles. It has been happily said by the man best qualified to speak upon the subject, that the nomination of Mr. Taft by the Republican Party was the triumph of progressive Conservatism over unprogressive and reactionary forces; and that his election by the people was a triumph over Radicalism.

The most significant feature was the nomination by a President of his successor, and the sanction of that nomination by the party and the nation. Many thought that the nation would resent it, and some tried to instigate the nation to do so. But Mr. Taft won by even a larger majority than Roosevelt had, himself.

Mr. Taft is a solid, equable man, with a wonderful power of working with others, and a larger and more varied experience in all departments of government than any preceding President. Roosevelt's excitable temper, and his impatience with injustice and falsehood and nonsense and imposture, brought a great deal of criticism upon him, but I confess I have always rather liked him for his freshness and freedom from cynical indifference. Those who inferred from his impetuosity that he was feather-headed found to their surprise that he was the shrewdest politician in the country. Those also who were so delighted when he announced that he had ceased to believe in Free Trade and had become in principle * a Protectionist, got a surprise when they found that he followed out the principle to its consequences, and that he would protect the laborer against the employer, the general consumer against the producer, and both against the carrier. Those who have read Roosevelt's early writings know what a narrow-minded Radical he was, bigoted in religion, anti-Irish, anti-English, and in economics individualistic. But

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk.

Conservatism and Imperialism have steadily flourished in the United States since their great triumph in defeating the Southern declaration of independence. By the triumph of the Imperialists in 1865, "*Democracy à la Rousseau*," wrote Brownson, "has received a terrible defeat throughout the world, though it is not yet aware of it." The Liberals of Britain, after that issue was decided, long tried to represent the success of the Imperialists as a triumph of Abolitionism and Liberalism in order to find an excuse for worshipping success; but they can no longer conceal from the British electorate that the verdict of the American people is in favour of Conservative Imperialism. Even now when the American tariff is to be "revised," the reform will be made not upon theories of economic liberalism, but on purely

business lines, (except in so far as politics interfere). No one mentions free trade, even as an ideal. Nowhere are the principles and policies of the Manchester Party repudiated with such energy of contempt as in this great republic with which they felt so much sympathy because they looked to it for the realization of their ideals.

I say this from no sympathy with the contempt; for in truth I hold those men in profound respect. Their policy was perfectly suited to their times, and the only pity is that its adoption was not begun twenty-five years sooner. They, together with the Peelites (whom they had enlightened) converted the "Liberal" Party when they captured it into a great instrument of liberty and progress. If they were indifferent about the Colonies, let us remember how strenuously they laboured to establish justice and freedom in Ireland; and a Catholic cannot help recalling how *those* Nonconformists * in 1850 joined as heartily as the High-Churchmen in rebuking the anti-Catholic bigotry of the "Liberal" Party, and they both raised the "Liberal" Party when they gained control of it, to the highest point of conscientiousness which any party ever attained until Mr. Balfour educated the Conservatives. Cobden's private correspondence shows no trace of the pessimism which infected the "Liberal" Party in 1880 ("The frogs committing suicide to save themselves from slaughter") and in 1905. But with all their merits every part of their theory and their policy has been abandoned except the one item of free import of everything which can be produced at home, and the imposition of duties only on what cannot be produced at home; while here in this land which they loved so well, they are forgotten save for an occasional sneer. Democracy, Conservative and Imperialistic, has effaced their memory.

It is not only that the Imperialist Party has won more votes at this election but the Democratic Party has ceased to excite enthusiasm. I am told that you often hear, among the clerks and laborers who used to support the Democrats, such talk as this: "It does not matter to us who is in, or who is out; we have to be drudges anyhow." This is the temper out of which Socialism may grow.

But the economic aspect of American affairs is not the most important one at present. The most significant phenomenon in American public life just now is its moral improvement; an improvement all the more remarkable because republican institutions are not favourable to public morality, and godless schools are not favourable to morality public or private. In spite of these disadvantages we rejoice in a great moral uprising which began a few years ago when a Catholic Deputy P. M. G. set the good work going by showing up scandals in the Post Office Department. Whatever may be the case with many of our State Governments, the "Imperial Government" of the United States and its statesmen are, as the world goes, on a high level,

* The last survivor of the party, Mr. Goldwin Smith, is illiberal enough. The ingratitude and the malice with which he was treated while in the United States by the Fenians (entitling themselves *The Irish*) might well exasperate a meeker man. But why should he blame the Catholic religion for the political bigotry of its adherents, and particularly for that of anti-clericals? And why should he blame Ireland for the doings of Fenian Irish-Americans any more than England for those of Orange Anglo-Irishmen? Ireland has cast out Fenianism; why cannot England cast Puritanism out of its politics?

* I am not myself *in principle* a Protectionist, but believe the presumption to be in favour of Free Trade, though all the conditions now are against it.

and not inferior in political morality to those of the United Kingdom, where indeed we see at present the strange spectacle of a Government having less principle than the Opposition.

One of the important phenomena of the last election is the fact that, for the first time, a majority of the Catholics voted for the Imperialist Party. For this there were several causes; but it becomes clearer if we remember how the Catholics became connected with the Democratic Party. Formerly, when a Catholic arrived in this Country, he was told that the Democratic Party was the Liberal Party. So blind was their devotion to that Party that when, fifty years ago, the Republican Party, having been long out of office and needing support, made an offer to give the Catholics a share of public money for their schools, the Catholics would not leave the Democrats. The Republicans then turned to the Abolitionists, and took up the Abolitionist cry, and when they got into office tried to persuade the South that Abolition would be dropped if the South would not secede; and Seward, the Secretary of State, even tried to get up a war against British America as a means of causing Abolitionist and States-Right man to forget their quarrel. The Republicans, resting on the Puritans were naturally anti-Catholic. To-day, the Puritans have found that they were the tools of the politicians during the Spanish war, and that the American Government, to secure peace in the Philippine Islands, is in alliance with the Catholic Church. I remember when I came to this Country, and many Catholics were polite enough to ask my opinion, I always said that the annexation of the Spanish dependencies would be a good thing for the Catholic Church in the United States as well as in those territories. When they replied that it was urged by the Puritan bigots, I used to point out that bigotry often outwits itself. The expulsion of France and the annexation of Canada to the British was largely due to Puritan zeal in New England, and the Seven Years War was popularly regarded as a war between Protestantism and Catholicism (as if France and Prussia ever did anything but betray their respective religions.) But the annexation of Canada to the British Empire was the best thing that ever happened the Catholic religion in North America, for in the very next year France by expelling the Jesuits began the downward progress which she has ever since pursued. And so the war against Spain, so largely inspired by Puritan bigotry, has obliged the American Government to court the Catholic Church. Nay, those very newspapers which even three years ago, from sympathy with the Puritans, were hallooing on the bigots in England to their attack upon the Catholic religion, are to day denouncing them for interfering with the Eucharistic Congress, and publishing fictions to the effect that the London mob were set on by Low-Churchmen and Nonconformists and tried to break through the police to attack the procession. It is not without a sense of amusement that I notice this sympathy for the Catholics and this censure on English Protestantism among the signs of the times. The Republican Party in future will lean on the Catholics. On the other hand to tell a Catholic now that the Democratic Party is the "Liberal" Party is to make him think ill of it, and if he be an Irish Catholic he is all the more bitter at finding his confidence disappointed and betrayed. Liberal is that liberal *does*. *The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand*. But as an Irish Catholic statesman, a friend of peace and union once remarked, whenever Ireland is growing contented and trustful, some "Liberal" statesmen is sure to attack the religion which is the religion of the Irish people. And for this the American "Liberal" Party suffers.

In fact here, too, while the Democrats have talked liberality, the Republicans have been practising it in the appointing of chaplains, to prisons, hospitals, asylums, &c. *

Another striking phenomenon is the open derision of the principles of the Declaration of Independence,—that government derives its right from the consent of the governed, and that all men are by nature equal. These principles were always contradicted in practice, but now even the theory is openly mocked. Ex-Secretary Root has declared that the fight of the future must be in defence of Inequality. The North now openly proclaims the right of the minority in the South to govern the majority. A German professor at Harvard in a book on the United States which has greatly pleased the Americans, tells them that the natural equality of men is a principle that never could be held except by an inferior race, and that the only country in Europe in which there now is enough of political and social inequality to make it a fitting friend and companion for the United States is Germany.

As to the relations between the United States and the British United States (often called the British Empire), they were never so cordial, except in the case of one State, viz., Newfoundland. With the United Kingdom there can be no quarrel except in so far as it takes up the quarrels of Canada or Newfoundland; and with Canada the United States is now more friendly than with Newfoundland, as it will do us good to mark and digest. Towards the United Kingdom the attitude, quietly contemptuous three years ago, has grown respectful in proportion to the revival of courage and patriotism in Great Britain and the prospect of the success of Tariff Reform. Intelligent observers could not fail to note that, next to the religious question, what damaged the "Liberal" government most was Lord Milner's exposure of their handling of the Newfoundland question, which opened the eyes of the English people to the way in which some of the "Liberals," when they are out, will stir up foreign animosity in order to make trouble for their opponents, and then when they get in, the party will sacrifice the interests of the Colonies or of their own country, to appease the hostility which some of themselves have excited. The anti Japanese agitation here has only made the Japanese more sensible of the value of the British alliance and has caused Japan to act in China in a way more liberal to British trade, but which the British government could not wisely demand. The trouble with political bigots, as with religious bigots, is that there is too much sawdust where the brains ought to grow.

* It is useless for Catholics to be complaining of Protestant injustice if they do not claim or defend their own rights, or if they sacrifice them for the sake of a party. The Catholic schools in Manitoba were sacrificed by the French Canadians and the betrayal was helped by the editor of the *London Tablet*, who is so ardent a Liberal that before the last general election in the United Kingdom he kept up personal attacks on Mr. Balfour, declared that "common honesty" called for his resignation, and when the Liberal Ministry was formed, assured its readers that its composition was a guarantee of justice to Catholic schools and to Ireland. During the Boer war Cardinal Vaughan kept him from taking the Boer side, but he put in as much pro Boerism as he could.

March in Newfoundland.

ROUGH, roistering March!
Coming with blustering ways
All-dreaded,—yet redeemed
By your lengthening days.
Giving, grudging, sunshine,
Blasting with icy breath,
Swash-buckler of the border
Of nature's Life and Death.
Retreating, harsh, snarling
Before the conqueror, Sun!
Rejoice we, rude blusterer,
Your swaggering reign has run. —Anon.

A National Literature And What It Is Not.

By Rev. Jno. O'Reilly, D. Ph., D. D.



HERE is a certain idea in the Newfoundland mind that the country should have a national literature. By this we mean a literature that would reflect all that is noblest in the national life; its Religion; its industries; its politics (at their best); its social ideals. Such a literature would be both prose and poetry. If we wish to extend the term literature beyond its ordinary meaning we might say that it would comprehend Oratory and the Drama (not perhaps the drama). We do not affect to say that all public speaking is oratory. In fact we know better. Nor do we maintain that every doggerel jingler is a poet. But the twentieth century has its sweet singers too. It is not, however, a very high proof of our literature that we should glorify the merely material, as certain writers do both in Europe and America. The universal spread of journalism is not such an educative advantage as the superficial imagine. The outpouring of journalistic literature in the United States has not advanced literary growth as much as might be supposed. It is really a question if the great journals on both sides of the Atlantic are not rather advertizing sheets than literary organs. And what is true of the greater journals is still more true of the lesser. In fact the spirit of commercialism has largely entered into modern literature. A twentieth rate retailer of some vacuous novel has vision of gold such as William Shakspeare could scarcely have entertained, although he was under powerful patronage. Happily to-day the competition is so acute that this brings a reaction and readjusts the balance. Otherwise the literary outpouring would attain to the dimensions of a deluge.

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS.

The question of a national literature opens up the deeper question of a national education. A certain individual, not lacking in the much over-estimated quality of self-sufficiency, said on one occasion, that "he could write like Shakspeare if he only had a mind to." "That is quite true," said another, "all you want is a mind." Doubtless there are many potential Shakspeares in every age who lack nothing but the Shakspearean brain, and apparently mere assurance can never make up for that. In the ordinary course a nation's progress in literature will be measured by its general progress in that part of Education known as schooling. As a rule literature has best grown in scholastic environment. True, there have been distinguished exceptions to this rule, but for the most part the Newmans and Macauleys of history have been men who had great educational advantages. At the same time we must not forget that whatsoever of educational development may begin in universities and schools the men who have attained to most in any field of scholarship have been those who have best appreciated the need of self-culture. Education is not a something of hasty attainment, it is a life-long process.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

And, too, we may readily believe that real scholars are apt to be more ready to acquire new knowledge than are those whose ignorance might be called encyclopedic. Intellectual pride is scarcely more dangerous than ignorant pride. Perhaps, however, it is more malicious. The growth then of advanced schools in any country will give the proper setting for the development of literary genius. From a large number of cultured people there will easily spring forth men who will shape in language of "living fire" the best thought and noblest aspirations of the Nation. But if the number of cultured persons be limited you may easily have a surplus of literary nonentities, but a lesser number of master-minds. I think that the Newfoundland of our day gives promise of real progress in the field of letters. Already some have arisen who as historians, essayists, poets, journalists and political debaters give proof of the intellectual metal of the country. Then, too,

there is a general ambition to advance educationally. This often expressed demand for educational progress shows that the people more and more appreciate intellectual development which will, under our denominational system, be safeguarded by spiritual culture. By that culture which alone befits a human soul—the destiny of which is infinitely higher than that of a hog. To read the views of certain Free Thinkers in America, on this subject, one would easily see how these persons set aside the doctrine of Eternity. But the adherents of such Free Thinkers—the echoes of such—are still more stupid. They adhere apparently to the doctrine of a hereafter, but do not see the need of training for such a destiny. They would sail the ocean without chart or compass. Many of such theorists are of the ungrammatical ranting class. However, the American public as a whole is becoming more and more impressed with the failure of a non-religious education. The world's educational progress to-day is likely to be impeded by a neglect of classical studies. I use the term "classical" either as meaning the products of Greek and Latin literature, or as meaning all the great works that have come down from the past. This age boasts itself not untruly a utilitarian age—a practical commercial period. And it is so; and because it is so literature as literature is liable to retrograde. We have often heard ignorant or half educated persons affecting to make unfavorable comment on literary production which they (lacking education) were unable to appreciate. This insolence is often noticeable in the semi-educated; such persons, by the way, deem themselves no mean authorities. Their bisected hoof-prints are seen in plat-form literature of the anarchist kind. Platitudes in their vocabulary (no matter how barbarously ignorant) are always impressive eloquence. Such things as these are signs of the times; sure indications that literary culture as such is in some way not advancing. Classical knowledge is neglected. A purely utilitarian age does not demand it. But such an argument is one vast fallacy; a piece of sophistry so gross that one would think the world should revert to barbarism before it could be accepted. Are these indications that the world is somewhat reverting to barbarism? If the world's intelligence becomes uncivilized it will go back to the wilderness, and a certain contempt for classical literature is a really world-wide phenomenon to-day.

Christianity alone has educated the nations. In the fifth century, when an old pagan civilization had been broken, the Church stood in the breach. The Papacy sent its missionaries over the world, and so Christian Education, inspiring everything of good, has come down through the ages. But Christianity in its schools and universities fostered classical learning. In ages of barbarism Catholicity defended the pass with its life-blood, and will, according to need, do the same in the ages of modern barbarism. A more general appreciation of classical literature would save mankind from mere platitudes and pretentious superficialities poured forth by scribes. Some of our ablest local and foreign writers are men of real philosophical depth and of classical knowledge—taking classics in the broad sense of general literature. They are not mediocrities of literature, but really illuminative writers.

As to the more restricted meaning of classics, that is Greek and Latin, we may say that such branches of learning have been always a great part of University Education, and "scholars" have always been of classical learning. In fact to abolish classical literature would be to revert to barbarism, at least in the intellectual sense. Classics may have been exaggerated at some periods of history, but that only proves how broad was the recognition of their use. Materialism has to-day, both in Europe and America, brought a certain ignorant disregard for classical learning, a disregard which will only retard culture. The illiteracy of hastily acquired wealth is proverbial in the United States. When the absolutely ignorant attain to the possession of wealth, they have frequently only the grossest and least intellectual idea of its uses. Wealth in the hands of culture

is more easily turned to further artistic advancement. Because of this we should to-day oppose that popular prejudice of a utilitarian age, and earnestly advocate a revival of interest in the world's literary masterpieces. Sometimes it would seem as if absolute ignorance of a subject were certain persons' chief and only qualification for writing upon it. The less they know the more ready they are to give their trash to the nation. When we see a perfect flood of illiterate presumption depositing on the surface of civilization all the plagues of Egypt—and more—is it not a pleasure to turn from the yellow parasites of turmoil literature and direct our attention to the great classical authors. We know that the history of the church, ever favouring and moderating classical studies, attests that if the press can be a malediction when inspired by the demon of unenlightened presumption, it can be a benediction in the hands of wisdom and culture. Assuredly the pens of Newman, Manning, Brownson, Faber and Gibbons have been as blessings to the world. The pen of Pius X. has been used to "restore all in Christ."

As already said, I believe there has risen, in late years in Newfoundland, a certain number of really brilliant writers—some historians, some versifiers and some journalists. I know some of our young Newfoundland journalists whose writings I have heard quoted by men whose praise was of worth; by men of literary experience themselves. Yet am I convinced that the period in which we live is departing from classical culture, and if so, it is departing from true intellectual ideals. It is a mere barbarism to decry the Standard works of Greek and Latin Letters, but too many of the half educated (or of those with the proverbial smattering) seem to think in that manner to-day if some magazines reflect their opinions.

A national literature should mirror forth the varied life and ideals of the nation. Oratory, too, and journalism (unless in its baser forms) are of a nation's literature. And here let me pay a passing tribute to two names that, in our Newfoundland literary world, must have an abiding place. These names are Sir Edward Dalton Shea, still with us, and Very Rev. Dean Ryan, deceased. Sir Edward Shea, as editor of an historic paper—*The Newfoundlander*—gave a classic tone to his journalistic work. There are some descriptions from Sir Edward Shea's pen of fifty years ago—for instance the accounts of the Consecration of the Cathedral—which in their literary elegance and clearness of thought remind us of Newman. Of Dean Ryan we may say the Catholic pulpit of Newfoundland will miss him for generations. The Dean was one of those who stored the "wisdom of each studious year," and broke the bread of life to the people with the fire and force of a Patrick or a Columba. He, too, "would restore all in Christ."

"Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."

The tribute paid the Dean's memory by Rev. Mr. Morton is one for which the Dean's myriad Catholic friends will hold the writer in grateful memory. Another really master mind, that I would here refer to, is Rev. Mr. Crehan, of the Christian Brothers. We have had few scholars in Newfoundland equal to Mr. Crehan. His brother—Rev. Dr. Crehan—was known to me in Rome. He is one of the leading educationists and scientists in Ireland. I mention especially the names of Ryan, Crehan and Shea, because they were never too fond of mentioning themselves.

A certain school-boy in one of the Western States was going to astound the inhabitants with a great historical sketch of the mediæval orator and churchman—Savonarola. It was destined no doubt to be a master-piece—a literary gem. So many people had written on Savonarola that even the genius of our school-boy friend might be taxed to lend novelty to the theme. However a certain cynical professor, suspecting that the young essayist was rather unfledged and that he knew as much about Savonarola as about Aristotle, said to him:

"What is oratory?"

"Oratory," said our budding Macauley, "cannot be defined."

Better, perhaps, to say that than to give a grotesque description of this much used term. But oratory, journalism, drama, literature in every sense, will go to compose a national literature.

Whilst we gratefully acknowledged the really excellent work which is being done for a national literature by some of our

writers, especially by our historians and leading journalists and poets, yet we must say that to develop a national literature we must develop a National Education—and the growth of national literature will be parallel with the growth of popular education; and this education calls for a system of advanced schools, such I think as are being patronized at present by Newfoundland churchmen and statesmen. We do not therefore, want more writers so much as we want more students—men who will, by intelligent reading and study, have a real message to deliver when they *do* write. A scribbling mania is not necessarily a taste for literature.

But, whilst we are advancing a system of National Education, let us never make the error of forgetting the place which the classics of Greece and Rome and the philosophies of the schoolmen have held in the development of Christian civilization.



By courtesy of *The Adelpian*.

VERY REV. DEAN RYAN, D.D.

THE kindly reference of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly in the above article, to the late Very Rev. Dean Ryan, suggested to us the publication of the Dean's portrait. The good priest, who died on the 27th September, was born in Tipperary in the year 1843, was educated in Thurles College, in Mount Melleray, and read his Theological course in All Hallows College, Dublin. He was ordained on the 2nd February, 1866, by Bishop Mullock, and did missionary work in St. Mary's and Placentia. In 1872 he came to St. Patrick's, Riverhead, and remained there until he died. At the present time the parishioners of St. Patrick's are at work arranging for a suitable memorial to the beloved Dean.

Robert Gear MacDonald's Book of Poems.



FROM the Isle of Avalon," a neat booklet containing some of the best poetic efforts of one of Terra Nova's gifted sons, has just been published by Frank H. Morland, 16 Park Mansions, Fulham, S. W., London, England. As a contribution to the literature of this colony this work is one of excellent merit, and it gives promise that its author, Robert Gear MacDonald, shall be heard from in the near future with added vigor in the full-toned minstrelsy of his native land.

There is a mystic, loveable sadness, about some of his poems that remind us of that patriotic poet-priest of the South, Father Abraham Ryan, but Mr. MacDonald is versatile in his moods,



ROBERT G. MACDONALD.

and the grave, the gay, the philosophical, and the "light note of gladness" are blent with such charming grace throughout this volume that it is with regret we reach the end.

In "The Passing of the Bœcthuk," the poet leads our imagination, "by gully and lake," back to the wigwams of a vanished race,

"To the forest nooks and the shady brooks,
And the barrens they once had known."

And as we read our fancy conjures up many a warlike brave, many a stately Shanandithi, many a scene of tragedy and of love, enacted in the deep gloom of our woodlands and on the sunlit bosoms of our lakes

"Ere the white man came with deeds of shame"

to dispoil the red man of his heritage.

And here is a gem that shall flash into the heart of many a son of Terra Nova, a picture beautiful, vivid and real,

The path along the cliff he'll see again
And a loved voice he'll hear.

AUTUM LOVERS.

"Slow wind, and night-soothed water, rippling softly on the shingle
And an iodized salt perfume just beyond the pathway strait
Will be on the beach to greet us; and the waves' light splash will mingle
With the dying city noises, as we near the harbor gate.

"We shall hear the water slapping, 'gainst some anchored schooner lapping,
And a ghostly mainsail flapping, 'mid the echoes of the night,
Ere the moon peeps o'er the hill-top, or break the dense clouds' wrapping,
With a regal burst of splendor, flooding sea and sky with light.

"So we'll wander down the pathway in this glorious Autumn weather,
For your youth it is not over, and the years glide happily,
And still within the shadow we shall surely find together
Love waiting in the silence there to welcome you and me."

With the characteristic modesty of the true child of song, our poet writes in his Prefatory Sonnet:

" 'Tis enough for me
Upon this Isle remote to dream my dreams,
Lulled by the ripple of slow seas and streams
Through Summer noontides;
 O songs of mine,
 perchance
Some weary heart may listen to your tone,
And catch the scent or music of the pine,
Or a glimpse of Love; or intercept a glance
Of ocean gleaming on a beach alone."

But we, the readers of the QUARTERLY, who have read in these pages so many of his exquisite compositions, feel that the time is near when he shall strike still grander strains of the unawakened melodies of his Island Harp. And this hope is strengthened when we read those beautiful lines of his, written "By the Silent Sea," when

"Above Conception Bay the lights went down
One after one."

We who know his soul of song

" . . . at least can guess the pulse that stirs
Far in its depths; the unsung melodies
Which passing time defers;
The ripples slow,
Which yet to full-toned waves of song shall grow."

And when he sings—

"Bear with my silence, love; the day may be
When heart, and brain, and voice shall leap together
With some great theme; and as the peaceful sea
Grows strong in boisterous weather,
My song shall wake
Filled with new power for our dear Country's sake."

we know we shall not wait in vain.

Robert Gear MacDonald was born on what is perhaps the most historic site in the New World, the King's Beach of Saint John's, and on the very spot where the Red Cross of England was first formally set up on this side of the Atlantic, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, that sturdy Englishman, thus inaugurating here the modern British Empire.

His education was wholly obtained at the Methodist College, of which the late venerated Robert E. Holloway, B.A., F.C.S., was the principal. At the age of thirteen his father, who had been an invalid for some years, died, and he was left largely upon his own resources. On St. John's day, 1889, he entered the firm of T. McMurdo & Co., chemists, as apprentice, and received his professional training under the late John McNeil, Esq., in which employ he holds to-day one of the most responsible positions in this the largest business of its kind in the colony.

He began to write verse very early, but published nothing until about ten years ago. This booklet, which we now commend to our readers, is a collection of some of his most notable efforts, and deserves the success which it is meeting both at home and in England. Mr. MacDonald is a Newfoundlander first of all: the dream of his life is to see a literature indigenous of this country grow up around us, a literature conforming to the best standards of English, but of the color and scenery and atmosphere peculiar to Newfoundland.

Pioneer work in this direction has been done by such writers as Archbishop Howley, Judge Prowse, A. J. W. McNeily, W. J. Carroll, J. P. Howley, Dan Carroll, F. B. Wood, Miss Carbery and the late Mrs. Rogerson; but we have here in our midst still younger men and women, capable writers too, from whom we expect much. Without a national literature there can never be a national spirit, and without that Newfound-

land can never take her place among her sisters of the Empire. Canada and Australia have each the beginning of a great and growing literature; New Zealand and South Africa, their own,—then why not Newfoundland?

Mr. MacDonald was married in September, 1903, to Miss Jennie S. Clouston, a member of the family which has given to literature, the late Barrington Lodge.

In social life Mr. MacDonald is connected with many organizations. He is president of the Catholic Literature Association, Treasurer of the C. E. T. S., and is prominent in the Newfoundland Historical Society, of whose Council he has been a member since its formation.

"From the Isle of Avalon," can be purchased at any of our bookstores for the small sum of thirty cents. Every Newfoundlander should have a copy in his home. It is having quite a sale in the city, and we bespeak for it a right hearty reception by our patriotic exiled friends.



❁ Arrival of Dog-Trains with Mail. ❁

By Rev. J. M. Allan, M.A.



REV. J. M. ALLAN, M.A.,
Presbyterian Minister Bay of Islands.

For it had been a terrible winter,—weeks on weeks—nay, month after month of intense frost and heavy snowstorms. The railway had been doing some big snow fighting, and nearly for a month or two not a train had arrived and consequently there had been no mail. Not a letter or a newspaper for all these weeks. Day after day we could only go to the telegraph office and read the latest despatch about the Russo-Japanese war, but no other intelligence from the outside world had we. And now as I walked along the track, revelling in the delightful day after such a lengthened siege,, I espy away off, at the head of the Humber Arm, about four or five miles distant, a dark streak—for a little I descry two, they are in a line, only separated a little, the first longer than the second. It is moving, coming nearer! What is it? Can it be? Yes, it must be, it is the mail on dog sleds, the mail at last, that we have been looking for so long, that we had given up looking for it. On they come. What a long line it is. Now I make out one dog a good bit ahead of the first, and another ahead of the second streak. These are the leaders. I stand watching. Rapidly they draw nearer, for the dogs and drivers are now doing their best, seeing the journey's end in sight. I can make out now three men in charge of the first team and two in charge of the second. How well the dogs all pull together, following the leaders and urged on by the drivers. Now they are directly opposite the village at Birchy Cove. By this others have seen them and people are flocking from all directions to the postmaster's wharf where they will most likely land. We had scarcely arrived there when madly they came, tearing, straining, yelping, hot with excitement; fifteen of them as well as I can remember, certainly not less, in the first team, and nine of them in the second. They are soon released. How they jump and scamper and run yelping about. For a time it looks pretty exciting. The crowd think it safest to keep back a bit. By degrees they are quieted and placed in a store to rest before appeasing their ravenous hunger, for they are ravenously hungry—so hungry that it would be death to feed them before they have had a good rest. They have had a long journey from Millertown Junction, a hundred miles by the railway line, and the last stretch from Deer Lake was both the longest and the hardest, the going being very heavy over new fallen snow.



It was a lovely afternoon in early March four or five years ago. The sun shone out with brightness and power as it sometimes will even in early March. The snow, quite recently fallen, lay on the Humber Sound in dazzling white, and all around on either side the land was clothed with the same beautiful spotless mantle. It was a joy to be out that afternoon, I remember it well, walking up on the track (the track is largely the public highway in winter at Bay of Islands), walking up the track, just for pure enjoyment of the day, not minding how far I went, nor in what direction, so long as I was out in the glorious brightness and warmth of the sun,

We couldn't help remarking these dogs, what noble animals for hauling they are; every one with his own name which he knows well and to which he responds at the call of the guide. The leading dogs were very handsome animals and seemed to be proud of their position away off by themselves, without any tackling, and acting simply as leaders.

The following day, after a good night's rest and a good meal, in which hard tack largely predominated, they were on their way back again, making a sight of striking interest as they left the wharf and started off full of life and eager for the journey. This is not a usual scene. It has not occurred since. It may not be seen again, for the Reid-Newfoundland Company seem now, with rotary plow and the experience of the past, as if they had got the upper hand and were determined to keep it.

A Funeral Procession on Snow-Shoes.

A VERY different scene from the foregoing,—and perhaps the most strangely sad and solemn scene I have ever beheld, is that I am about to describe. The circumstances were all in keeping and seemed to be an echo from hearts full of grief and sorrow. It was the year after the scene just described and in the same month. I was driving in a sleigh on the upper Arm of the frozen Humber. Passing Corner Brook and turning round the point to go to Humber-Mouth, driving slowly, (for there had been several heavy falls of snow, and the night before a keen frost, forming a crust which made the travelling for the horse most difficult and slow), I came suddenly upon a funeral procession walking on the snow and with that peculiar swaying motion which told me at once, and before I came close to it, that the procession was on snow shoes. The coffin was on a slide which was drawn by four men holding the shafts. A numerous company of mourners followed behind, two and two. But how shall I describe the strange, weird, sad, almost heart-rending aspect of that procession,—the slow methodical swaying tread of the snow-shoers,—the dull crunch, crunch, crunch of the trodden crust and the silence and deep sadness over all. It struck me as a more solemn and touching scene than any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed. The dumb outside show and the swaying motion were all in keeping with the dumb sorrow in the hearts of the mourners. It seemed as if the most solemn strains of music would have broken the spell. Often have I stirred to the playing of the Dead March in Saul as I have followed the soldier to his grave, largely attracted by the pathetic beauty and the solemn grandeur of the music. They say that nothing can touch the feelings equal to the lament played upon the bag-pipes, that nothing is so strangely pathetic and piercing in its grief expressing power as its shrill notes, as the Highlander leaves his home in the glen to carry his dead to the distant Kirk. But that day as I stopped my horse and sleigh to let the procession pass, I felt that nothing could equal, certainly nothing could surpass, the aspect of dumb pain and sorrow, nothing could be more in keeping with the occasion than the dull, regular, methodical tread of that snow-shoe procession, with this strange swaying motion as if of pent up grief, and the sound of the trodden snow crust, not musical it may be, but most significant; and I could not help reflecting as the procession passed and wended slowly its way, and I went slowly on mine, how wondrously in keeping are the accompaniments of nature with our moods, whether in joy or sorrow, and how far do they surpass the efforts and the art of man.

This mode of travelling on such sad occasions is not a common occurrence, even in this out-of-the-way locality. It is a

very rare one. I have not seen another since. And a gentleman to whom I spoke of it tells me he has not seen even one during a long residence in the Bay of Islands. But so deep was the snow, with the crust on it that day, that any other method of crossing from the northside of the Humber Sound to the burying ground at Corner Brook, would have been for such a company attended with great difficulty, if it would not have been well nigh impossible.



❁ "Mother Burke." ❁

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

[Just beyond Cape St. John is a remarkable mass of rock, which, on its lower front, resembles the face of a stern old woman. Rising sheer above it is a huge pillar of rock apparently inaccessible, near the top of which has been planted a rude wooden Cross. This is the configuration colloqually known as "Mother Burke." When I visited that part of the Island in August, 1906, a fellow passenger remarked that he believed the Cross had been planted there by a Twillingate man. "I can well believe that," said another—a Trinity Bay man—"for a Twillingate man will get anywhere!"]

I.

In the lee of the Cape which the billows invading,
Turn white with the froth of their madness in vain,
Standing up bold 'gainst their bitter upbraiding,
One mighty Rock struggles out of the main.
There sullen masses of water, grown weary,
Spend their last strength in cold spray and gray murk,
While bravely it foils them, the rugged and dreary
Mother Burke.

II.

In days of the summer its rough sides are flattered
By beams of the morning, by light of the eve;
In autumn its grim stones look down on the shattered
And impotent waves at its stern base that grieve;
In winter it towers, silent, dark o'er the whiteness
Prone at its feet of the heaped, groaning ice,
Grinding it fierce with the adamant tightness
Of a vice.

III.

Spring sends the gales its freedom that giving
Scare off the ice with the beat of their wings;
Birds in their myriads daily arriving
Liven the peak which they circle in rings;
Seaducks and seagulls, petrels and gannets,
White, dark and gray, shrill screaming and loud
When ocean-eagles like fiery planets
Scare the crowd.

IV.

Yet through all seasons, all breezes, all changes,
Triumphant stands on its summit, a Cross,
Seen by the glad eye whenever it ranges
Up toward the skies from the billows that toss.
Some stranger placed it there, some reckless climber,
Far in the days when settlers were few,
Years as they pass leave it nobler, sublimer
'Neath heaven's blue.

V.

So like this Rock would I stand o'er life's ocean,
So like that Cross would I have my faith be,
Motionless still while all else is in motion—
Shining from high while the years come and flee.
Shelter for thoughts like sea-birds that hover,
Brightly reflecting all rays of the sun,
Changeless through all as the full years pass over
One by one.

Carlyle and Macaulay as Literary Critics.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



COMPARISON between these two great writers, would seem at first sight to be not merely odious, but ridiculous. They were wholly unlike in their intellects, aims, and views of life. Macaulay strove for popularity, wealth, and worldly honour. His career was a prodigious success. The son of a poor man, Zachary Macaulay one of the renowned leaders of the great movement for the abolition of slavery, his talented son achieved the greatest fame and became a Peer.

Carlyle, the poor old rugged sage of Chelsea, utterly despised the world, and its vain show. Like Charles Dickens he refused to be made a Baronet when the honour was pressed upon him by Queen Victoria. He loved literature for its own sake alone. Social success that charmed his rival held out no allurements to the grumbling old dyspeptic. Even his immense influence on his day and generation, and his prodigious fame seem hardly to have moved him. His last years were singularly unhappy. Through Froude's injudicious biography his reputation and his private life have been blackened by an odious controversy about his strained relations with his wife. It is not the object of this paper to compare these two great men as writers, but solely and simply as critics of literature.

The general public now, as in all generations, will worship worldly success, and follow and applaud Macaulay, the popular writer, the brilliant statesman, and accomplished man of letters. To the real earnest student of literature Carlyle will stand alone, and on a much higher plane than his brilliant rival. He is a great original genius. His French Revolution, his Cromwell, and his life of Sterling will ever entrance the scholar. There is keen delight in his racy epithets, his broad Rabelasian humour, and his magnificent grasp of the great events in the world of History. These fine qualities will always assure him an "audience fit but few."

There is probably no higher test of a man's literary equipment, and capacity, than his appreciation of Carlyle. To the ordinary reader he is often found repulsive, coarse, paradoxical; sometimes even unintelligible. Only the initiated, the real earnest lovers of letters, can appreciate his wonderful charm, his eloquence, and his infinite variety. If we compare Macaulay's and Carlyle's judgments on their contemporaries, we must confess that their views, and opinions about their fellow authors are not merely unsatisfactory and inadequate but absolutely repulsive. Thackeray, the greatest novelist of the Victorian age, was, in Macaulay's view, merely on a par with a frivolous American writer, N. P. Willis. To Carlyle, the most delightful of our English essayists, Charles Lamb was a drunken, stuttering little Cockney; Byron, a huge dandy; Coleridge, a driveller. His views about John Richard Green, one of the greatest of our modern historians, are perhaps the most humorously perverse of all; when his opinion was asked about the book. "Yes," said he, "I have read it, that is to say, I took it up and I saw that he was a young man who had taken great pains about the subject, and perhaps knew something about it. But I saw that there was a great deal about the British constitution, and a great deal about liberty, and as I don't care a *dash* for the British constitution, and as I don't also care a *dash* for liberty, I thought it would be a waste of time to

go further."

For a real and adequate comparison between the two great literary critics, we must set aside their views about their contemporaries. Both shewed alike jealousy, pettiness and an absolute incapacity to appreciate the rising young men of genius about them. Happily we have both their criticisms on a great Book and a dead author. Both wrote nearly about the same time, Reviews of Croker's Edition of Boswell's-Johnson. Here then we can make a very complete test of their relative critical capacities.

There are no prejudices in the way, both hated Croker—a high Tory. Macaulay assails the unfortunate annotator in every mood and tense of objugation, page on page is devoted to exposing his unfortunate errors, "ill compiled, ill arranged, ill written, ill printed." The notes absolutely swarm with mis-statements and so on *ad nauseam* for half the essay. Carlyle has the same utter contempt for Croker, but how differently, how humorously he shews up the defects, and effectively demolishes the editor. Macaulay's essay on Johnson, especially the latter part, is a most interesting and brilliant epitome of the Doctor's life. Boswell's life of Johnson is universally recognized as the most charming literary Biography in our English tongue. How could Boswell, a drunken frivolous Scotch laird, a vain fool, as Macaulay describes him, write the finest biography in our language? Macaulay gives us no help, every hard thing that can be said about the unfortunate Auchinlech, his imbecility, his vanity, and his immorality, are insisted on with all the author's colouring and iteration; but how it came about that this fool and snob wrote such a good book there is no solution. As the Scripture tells us, "men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles." Carlyle, without the slightest glossing over of Boswell's defects, explains and clears up the mystery: "Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talents, above all, of his love and child-like open mindedness. Whatever was bestial and earthy in him are so many blemishes in his book. . . . Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy which is the lowest, but reverence which is the highest quality of our human nature. Carlyle, differing altogether from Macaulay, insists on Boswell's fine literary taste, and sense of humour. Curiously enough the biographer's capacity has been vindicated quite recently, by the discovery of a number of Boswell's letters written from abroad. They are admirably expressed, and have quite a literary charm and flavour all their own.

No man did more in his day and generation to foster a love of literature amongst the common herd of men than Macaulay, by his charming essays. I once made a hit about him that gained me admission to a great magazine, and a handsome honorarium. I described Macaulay as the literary Cook of our time, who had *personally conducted* thousands of middle class ordinary people up to the aery realms of literature and light.



The Methodist Guards Brigade.

(EVERYMAN A BRICK.)

By F. H. White.



Y way of introduction to the M. G. B., I would say that when one man says admiringly to another, "you're a brick," he, perhaps, seldom knows how the saying originated.

In the golden days of Greece an Ambassador once came from Epirus to Sparta and was shown by the King over his capital. He was surprised to find no walls around the city. "Sire," he exclaimed, "I have visited nearly all the towns in Greece, but I find no walls for their defence, why is this?" "Indeed," the King replied, "you cannot have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

On the following morning the King led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing proudly to the valiant soldiers, he said: "There you behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick."

The letters "M. G. B." are well known to every citizen. They represent the "Methodist Guards Brigade" of this city.

consequently found it difficult to attend drill regularly and on time. In the latter part of the year, 1903, they succeeded in obtaining the use of a building on Pleasant Street. They spent two years there, and, as the building had become inadequate for the growing needs of the Brigade, they came to the conclusion that the only way out of the difficulty was to build a hall, one which would be in every way satisfactory. So soon by the aid of voluntary subscriptions they were in a position to erect one, the result of their labours can be seen in the fine building erected on Springdale Street, which is second to none of its kind in the city and reflects upon them great credit. Everything to meet their many requirements is there—its dimensions being 63 x 105ft. On entering the hall the visitor is impressed by the up-to-dateness of everything he sees. The first thing which attracts his attention is the splendid way in which the hall is lighted, there being three arc lamps suspended from the ceiling, as well as smaller lights around the sides.

Separate rooms are provided for the Officers, Quarter-Master,



M. G. B. ARMOURY.



IN CAMP AT TOPSAIL.

This Brigade was inaugurated in the year 1900 by some interested parties, having, as their object, the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among lads of all classes, the promotion of reverence, discipline, self-respect and all that tends towards true Christian manliness.

It has done much along this line. Many who have grown up in its ranks, and who have been favoured with no small amount of success, can attribute it to a large extent to the training received there. This has also been the case of many a young man who has gone to foreign lands to seek his fortune. It has helped him considerably to keep up his end of the plank. An organization of this kind enables a young man to cope with the many problems which present themselves in the course of his life. The training which he receives while within its ranks is not easily forgotten. He is taught patience, self-respect, reverence, discipline, perseverance and obedience, for "their's not to reason why."

They assemble twice a week for practice when they engage in all kinds of drill. To come home after being in the office, shop or store all day, and know that there is a place where you can spend the evening to good advantage instead of wandering about the streets wasting your valuable time and money in foolish pastimes, is no mean boon.

For the first year or so after starting the C. L. B. Hall was hired for drill purposes until they could be fortunate enough to build one of their own. Although a good hall, it did not suit them, as most of the lads resided in the West End, and

Pay-Master, Warrant Officers, Non-Coms. Officers, Armoury, Band, A & B Cos.

The Reading-Room is a valuable addition to the Brigade, being open every night for the use of its members, and is patronized to a very large extent, which proves that this part of the work is of material assistance to the lads. Here is spent many hours of reading and study, which might otherwise be spent in useless pleasures. It is fitted up in first-class style and decorated to suit the surroundings. There is also a fine book-case containing over 400 volumes, by some of the best writers of the day, and a good assortment of Magazines and other reading matter.

They have a fine band consisting of twenty one Instruments. Mr. Alex. Mews, whose musical ability is so widely known, holds the honoured position of band-master. His predecessors in office were—Mr. J. Vey and Mr. J. Pratt—all of whom deserve the credit of bringing the band to its present state of efficiency. The large attendance at their annual concerts prove that the music furnished is of a high standard. This band has won for itself the reputation of being one of the finest in the city.

To make any Brigade interesting you must have intermingled with drill different kinds of sports, and those who have followed the Guards closely since their formation, can see that they have been connected with all kinds of manly sports, as "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." In this connection they have their winter sports, which have always proved successful and



Photos by James Vey.

M. G. B. SHOOTING TEAM—WINNERS 1908.

TOP ROW—Corp. J. Mitchell, Sgt.-Major L. C. Mews, Capt. J. P. Blackwood, Sgt. F. Burden, Pte. B. St. Hill.
SECOND ROW—Pte. T. Clouston (Bugler), Pte. E. Snelgrove (Band), Capt. J. W. March, Pte. W. Cadwell (Band), Pte. J. Ellis.



M. G. B. FOOTBALL TEAM—WINNERS 1908.

TOP ROW—Lieut. E. Ayre, Lce.-Corp. G. Pike, Pte. J. Evans, Lieut. H. Ayre, Sgt.-Major L. C. Mews, Capt. J. P. Blackwood, Sgt. F. Burden, Corp. J. Mitchell, Sgt. H. Butler, Pte. F. Haddon.
SECOND ROW—Pte. C. Bond (Band), Pte. J. Aitken, Pte. A. Pike (Capt. Team), Lce.-Corp. C. Quick (Band), Pte. G. Roberts.
THIRD ROW—Pte. C. Fenwick, Pte. W. Smallwood.

have afforded much interest to the participators. For the last two years they have had a Basket Ball Contest with the Catholic Cadet Corps a cup being presented by the M. G. B. They had, on both occasions, to give it up owing to the better play of their opponents.

At present they have a shield up for competition between the Sections of A & B Cos. which was very kindly presented by Lieut.-Colonel Pitts. It was won in 1907 by Section 4 of B. Co.

The one thing which is always looked forward to by the lads is Camping and by the interest and enthusiasm displayed it is a time of great enjoyment. Would you wonder at them enjoying themselves spending ten days in the country under canvas, away from city life, with nothing to care for but themselves. Here are spent ten days bathing, drilling, breathing in the fresh sea air and indulging in different kinds of sport, all of which tend to invigorate and strengthen the body.

One only needs to spend a Thursday afternoon at Topsail on a fine day to be convinced of the fact, that the boys derive material benefit from an outing of this kind. Topsail has always been their place of camping. It is a delightful spot, being nicely situated as regards distance from town, and the scenery can hardly be surpassed. It is, as many already know, on a slightly inclined plane, overlooking Conception Bay, and is frequently called the "Newfoundland Brighton." A more suitable camping place could not be found.

The outing for 1908 was one of the most successful yet held. They started camping on Friday August 7th, and remained ten days returning on the following Saturday. Fifteen tents were necessary to accommodate the lads each tent holding about nine. About 140 enrolled, average attendance being ninety which is the largest for any year, and goes to show that interest is on the increase. The order of the camp, except for a few defaulters was all that could be desired, and reflects credit upon Captain March who was in command. Fine weather was encountered the whole time which added greatly to the enjoyment.

Some very interesting contests have been held with their sister brigades which have gone a long way towards encouraging the friendly feeling that already exists. One of the principal being Shooting. In the year 1903 the late Commodore Montgomerie presented a cup for competition between the Brigades, having to be won three years in succession by any one brigade before ownership can be claimed. For the years 1903-04 it went to the C. C. C.; years 1905-06 to the C. L. B.; years 1907-08 to the M. G. B. The matches throughout have been most interesting.

The training of our young lads in the use of fire-arms deserves every encouragement, as who knows when they may be called upon to fight for the British Empire, of which we have the honour of forming a part.

Those who want a healthy and invigorating exercise could not do better than indulge in "Association Football." From the

players stand-point, the "genuine footballer"—the player who follows football as a means of exercise and enjoyment, and who goes into it with heart and soul—is the only one who can get any real pleasure out of it. To him "the play" is the thing, and nothing else,—whether the game is improving or deteriorating, and he is always trying to do better than he did before.

From a spectator's standpoint you would not wish to see a more enjoyable or manly game, if the teams are composed of the men of the class I have described. The Brigade matches were introduced into the League in 1906, doing away with the second division. A fine cup was put up for competition and the three Brigades competing. The matches proved very interesting, even more so than the League matches, which could be seen by reference to the gate receipts for 1908—Highest Brigade, \$127.00; highest League, \$89.00. One very noticeable feature in connection with these Brigade matches was the manly way in which the losers take their defeat. This spirit was shown throughout the entire series of games, all admitting that the best team won. For year 1906 the cup went to the M. G. B.; for 1907, to the C. C. C.; and the M. G. B. managed to regain it in 1908, going through the games without losing a match.

We were all very glad to see the Newfoundland Highlanders entering the football field for 1908, and, although last, they proved that with practice they will have to be reckoned with in the future.

We come now to rowing, which I might say has been the most exciting of all the sports. The M. G. B. entered the rowing contests in 1907, making the third crew. Being a new crew it was thought by many that their place would be third on the list, but by perseverance and a determination not to be last they brought the *Doctor* in second, which was the surprise of the day. In the present year, 1908, they entered a crew, and, benefiting by the experience gained in the previous year, made a very creditable showing. They manned the *Nina*, the new boat, and came in in second. We venture to say that had they been fortunate enough to secure the *Red Lion* or *Blue Peter* they might have lessened the time by a few seconds.

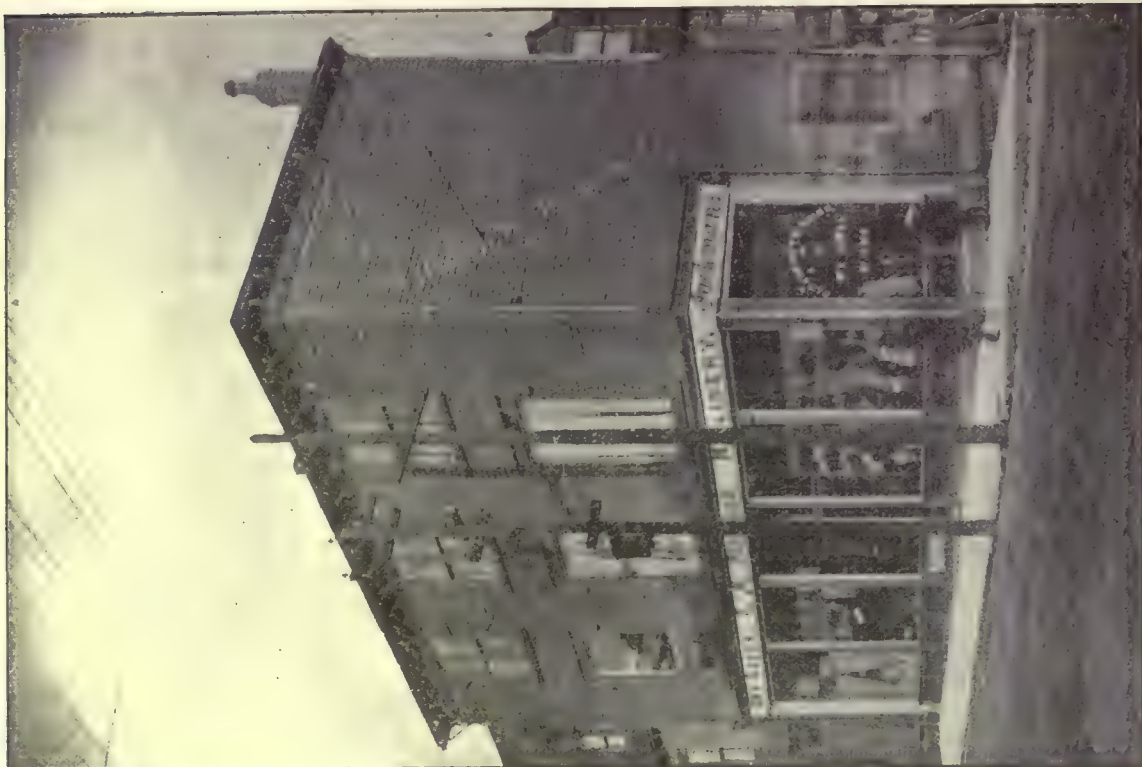
I would like to call the attention of the four Brigades to the advisability of including the splendid game of hockey among their other sports, it being the only game not taken up by them. During the winter months there are no interesting contests between the Brigades, and I am sure I am voicing the sentiments of many in proposing an "Inter-Brigade division" in connection with the League. A series of games between them would be highly appreciated by lovers of hockey, even more so than the League matches, and not only would they be of interest to the public but would increase the Brigade finances.

All that is needed is for some practical step to be taken regarding this matter, and I would most strongly urge that a representative from each Brigade be appointed to meet the Hockey League and arrange some definite plan.



A HOLIDAY IN WINTER
AT "BEN RHUE."





E. M. JACKMAN'S LADIES' DEPARTMENT, NEW GOWER STREET.



STEER BROS., DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, WATER STREET.

❁ First Anglers' Competition. ❁

THE First Anglers' Competition in Newfoundland was instituted by Ayre & Sons, Limited, on 26th June, 1908, for the largest Trout caught on that date, and was a marked success. The following were the prize winners:—

1st—W. SKEANS, a Rainbow Trout, weighing 2 lbs.
1 oz. Prize—"A" "Riverside" Steel Fishing Rod.



2nd—G. PEYTON, a Rainbow Trout, weighing 1 lb.
14½ oz. Prize—A Fishing Basket and Strap.



3rd—H. SNOW, a Sea Trout, weighing 1 lb. 12 oz.
Prize—A Fly Book.



4th—W. J. HERDER, a Rainbow Trout, weighing
1 lb. 4 oz. Prize—A Nickel Plated Reel.



We shall continue these competitions during the coming season, offering prizes that are worth competing for. Our angling requisites will be more up-to-date than ever.—Ayre & Sons, Limited.



❁ Sheriff Carter's New Book. ❁

"IN the Wake of the Setting Sun," the title of Sheriff Carter's new book, which will be on the market in a few days, published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, of High Holborn, London, handsomely bound and embossed in gold, with forty pages of exquisite art illustrations, and some five hundred pages of letter press, giving a realistic description of world-wide countries, extending from Newfoundland "over the range to the Golden Gate," to Southern California, San Francisco, Honolulu, to "the land of the Rising Sun," and far Cathay, Singapore, the Straits Settlements, and the lovely Island of Ceylon.

"Where e'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rain-bow tints, what magic charm we found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest sky that harmonize the whole."

—Byron.

Returning via the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, calling at Aden, Port Said, Marseilles, Gibraltar, to the old West-Country sea-port town of Plymouth sitting by the sea, the mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the world that bear her name in their memories the home of the old sea-dogs and fathers of the British Navy, the pioneers of Greater Britain, and the Isles beyond the Seas, the founders of the Great American Republic, the vast Dominion of Canada to the Arctic circle; the old fishing admirals and vikings of the North; and in every clime under the shadow of the old flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, that flag may sink with the shot-torn wreck, but ne'er float o'er a slave. In the long line of noble names that fair Devon has given to the history of our land, does not our hearts thrill within us at the very mention of such men as Drake, Hawkins, Davis, Raleigh, Sydney, and Gilbert? —bright stars writ on the blazing scroll of fame, to that little

land belong; concluding with a pen and ink sketch of the old historic town of Exeter, its grand old Cathedral, picturesque Guild-Hall, and ancient castle, delightfully seated in a country side of great beauty, and within a few miles of the sea amid the charming scenery of the estuary of the River Exe.

The author has placed a portion of the edition on the London market, thereby running the gauntlet of the press; no doubt he will emerge therefrom wounded and bleeding. Let not "Ye Ancient Colony" further discourage him by passing by on the other side; but rather act the good Samaritan, by booking your orders for copies at the several book-stores, at \$1.50 per volume, and you will not be unrewarded.



"The Newfoundland Quarterly."

—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

Issued every third month about the 15th of March, June, September and December from the office

34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR,
To whom all Communications should be addressed.

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One Year, in advance, Newfoundland and Canada	40 "
Foreign Subscriptions (except Canada)	50 "

Advertising Rates

\$30.00 per page; one-third of a page, \$10.00; one-sixth of a page, \$5.00.
one-twelfth of a page, \$2.50—for each insertion.



In thy wastes, Newfoundland, there's a vast waving wood—
A forest primeval, in majesty yet,
That hides the gaunt wolf and the black fox's brood,
Where foot of the White Man has never been set.

They say there's a pool 'mid those fir-covered hills
Where, dismal and songless, weird solitude reigns—
Whose wave, like Bethsaida's, a spirit-touch thrills
When twilight falls deep on the russet-leaved plains.

When bright o'er the far hills the summer moon shines,
And closer the guides round the glowing brands sit;
When zephyrs are whispering low to the pines,
And My Lady Nicotine's censers are lit—

There's many a tale round the camp-fire told
Of daring, of strength, of the lust of the chase;
But ever the hunters, or youthful or old,
To this eerie legend will ever give place:

The Micmac has heard a weird cry in the night
And crosses himself as he rests by the lake,
The stag dashes swift thro' the woods in affright
As weird on the winds ans'ring echoes awake.

The timid doe shuns that lone pool, even when
Her panting breast thirsts in the heat of the day;
The trapper, who sees it once, comes not again;
The wolf skulks in fear from its waters away.

But there long ago, when the Red Man held sway,
Ere the Micmac invader was known in the land,
A Bæthic maid and her lover would stray
On its iris-fringed margin at eve hand in hand.

And there, when the morning, with glittering sheen,
Awakened the song-bird and blossom, the maid,
From dew-spangled grasses, would gracefully lean
And smile as her own lissom form she surveyed.

Near its crystal clear waters, in youth's golden prime,
Renetta oft sat thro' the summer day long,
As deftly she wrought some fantastic design
For the crest of her lover, Shandoah the Strong.

Her tresses, whose tint with the raven's plume vies,
Fall rich o'er her shoulders unmindful of art,
The brown sunny depths of her luster-lit eyes
Reveal the pure ecstatic joy of her heart.

She smiles at the picture her day-dream reveals—
A queen in a wigwam beside the blue lakes—
But over her visions a mystic spell steals,
And chilled is her heart as in terror she wakes

The pool that she loved, crimson glowed as with blood
And deep from its depths a voice calling her name,
And lo! as she looked she beheld in its flood,
The White Man, and all the foul deeds in his train.

The woes of her people were shown to her there,
The pangs of the famine, the waste of the raid;
The long night of Winter made dark by despair;
The last long sad march that her doom'd kindred made.

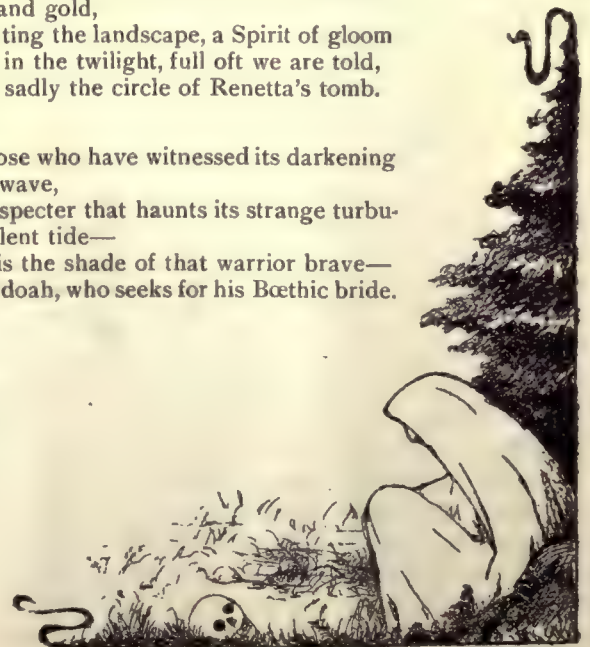
The plague-poisoned waters where perished the brave;
The foul ambushade—she revolts at the gore!—
The wreck on the light'ning-lit, storm-driven wave;
The empty canoe as it drifted ashore.

She saw there reflected the last of her race,
The form was Shandoah's—she screamed in her pain!
She flew to his arms in a last fond embrace—
The woodland paths knew not Renetta again.

She died in its waters. That pool to this day
Its dark secret guardedly, jealously keeps,
In calmest of noons let a footstep there stray
And the whirlwinds fury possesses its deeps.

And now when the Autumn, with crimson
and gold,
Is tinting the landscape, a Spirit of gloom
Is seen in the twilight, full oft we are told,
Pace sadly the circle of Renetta's tomb.

And those who have witnessed its darkening
wave,
The specter that haunts its strange turbu-
lent tide—
Aver 'tis the shade of that warrior brave—
Shandoah, who seeks for his Bæthic bride.



TEA! SEASON 1909

Our spring shipment of Ceylon Teas having arrived, we offer a large Stock (*BOUGHT FOR CASH*):

5 lb. Boxes (lead lined), \$1.50, \$2.00 & \$2.50 each.

10 lb. " " " \$3.00, \$4.00 & \$5.00 each.

150 20 lb. Boxes Ceylon Tea.

100 Half-Chests, 50 lbs. each, Ceylon Tea.

10 Chests, 100 lbs. each, Gold Dust Tea.

75 Boxes China Tea, 20 lb. Boxes.

25 Cases Seal Brand Tea $\frac{1}{4}$ s. & $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

J. D. RYAN, - 281 Water Street.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Government has arranged, with a view to encourage Industrial Education amongst the workingmen of this Colony, that Engineers, Artisans, Mechanics and Apprentices may hereafter be admitted, at specially reduced fees, to study in the night classes of the School of Art such courses of Technical Drawing as may be required in their various industries.

These Classes will Re-Open October 1st, 1907. All information as to hours, fees, etc., may be obtained of Prof. Nichols, Principal of the School. Early application is advisable.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
September 12, 1907.

JOB BROTHERS & Co.,

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Importers of British and American Goods of every description—Wholesale and Retail.

Exporters of Codfish, Codoil, Codliver Oil, Seal Oil, Lobsters, Furs, and general produce.

All orders for same promptly filled at very lowest rates.

Follow the Crowd & Save Money.

Call and get our prices before you buy your Spring's supply of

PROVISIONS.

Big Stock,

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Don't forget the address:

P. H. COWAN & Co's.

New Store, opposite Harvey & Co's. premises.

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last preceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of imprisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or carcase of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of said section.

ELI DAWE,
Minister Marine and Fisheries.

FEE-SIMPLE LAND!

Licenses of Occupation of Crown Lands may be granted, subject to the following conditions: (1) Payment of \$5.00 for each lot of 160 acres; (2) Settle, within two years, one family on each area of 160 acres; and (3) for each 100 acres licensed clear two acres per annum for five years. If said land is so cleared and cultivated and the required number of families are continued thereon for a further period of ten years, the licensee shall be entitled to a FEE-SIMPLE GRANT of the land so licensed. No grant to exceed 6,400 acres. (See Crown Lands Act, 1903, section 5), or

under Section 6 of said Act a License may issue to occupy 5000 acres of land, and, if the Licensee shall, within ten years, clear and cultivate 25 per cent. of the land and shall settle one family for each area of 320 acres, he shall be entitled to a GRANT IN FEE of said land free of cost; or

under Section 7 of said Act, Licenses of occupation of 50 acre lots may issue, and if Licensee continuously occupies same for five years and cultivates two acres he shall be entitled to receive a FEE-SIMPLE TITLE TO SAID FIFTY ACRE LOT.

For further information apply to

J. A. CLIFT, Minister Agriculture & Mines.

GENERAL POST OFFICE

Reduction of Letter Rate to the United States of America.

FROM 1st March next the charge for letters addressed to the **United States of America** will be **Two Cents per Ounce**, or fraction thereof, instead of five cents as at present.

All postal officials in Newfoundland are hereby directed to observe this new rate from the above named date.

G. P. O., 15th Feb., 1909.

H. J. B. WOODS,
Postmaster-General.

LUMBER

SCANTLING, 5x5 to 10x10.

STUDDING, all sizes.

JOISTING, 2 & 3 in. thick,
assorted lengths.

We have also a full stock of
SEASONED BOARD IN STORE.

All selling at the Lowest Market Prices.
Purchasers will get good value for their money.

W. & G. RENDELL.

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS

Contractor, Builder,
and Appraiser. ✿

Dealer in Cement Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes, Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass.

Estimates Given for all kinds
of Work at Shortest Notice.

✿ Manufacturers and Real Estate Owners contemplating any addition to their present holdings, or the erection of new structures, will find it advantageous to get our estimates and terms.

Economy

Means foregoing luxuries, and many of us are obliged to economise at the present time. ✿ But economy does not mean cheating ourselves of the **Necessities of Life,** and that is what we do if we buy inferior Flour.

Get this brand  and we are sure

It has a reputation to keep up, and is the purest and most nourishing Flour produced anywhere.



JACKMAN THE TAILOR, Sole Agent.

✿ Outport Shoppers cut this out and mail it to
JACKMAN THE TAILOR,
Mail Order Department, St. John's.

Please send me a Litholin Collar, shape.....size.....
I enclose 28 cents to cover all charges.

Name.....

Address.....

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Office Furniture.

Venetian Blinds
Made to Order.

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a Specialty.

Horses and Vans for
Removing Pianos, &c.

"Go West, Young Man!"

For a refreshing "Shampoo and Sea Foam."
The latest treatment in "Facial Massage."
Satisfaction in a Hair Cut or Shave. —

✿ N. B.—An up-to-date Hot and Cold Water
System lately installed.

M. F. MURPHY, 14 Water Street West.



Published by Authority

ON recommendation of the Minister of Finance and Customs, the following amendments to the Rules and Regulations respecting Samples such as are carried by Commercial Travellers, and which were published in the "Royal Gazette" of date the 2nd May, 1905, have been approved by His Excellency the Deputy Governor in Council.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
August 25th, 1908.

The following to be added to the latter part of Section 1, viz. :—

A drawback equal to the amount of duty paid by commercial travellers may be paid on such samples when exported within six months of their importation, and upon a certificate from a landing or examining officer identifying the goods and the quantity thereof which shall be attached to the Export Entry. The drawback may only be paid upon the presentation of Form No. N. F. 12, Claim for Drawback, properly filled in, and with landing certificate of foreign Customs, duly signed.

The following new Section, to be numbered "4," to be added to the said Rules and Regulations :—

4. Articles of theatrical societies, known as "properties," circus horses and cattle, menageries, carriages and harness thereof, musical instruments of companies visiting Newfoundland for exhibition purposes, may be admitted upon a deposit equal to the duty being paid, or upon a bond being giving securing the duty. Such bond shall set forth a reasonable time within which the export must be made.

J. J. O'GRADY,

Painter, Glazier,

Paper Hanger,

and

House Decorator,



OUTPORT ORDERS

SOLICITED.



WORKSHOP: FOOT CARTER'S HILL

Address: No. 3, Fergus Place.

Customs Circular

No. 15



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms, and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions :—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
ASSISTANT COLLECTOR.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, February, 1909.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY

(Published Annually)

ENABLES traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English

Manufacturers and Dealers

in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of

Export Merchants

with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply;

Steamship Lines

arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

Provincial Trade Notices

of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for 20s.

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for £1, or larger advertisements from £3.

The LONDON DIRECTORY Co., Ltd.,
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.

REGULATIONS

Relating to the preservation and improvement of Game Birds in this Colony made and prescribed by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of Section 9, of the Act 6, Edward VII., Cap. 20, entitled "An Act respecting the Department of Marine and Fisheries."

Whereas there has been imported into this Colony and set at liberty for the public benefit a number of Game Birds known as Capercaillie and Black Game.

And Whereas it is desirable to prescribe regulations for the preservation and improvement of the said Game Birds the following regulations have been made by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said Act for that purpose:—

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive or give away, or have in his possession any Capercaillie or Black Game or the eggs of any such birds within this Colony at any time from the 12th day of October, 1907, to the 12th day of October, 1917.

2. Every person who violates the above regulations shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs, and in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

The following description of the birds is published for general information:

THE CAPERCAILLE COCK is a large bird, weighing from 7 to 12 lbs., of dark blue plumage, but white from the crop downwards and with white spots on the upper wing-coverts.

THE BLACK COCK, which is larger than the Partridge, is also of dark blue plumage, with white feathers under the tail and in the wings.

THE HENS OF BOTH SPECIES are the colour of the local Partridge in early summer, i.e. a light brown.

ELI DAWE,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, ✿ Hearth Brushes, ✿ Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, February, 1909.

Customs Regulations ✿ As to Invoices.

1.—Every invoice of goods imported into Newfoundland shall be certified in writing as correct by the person, firm or corporation selling or consigning the goods, and shall truly show the whole and actual value of the goods in the currency of the country whence the goods have been exported directly to Newfoundland, and the quality and description of such goods, and the marks and numbers on the packages, in such a manner as to indicate truly the quantities and values of the articles comprised in each exportation package, all of which packages shall be legibly marked and numbered on the outside, when of such a character as to enable such marks and numbers to be placed thereon. (Form 11).

2.—If invoices are made out at lower prices, for goods exported directly to Newfoundland, than the fair market value thereof when sold for home consumption at the time and place when and from which they were exported, there must be clearly shown in a special column, or in addition thereto, the fair market value of the goods described therein, as required by the Customs' Act.

3.—In the case of goods consigned to a person, firm or corporation, other than the actual owners of the goods resident in Newfoundland, and in the case of goods which have not been actually purchased by the Consignee or importer in the ordinary mode of bargain and sale, or where purchased through an agent, there shall be annexed to the invoice of such goods a declaration to be made by the foreign owner or exporter of the goods in the form approved by the Governor-in-Council. (Form 6).

4.—When goods are imported into this Colony from any country, other than Great Britain, Ireland or Canada, the invoices thereof must show the cost of inland transportation, shipment and transshipment with all the expenses included, from the place of growth, production or manufacture, whether by land or water, to the vessel in which shipment is made, either in transit or direct to this Colony.

Importers, of goods brought into Newfoundland, will please take notice that no invoice will be accepted at the Customs unless the declarations, provided for by the Governor-in-Council, are attached thereto.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Assistant Collector.

Department of Customs,
1909.

GENERAL POST OFFICE. ✿ ✿ Telegraph Money Orders.

FROM this date Money may be transmitted by means of Telegraph Money Orders from all Post Offices in Newfoundland at which Telegraph and Money Order business is transacted.

The Scale of Charges of Commission on Telegraph Money Orders will be the usual Money Order Commission, plus twenty cents, the cost of a Telegraphic advice to the Postmaster at Office of payment.

In all other respects Telegraph Money Orders will be subject to the ordinary Money Order regulations.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Nfld., June 3, 1908.



THE . . .

Newfoundland Quarterly.

9

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX.—No. 1.

JULY, 1909.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.

AFTER A DAY ON THE
BARRENS.



Photo by H. Fraser.

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Extract from "An Act to Provide for the Establishment of a Fire Department for the Town of St. John's." (Passed July 4th, 1895.

Sec. 9.—No person shall open any of the signal boxes connected with the fire alarm telegraph for the purpose of giving or causing to be given a false alarm of fire, or to interfere in any way with the said boxes, by breaking, cutting, injuring or defacing the same, or pulling the hook, handle or slides therein, except in case of fire; or without authority open, tamper or meddle with said boxes, wires or attachments, or any part or parts thereof, or with the telephone wires or anything connected therewith, under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Sec. 14.—Every person who shall carry any fire through the streets, lanes or any wharves in the town, except in some covered vessel, or who shall kindle or light a fire in any of the places aforesaid, or who shall carry a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette on any wharf where hay, straw or any combustible material may be stored, shall for every offence be liable to a fine of not less than ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 15.—No person shall use in any mill, barn, outhouse or stable a lighted candle or lamp, unless enclosed in a lantern, fire in any of the said buildings unless properly secured, nor a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 16.—No person shall light or have a fire in any house, workshop or outhouse unless such fire is in a brick or stone chimney, or in a stove of iron or other metal material properly secured, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 17.—No person shall light a fire or cause a fire to be lighted on any street, lane, wharf or public place, except in accordance with a permit of the officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

All Wharfingers and Store-keepers on the water front, as well as Coachmen and Stable-keepers generally, also Owners of Workshops, and Managers of Factories, are requested to do all in their power, in the interest of public safety, to see that Sections 14 and 15 are observed.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Inspector-General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.

Queen Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS \$60,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Always Ask for

HARVEY'S

Bread and Biscuits.

Special care is taken in the manufacture of our Bread and Biscuits. When we say to you that they are the **Best** we do not exaggerate in the least.

Our **SODAS** and **LUNCH** particularly are Leaders.

A. HARVEY & Co.

EXTRACTS FROM BEAVER BILL

No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any Beavers within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1907, to the first day of October, 1910, under a penalty for each offence not exceeding \$200 and not less than \$15, and confiscation of the animal or skins.

No person shall within the period mentioned in the last preceding section, export, or cause to be exported, any skin of a Beaver, under a penalty not less than \$200, or to a term of imprisonment not less than three months.

If within the period mentioned in the first section of this Act any person shall have in his possession any Beaver or skin, or carcase of a Beaver, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of said section.

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister Marine and Fisheries.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1909.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$0.85**
 } **To 1.00**

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$1.10**
 } **To 1.50**

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40 cents per year.

❁ Newfoundland Name-Lore. ❁

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D.

XXVI.



WE are now approaching a portion of the coast, which really seems to be the very oldest known part of Newfoundland, as will appear when I come to speak of Cape Race.

Before, however, treating of the names, which from time immemorial have been in possession on this shore line, I must allude to the number of fantastic names found on the so-called Mason map, sprinkled broad-cast over the land.

I have already alluded to this map which has hitherto been called by the name of Mason's, though it is now clear that it was not made by Mason, but by Sir William Vaughan, or at all events, if the drawing is Mason's the nomenclature is undoubtedly Vaughan's.

Sir W. Vaughan was a Welshman. He was, it is evident, as were all these early colonizers, a fairly good classical scholar: but he was pedantic and imaginative, in the extreme. In 1616 he bought the southern part of the Peninsula (afterwards called Avalon) from John Guy's Company. He had a craze for new and fancy names for places. The old Basque and Breton names which were already, for over a century, in vogue before his arrival did not at all please him. In fact he was not satisfied even with the time-honoured name of

NEWFOUNDLAND,

and he had the audacity to replace it by the name of

CAMBRIOLL,

or *Little Wales*, so he coolly placed upon his map the legend *Insula olim Terra Nova vocata—"The Island called of Old New-found-land."* It was not, however, quite so easy as he thought to dislodge this familiar old name.

The name *Newfoundland* is, it must be confessed, somewhat cumbersome, not altogether euphonic, (unless pronounced as we natives do it, with a strong *ictus* on the last syllable) and also somewhat incongruous in connection with its claim to be the *Oldest Colony*. Still it has grown deeply into our hearts and affections, and I am sure her children would indignantly resent any attempt to change the name.

The portion of land bought by Vaughan from the Guy Company stretched from Petty Harbour southwards round Cape Race, Cape Pine and Cape St. Mary's into Placentia Bay. Thus we see the Colony of St. John's, occupying the coast from Petty Harbour to Cape St. Francis, was left inviolate. Vaughan made his head-quarters at Trepassey which he called

COLCHOS.

It is not worth while for me here to enter into any explanation of the fanciful names given by Vaughan, none of them "took hold," and they are not to be found on any other maps of the country. It will be enough then for me merely to mention them. They are the following:—South Falkland, *Rhenus*,

(which by the way was not a new name but a sort of glorified classical form of *Renouse* adapted from the Latin name for the River Rhine) Golden Grove—Glamorgan—Colchos—Cardiffe—Carmarthen—Pembroke—Cardigan—Breconia—One place he called Vaughan's Cove, with the desire no doubt of immortalizing his own name, but even that has disappeared and the old Breton names have survived.

I now continue my excursion round the coast. The next harbour south from Aquaforte is

FERMEUSE.

This name under the form of *Formosa* is found on very early maps. Bishop Mullock in his Lectures (p. 13) says: "The Portuguese *Formosa* or *Fermeuse*, beautiful." There is no particular reason apparent why this harbour should be so called. It is not especially more beautiful than any other along the coast.

I beg to make the following suggestion which may appear "far fetched" (literally so indeed), but I put it forward *faute de mieux*, until such time as a better and more plausible one be forthcoming. It will be remembered that at about the closing of the XV. and the opening of the XVI. Century, the great spirit of discovery and nautical enterprise took possession of the nations of Western Europe. The Portuguese took the lead in these daring adventures. In 1497 Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope and pushed his explorations on towards India.

In 1492, Columbus discovered the Coast of America for Spain. He thought he had reached by a shorter course the land of Asia; the countries of Cipango, of Cambalieu, and Cathay, hence he called his new country India. Columbus was never undeceived on this point and he died under the erroneous opinion that the land he had discovered was Asia.

In 1497, England sent forth the Cabots who discovered the American Shore further to the northward. Now there was a very great jealousy between these rival nations. In the first place the Portuguese feared that Columbus had intruded on their preserves and had found India and Cathay by a shorter route. Hence they induced the Pope Alexander VI. to draw the celebrated

LINE OF DEMARCATION

and to command the Spaniard—"Thus far shalt thou come and no further." Again the Spanish were suspicious of the Cabots, and declared that the lands discovered by them were the same that Columbus had discovered and that they, the Cabots, had falsified their maps to make it appear a different country—and so the names given by the different discoverers got confused by the Cartographers. Hence the name of India was given to the land discovered by Columbus, and even after the mistake was discovered the name was retained and survives to the present day, with the distinguishing mark of *West*, thus "*The West Indies*,

while the original India has become known as the "East Indies. This fact then accounts for the confusion and repetition of names, upon the different maps of the period. Thus on the early maps of *Ribeiro*, *Verrazana* and *Majollo*, we find on the Newfoundland coasts a curious commingling of names. Among the names of our coast which survive, such as Cape Bonavista, St. John, St. Francis, Spear, Race, &c., &c., we find the following names from the West Indies, viz.:—St. Thomas, St. Ann, Spirito Santo, St. Vincent, De Cruz, *Twenty Thousand Virgins*, Rio Santo, Rio Jordan, P. Delgado, &c., &c.

Now among the names given by the Portuguese on the coast of China was that of

FORMOSA

to a very beautiful island. It is thus described in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* "The outline of the mountains is at once beautiful and fantastic; domes and peaks and wall-like precipices "succeed each other in striking variety, a brilliant verdure "clothes their sides, down which dash cascades that shine like "silver in the tropical sunlight." The mountains are nearly 14,000 feet high. Now, even making every possible allowance for the fervid imaginations and enthusiasm of our early navigators, we can scarcely conceive of their glorifying the surroundings of this place, the bleak-points of "*Black Head*" "*Bald Head*," "*Sheep Head*," nay! even the distant looming "*Butter-pots*," into any sort of resemblance to the gorgeous Island of Formosa. Hence I prefer to consider the application of this name on our coasts rather to a mistake and confusion as mentioned above. The name certainly reaches far back in the history of our Cartology. It is spoken of by Governor Wynne of Ferryland in 1622 and by Whitbourne in 1616. It appears on the Harleyan map as far back as 1542.

There are many names of, headlands, coves, &c., known to the fishermen, but which do not appear on general maps. I am assisted in investigating these names by the venerable and respected Parish Priest of Reneuse, V. Rev. Father Walsh. Immediately outside the northern head of Fermeuse, he informs me, there is a cove called

"CLEAR'S COVE,"

it is said to be called from a person of that name who once lived there. Inside the head on the starboard or northern side we have the inevitable

ADMIRAL'S COVE,

the best harbour in Fermeuse Inlet. With regard to *Clear's Cove*, the British Pilot says, in what may be I suppose called nautical language "where ships seldom (but may) ride!" Speaking of *Admiral's Cove*, this same authority (dated 1755,) says: "The next within it, a little distance on the north side, is "the Admiral's Cove (where lives a planter) in this cove you "lie landlocked from all winds, &c." There is very little level land at this place and very little room for development, still it has advanced somewhat since that time. The "Sailing Directions," published in 1868, thus speaks of it:—"The principal "settlement is in *Admiral's Cove* . . . where there is a "Roman Catholic Church and a Nunnery." Since that time, however, the place has suffered some other vicissitudes. The Priest's residence and the Convent or "Nunnery" have been removed to Renewse, and though the old Chapel remains, it is only used occasionally. A new and elegant Church has been erected at the head or "bottom" of the Bay by the energetic Parish Priest. This is conveniently central for all the inhabitants of the place, who, by the census of 1901, number between five and six hundred. The present position of the church obviates the necessity of crossing the Arm on Sunday's in open boats to attend Mass, which is sometimes fraught with much danger. The school, however, has been maintained on the old site at *Admiral's Cove*; there is also a school on the southside. Opposite to *Admiral's Cove*, on the southside, are two coves named respectively *Trixe's Cove* and *Rumley's Cove*; possibly called after men's names.

"KINGMAN'S COVE,"

writes Rev. Father Walsh, "at first called Vice-Admiral's Cove "because it was so like the other, but as there could not be two "Jack Barry's, to avoid confusion and yet preserve the relation- "ship it was changed, not to *Kingman's Cove*, but to *Kinsman's*

"*Cove*, which is the correct name."

"BEAR'S COVE,

"midway between Fermeuse and Renewse, is so called because "bears were at one time seen there.

"SCULPIN COVE,

"just outside the northern head of Renewse, got its name because "a peculiar fish was found in it.

"*Kettle's Bottom*, *Whale's Back*, *White Horse*, *Shag Rock*, "and *Anchor Rock* are all within the headlands of Renewse "Harbour, and are the shoals that are offered as an excuse why "the coastal steamer may not enter in *dirty* weather. The two "first have their names because they resemble the kettle and "whale; the third, because a white breaker is nearly always to "be seen there.

"SHAG ROCK

"was once the choice resting place of a so-called bird.

"ANCHOR ROCK,

"owing to the water being deep near it, was formerly used in "making vessels fast to a peculiar spur that sticks up on it.

RENEWSE

is the harbour next south of Fermeuse. I here adopt the modern official spelling of this name from the Post Office Directory. I may say, however, with safety that I don't think there is a name on all our coast line which rejoices in such a variety of orthography as this one. It would be quite impossible for me to attempt to collect all the different "*recensions*" of the word. I will here give just a few, so as to present some idea of the variations to which it has been subject. We have then:— 1—Renouze; 2—Rognoso; 3—Rognouse; 4—Renews; 5—Renewse; 6—Rogneuse; 7—Rognousse; 8—Rougnoze; 9—Rougnouste; 10—Renowse; 11—Renowes; 12—Rounouse; 13—Rhenus,—&c., &c. This latter spelling, as stated in last Article, is only a fantastic notion of Sir. W. Vaughan's. It is the Latin, and classical name of the Rhine. The similarity of the sounds tickled the ear of the old pedant, and he immediately translated *Renews* into *Rhenus*.

The name of this harbour is found upon the oldest of our existing maps—*Majollo's* (1527), &c. It is my belief that this name and those of the surrounding bays and capes are *older* than the time of the Cabots. In a former Article I mentioned how the traditions of the Basques show that somewhere in the middle of the XV. Century (about 1448) the Banks of Newfoundland were well known to their fishermen and that they had discovered the shores of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, (see Winsor, Cartier to Frontenac, p.10). It is certain that as early as 1536. Renewse was a well known port and was inhabited by settlers, for Jacques Cartier tells us that on his return home to France in that year (1536) he entered Renewse, took in water and wood and left one of his boats there in charge of some inhabitants for the winter " . . . *entrasmes dedans ung hable nomme Rougnoze. ou prinsmes eaves & boys pour trauerser la mer & la laissasmes l'une de noz barques.*" Cartier also speaks of the Islands of St. Pierre and Cape Race (*Cap de Raze*) as being well known at that time.

Now as to the meaning and origin of the word I have not the slightest doubt. Bishop Mullock in his "Lectures" says "Renews the Rocky." I don't know on what authority he gives that explanation. It is not however correct except in an indirect and secondary sense. The word *Rogneuse* is an ordinary French adjective in the feminine gender, and means, itchy, scabby, mangy, as may be seen in any dictionary. The name is applied by sailors, especially the Bretons, to any rough, scraggy looking rock, covered with kelp, shells, corals, dulce and other species of algae, which give the appearance of a rough scruffy skin. There is a rock off the coast of Brittany having the same name, and right in the entrance of the harbour of Renewse, there is a large rock of precisely the same description, so the name naturally and immediately suggested itself to the first Breton explorers who entered this harbour.

This harbour was at one time of some importance and was well fortified. The remains of the old battery still exist. In the year 1623, Lord Falkland, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, sent out a number of emigrants to people his New Colony. He

had bought two pieces of territory from John Guy's representatives. One was situated on the North Shore of Trinity Bay and was called North Falkland. The other, South Falkland, was situated between *Aquafort* and Cape Ballard. Its principal settlement or capital was situated at Renewse, but the emigrants were of a lazy and worthless character. They did nothing to colonize the country and soon abandoned it altogether.

The "*English Pilot*" of 1755, speaking of Renewse says it is "the southernmost harbour the English have in Newfoundland." It is difficult to understand this statement at that period, as I do not think the French possessed any of the southern or western ports after the Treaty of Utrecht.

There is a range of mountains some few miles inland from Renewse showing a peculiar and very remarkable outline, in the form of rounded hummocks, which are called by the name of

"THE BUTTER POTS."

These mountains form a range running right through the Peninsula of Avalon to Holyrood, cropping out here and there in peaks such as we meet at the *Topsails* on the *Long Range* in the vicinity of Grand Lake. They are also of the same Geological character, being marked on Howley's map (1907) as granites, syenites and porphyritic rocks, and classed among igneous and metamorphic formations. The rounded peaks bear some resemblance to *pats* of butter. Hence the name *Butter Pats* very appropriately given to them by the fishermen. It has been corrupted into *Butter Pots*!

CAPE BALLARD,

so written on the maps, is called by the people and perhaps more correctly "*Bollards*," which is a sort of post or bar placed upright in a boat and used in veering, for fastening ropes, &c. Though why it should have received the name I know not.

"CHANCE COVE,"

writes Rev. Father Walsh, "was so called because it was sure to pick up all and sundry that scraped round Cape Race." This seems to have a slight flavour of the wrecking instinct.

This place is famous for the number of wrecks which have occurred here, the most fatal of which was that of the S.S. *Philadelphia*, which took place some 55 years ago (1854). Over 300 persons were drowned in that wreck.

"CHAIN COVE,"

he continues, "is a mistake for *Chance Cove*."

FRENCHMAN'S COVE

is about a mile nearer to Cape Race than Chance Cove. It is so called because a French vessel too stupid to go into Chance Cove with the rest (!) was lost there.

GLAM COVE

is of course Clam Cove, so pronounced by the people. The river flowing into it swarms with clams. This is the place where the father of *Prophet Brothers* settled for a time on his way from Placentia to Fermews.

In next article I will come to that most interesting name Cape Race.

† M. F. H.



In Memoriam.

Late Lamented P. W. Jordan.

AND now I know thou art gone for e'er!

Ah, me! Thy "boys in blue"

Have come, as with a requiem

And sound a sad "adieu!"

My gentle son! Thy spirit pure

Hath left its earthly shrine;

Surely—ah, surely! the angel guide

Hath found thee thy DIVINE!

In the ice-floe white afar I see

A fair ship captive held;

Not the engine's strength—not the captain's lore—

Avail that mystic weld!

This is no dream—we've seen the ship

By ice-floe held and chain'd;

We've heard the heart-beats on the shore—

We've felt the unattained!

But on she went like the soul set free

From pain and doubt and mist,

As the star just born o'er the rocky heights

Its ralliance hath just kiss'd!

IT IS NO DREAM! Our ships go forth

And Faith, our Beacon, guides

Above, beyond the glare of earth

Where PEACE alone abides!

May 24th, 1909.

E. C.



A FISHING HAMLET.

Colonial Governors I Have Known.

By D. W. Prowse.



THE subject of Colonial Governors is a large one, and presents many aspects. In a West Indian Island the nigger M. P.'s, the black Speaker, and the sable Honourable Councillors seems a humorous travesty of our noble House of Lords and His Majesty's faithful Commons. On the other hand, how grand, and noble is the idea of England's vast Dependencies, embracing every race, creed and clime, all under free and enlightened Governments, with justice impartially administered, and life, and liberty, secure. Our Colonial Empire is a wonderfully complicated machine, and on the whole, we may confidently declare that it works admirably, and smoothly, mainly due to our excellent Rulers.

No other country in the world can show such a galaxy of splendid Pro-Consuls and Colonial Governors like ours. From Hastings, and Wellesley, down to Cromer, Dufferin and his most worthy successor—Lord Grey in Canada.

My object in writing this little paper is a very modest one; simply to give a few sketches of some Colonial Governors that I have known in the course of a long life, and chiefly their humorous side.

The Colonial Governor is a very interesting character. It seems strange to me he has been so little used by the novelists. There are of course the two great creations—His Excellency Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the rich and fertile Island of Baratania, and the immortal Rawdon Crawley, C.B., Governor of Coventry Island.

When Thackeray drew that admirable sketch in "Vanity Fair," of His Excellency Colonel Rawdon Crawley, C.B., Governor of Coventry Island, captious critics declared that the incident was wholly improbable, and that such a Colonial appointment could never have been made by this kind of back-stairs influence. To my mind everything about this little vignette, including the sketch of Coventry Island Politics and the little touch about giving suitable rewards to our gallant Peninsular, and Waterloo officers, is simply perfect.

In our days Colonial Governors are carefully selected, and, as a general rule, are most admirable officials. No Government could dare to appoint an inferior man to fill the late Lord Dufferin's place, as Governor General of Canada. In the Georgian period, and the pre-Reform days, it was quite different. The Irish establishment, and the Colonies were simply a refuge for the destitute, a home for every kind of dissolute scamp. The Attorney General for one important Colony, in the reign of George III., was the husband of a great nobleman's cast-off mistress—an ignorant drunken beast. The Colonial lawyers and judges made a holy show of his ignorance, and incapacity. The free supply of indiluted liquor soon finished his professional career, but his buxom widow was for a long period a burden on the Colonial Exchequer with a fat pension. In another case the one legitimate son of a great Colonial Official, who did good service under Wolfe at Quebec, got an appointment as Attorney General of Cape Breton when he was just of age. He was so boyish, and looked such a fool, that his friends persuaded him to wear false whiskers when he presented himself at Downing Street. A little later, through the same influence, he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court in a larger Colony.

An illustration of his legal knowledge is best shown by his remarks to Counsel. The lawyer quoted from the well known work Chitty, on Pleading. "Goodness me, Mr. Jones," said His Lordship, "what has Mr. Chitty to do with this case? why he was never in this Colony in his life."

That Lord Steyne, Mrs. Becky's lover, should get a Governorship for her husband is really the most natural thing in the world. What minister in that age of corruption, and rotten boroughs could refuse the request of a great noble, the owner of a score of constituencies. I could give a dozen more illustrations on this point. Let us, however, go on, and consider the causes which have brought about a change. Publicity, and enlightened public opinion of course have had an influence. Jobbery, in the old style, could no longer be perpetrated. The Colonials would not submit to it. It is rather humorous to find in such a community as Australia—radical to the core—the determination to accept no Governor, but a true blue blooded aristocrat. The Colonial Office had actually nominated a Governor for Victoria. His Excellency's son, an out of elbows remittance man, boasted about his Father's new position. The Colonial Executive heard the rumor, found out that their New Governor had once been a shopman in Dublin, and promptly ordered the appointment to be cancelled, which Downing Street promptly obeyed.

In the course of a long life I have known a good many Colonial Governors. Amongst the most modern one the palm must be given to the late Marquis of Dufferin—Governor General of Canada. He stands unrivalled, not only for his tact, his character and his devotion to duty. Other lesser men may have had some of his qualities, but Dufferin was a wit—a genius. To hear him address a Convent School in the purest and most graceful French, or a crowd of Western farmers in Manitoba, to whom he gave not only the best advice about their own occupation, but kept them all the time in roars of laughter with his splendid stories.

Dufferin's great delight and pride was in his ancestors the Sheridans. On the walls of his dining room at Clondeboyne, there is a picture shewing Tom Sheridan and all his descendants. It was from his mother's family that he inherited his wonderful gift of humour, his gift of acting and making himself all things to all men. Dufferin was rather a small, slight man, with the manner and appearance of an old French Marquis, but there were no airs or pomposity about him. He was simply charming, and made every one at home with him. He dearly loved a bit of humour.

In his early days he wore a single eye-glass. One very wet, stormy night he took a car from Belfast for home. Naturally, he began asking the driver about the news.

"No," said Pat, "nothing going about at all."

"Surely," said Dufferin, "there must be some news."

"Well," said the driver, "The only thing I heard tell on was that one-eyed Dufferin was going to marry Miss Hamilton."

When I was staying with him at Clondeboyne he shewed me the Burma Room full of wonderful idols, and golden images. I said "you were the Viceroy that annexed Burma. Well, you got a deuced good share of the loot." He laughed until he cried. Dufferin was, however, far more than a humorist, and an admirable and witty speaker. He was a consummate politician, and above all honest. During his rule in the Dominion

the great Canadian Pacific Railway was in course of construction, every one around him was making millions. Sir John A. McDonald, and Dufferin alone, remained with clean hands, and honourable poverty. The late Marquis had great literary gifts. His letters from high Latitudes, admirable in its way, is only a poor sample of what he could do.

I have studied so intimately the lives of our own old Governors, that I seem to know them as intimately as the Rulers I have actually seen in *propria persona*. Rodney is the first of a long line of Naval Governors of Newfoundland who kept a Record. His instructions to his subordinate officers—"In case of any crimes committed on the land you have full power and authority to adjudge and determine the same, according to the custom of the country and the best of your judgment." After a very bad fishery the merchants applied to him for liberty to cut the men's wages. Rodney replied "I have only one question to ask you. Had the season been good, in proportion as it has proved bad, would the merchants have raised the men's wages?" Probably one of the most unique and humorous methods of building an Anglican Church is the Proclamation and order of Governor Richard Edwards in 1759.

"Whereas the Church of this place (St. John's) has been carried on by the subscription of well disposed persons, and it being necessary that the same should be covered in as soon as possible, you are therefore hereby required and directed to cause the men mentioned in the margin to repair to work on the said Church from the date hereof to the 4th of November next, as it appears that they are livers in this place, and have not subscribed towards the building of the same, or to cause each of them that shall neglect complying herewith to pay the usual price given to carpenters daily in this place, till that time for which this shall be your order.—H. M. Justices of the Peace for the District of St. Johns."

His Excellency's method for completing the new church was eminently practical. He did not beat the drum ecclesiastic, or hold a bazaar, or appeal to anyone's religious feelings, he simply made prisoners of all the leading persons of the town, Roman Catholics and Dissenters who had not paid their subscription like the well disposed inhabitants. Needless to say with such persuasive methods the church was built.

At first sight it would appear that the Colonial Governor of our days, with all power given to his Ministry under Responsible Government, can exercise very little influence. This is quite a mistake. A Colonial Governor of the right sort is still a power in the land. His mere social position as the Representative of Majesty will be of little value, unless he is also a man of wide knowledge and experience, with a matured and sound judgment, and above all, an imperturbable temper and a tact which amounts to intuition and is almost a spiritual gift. Dufferin on one occasion humorously compared himself to the humble individual who goes about with a tin can with a long spout oiling the machinery.

The three most successful Governors I have known were Sir Jno. Harvey, Lord Dufferin and the present Lord Grey, Governor General of Canada. They were quite distinct, and different, but each possessed one quality in common—genuine courtesy—what the French call *politesse de cœur*, the politeness of the heart.

I am a keen observer, and I watched Lord Grey closely when he was here on a visit. At one of our entertainments in his honour, he went forward to thank the band for their performance. He shook hands with every one of them down to the drummer boy. It is this gift of always saying, and doing the right thing, and remembering every one, that largely contributes to a Colonial Governor's success. A man of strong character, will be able to guide and direct his Ministry in the right path. Colonial politics are often petty, always more or less personal, and the rivalry between parties bitter and vindictive. The outs are always abusing those in power. The first of this trio of successful Governors—Sir John Harvey—had a very distinguished military career. He was known in the army as "the handsome Colonel Harvey." Even when I knew him, as an old man, he had a splendid presence, a fine voice, and a most charming manner. His courtesy was so unfailing, and so universal that his opponents declared that he was a humbug and insincere. His manners were really the outcome of his warm generous heart. His success everywhere was wonderful. Inspector General of Police in Ireland. One would suppose that as the son-in-law of Lord Lake, who put down with a stern hand the Rebellion of '98, Harvey would be hated. As a matter of fact he was the most popular officer in the Green Isle. In his three Govern-

ments in British North America—Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—He brought order out of chaos, and everywhere made peace between the contending factions by his marvellous tact. His manner of handling a deputation was unique. When in Newfoundland a number of citizens, headed by the Irish local school-master, called upon him with a written petition in favour of Responsible Government. (Sir John knew right well that the Home Government were opposed to the move, and that it would not be granted.) As the party entered Government House the leader, full of consequence, wanted to begin business at once, but Sir John was inexorable. They must all first partake of his hospitality—so they sat down to a splendid lunch; the Governor chatting pleasantly all round. As the Petition was being read His Excellency interrupted every now and then, to express his admiration for the eloquence and wording of the document. Turning to the School-master he declared I recognize your master hand, Sir. As soon as it was over Sir John shook hands with them all. "My friends, my dear kind friends, I must now bid you a long farewell, my warm interest in this grand old Colony must now come to an end."

"Why, Sir John!" they all exclaimed in excited tones.

"Gentlemen you should see clearly from this Petition that my Government has been a failure, a total failure, else why thus desire for an absolute change. I will not, gentlemen, wait to be dismissed by the Home Government, I will at once resign."

The school-master leader, Harry Simms, cried out "lose the best Governor that ever came to Newfoundland, perish the thought," and suiting the action to the word he tore the Petition into shreds and threw it into the fire.

After their retirement Sir John remarked to his genial Colonial Secretary: "Did I not humbug those fellows well, Crowdy."

That fickle, mischievous, many headed thing—the mob—has often done outrageous acts. There was never in the History of the Colony a more disgraceful proceeding than the attack by the crowd on Sir Thomas Cochrane and his daughter, on their embarkation at the Queen's Wharf for England. No man had done more for Newfoundland than this fine old Naval Officer, and this was his reward.

In a similar manner, and almost in a more practical way, Sir Gaspard LeMarchant worked assiduously to promote agriculture. It is to this old Peninsular Veteran that we owe the introduction of improved breeds of cattle. Many an old farmer, even now, will point out some favourite cow or heifer as one of "ould Sir Gaspar's breed." A good story is told about His Excellency. The mob burnt him in effigy. He was one of those who always liked to see everything for himself. So when he was told of the outrage, he went off to examine the image, and ascertain if they had done honour to his prominent Roman nose. The mob were dancing around the fire when suddenly some one looked up and saw the old Governor in his pea jacket. In a moment the crowd dispersed and ran for their lives.

Dufferin's success every where, as Ruler, was something phenomenal, but his qualities were rare. He had above all the divine gift of genius, and a tact and sympathy that was unerring. Whether it was addressing a Convent school in the most elegant and expressive French, or delighting an audience with his wit and eloquence he was always in the first rank *facile princeps*. I urged him strongly to cultivate his great literary gifts as shown by his juvenile production—"Letters from High Latitudes." I wanted him to write an adequate life of Sir Walter Raleigh, but the misfortunes of his latter days had broken his high spirit.

When the Governor is a very able man his influence is all powerful. Responsible Government was introduced into this Colony by Sir Charles Darling. The way he held absolute sway over his Ministers, and ruled the Colony, was something very remarkable. Later in life he became Governor of Victoria, and his success was very striking.

The news has recently come to us that Earl Grey's term of office, as Governor-General of Canada, is to be continued for the full six years. The universal joy throughout the Dominion on the receipt of this news must be very gratifying to his Lordship. His tact, courtesy, and supreme good judgment has made his stay in office a splendid success.

The Earl's position as a most successful Ruler of the Domin-



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

A. C. GOODRIDGE, ESQ., A.D.C.,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

SIR WM. MACGREGOR, G.C.M.G., C.B., ETC.,
Governor.

W. R. WARREN, ESQ., A.D.C.,
Speaker House of Assembly.

ion can rest on its own foundation, and it would be invidious to make comparisons between his Lordship and his illustrious predecessors. He has made his own reputation. Let that suffice. He will always be gratefully remembered for his public spirit, his wonderful tact and admirable judgment. It will be hard to find a fitting successor to such a successful Ruler.

During my seventy-five years experience I have met all kinds of Governors—most of them have been gentlemen, kindly and courteous. Three threatened me with dismissal. One stole my best Report and affidavits and passed them off at the Colonial Office as his own original work. I have found military men the worst offenders in the case of releasing the better class of offenders without the Magistrate's sanction or report. I paid off their Excellencies by publishing very full reports of the evidence in every case where they had released prisoners without consulting me as the convicting Magistrate.

Space will not permit me to dwell on the character of our own Newfoundland Governors. I must confine myself to some reflections on our present Governor—Sir William MacGregor, G.C.M.G. His Excellency holds a high position amongst Colonial Rulers. He is a wonderful all round man, a sort of admirable Crichton amongst Governors. He holds the Albert Medal since 1884, and the Clarke Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society of Australia since 1883, for the gallant saving of lives at sea. His university career at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Berlin, &c., was most brilliant and distinguished. Amongst his many rewards was the Watson Gold Medal, 1872. He has the gift of tongues, and is a distinguished linguist—a practical botanist, a marine astronomer, all round scholar and man of science.

He has given much attention to medical science, especially to the theory and practice of Tropical Medicine. His success in dealing with native races, in the far East, has been something pheno-

minal. In his present Government he has devoted his high scientific attainments to the mapping out of almost unknown regions in Newfoundland Labrador, and also to the botany and geology of the great Newfoundland Dependency. Visiting the MicMac Indians at Conne, &c. His admirable Reports on Labrador, and on the Trade and Fisheries of the Colony, are most exhaustive—truly model Blue Books. The Farewell Address passed by the Assembly expresses most truly the views of the general community towards His Excellency.

Whilst all the Governor's numerous friends in Newfoundland will regret his departure, as one who had the best interests of the Colony always at heart, we must at the same time congratulate him on his high promotion. Queensland is one of our richest and most important Colonial possessions.

D. W. P.



Of a Friend.

By Fred. B. Wood.

I HAVE a friend who is a friend indeed!
In times of stress he stands close by my side;
Come weal, come woe, I can in him confide;
Not once he failed me in my hour of need!
When I unto myself a traitor was,
By faithful words, he proved his worth to me;
When others gave unearned, dear-bought applause,
His strong reproof, proved his sincerity;
When courage flagged, he spoke brave words of cheer;
When strength succumbed, his helping hand was near;
And when I reeled neath sorrow's heavy blow,
What tender sympathy he did bestow!
E'en though his honest words may sometimes wound,
Most blest am I who such a friend hath found!

St. John's, Nfld., June, 1909.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR'S STAFF.

A. C. Goodridge, *A.D.C.*

Fleet Paymaster W. H. Campion, R.N.,

W. R. Warren, *A.D.C.*

Acting Private Secretary.

In the Bay of Notre Dame.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

THE islands glow with sunset far upon the mighty Bay,
While ocean circles round them purple, deep,
And gleaming gulls fly outward, wheeling in their evening play,
And fresher winds of day are hushed asleep.
In the cove our boat awaits us, let us take the path where ferns
Spring green on either side down to the shore,
And leap on board and thrust her off while still the welkin burns,
And dipping white winged sea-gulls scream and soar.

Yea, here we may be free from all that saddens and that soils,
Where sunset pours such glory o'er the sea,
And boats creep shoreward slowly, laden deep with ocean's spoils,
Though hardy fishers pull with strong wrists free.
Within the town light woodsmoke thinly up with fragrance curls,
Where wives make ready evening's simple fare;
And on the wharves are lingering, gowned in white, the fisher girls,
Their eyes hand-shaded from the crimson glare.

Oh, turn and look to westward, lift it up, thine eager face,
Thy lips that glow, thine hair that shines, thine eyes,
Eyes dark with Celtic mystery, hair bright with Saxon grace,
A few sweet moments let me see, my Prize,
Thee in the baths of sunset full immersed in liquid hues,
Thee, one chord in the color of this eve;
Thee, living, breathing, manifest, in all that skies diffuse,
In all that earth can give or ocean weave.

If I become a poet in the days that are to be
I'll sing thy praise, sweet maiden, in my rhyme;
But ere this summer closes to my home I'll carry thee,
All mine to be for all the future time.
For summer's short and fleeting, skilful bards, alas, are rare,
But men and maidens all can love and wed;—
My heart's great kingdom has for thee a queenly crown to spare,—
I'll lay it firm upon thy golden head!



My Critics and Myself.

By Fred. B. Wood.

I, NOT long since, sent forth a book of verse;*
Now, as verse goes, I thought mine fairly good,
By no means void of intellectual food;
Stern critics said: it could not well be worse!
They told me that: I lack poetic fire;
In language my equipment is quite poor;
I drag, where I on airy wing should soar;
In all they saw but little to admire.
Yet some, whose words are precious unto me,
Declared my verse brought them a depth of joy
That Time's rough hand is powerless to destroy!
And both spoke from their souls sincerity!
I fain would sing such strong, inspiring lays
As would command my sternest critic's praise!

*"Songs of Manhood."



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WM. MACGREGOR,
G.C.M.G., C.B., M.D., LL.D., D.SC., &C.

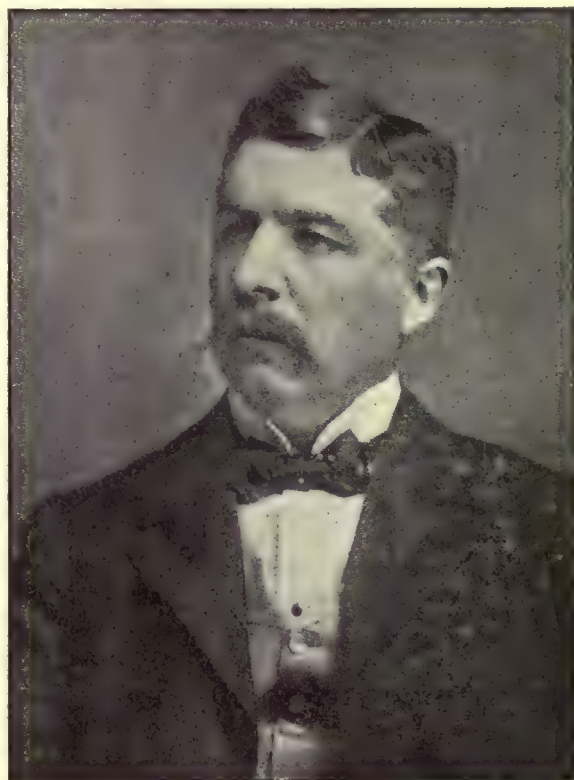
FLEET PAYMASTER W. H. CAMPION, R.N.,
ACTING PRIVATE SECRETARY.

❁ Our Political Change. ❁



FOLLOWING upon a complication unique in the annals of the British Dominions and a period of turmoil and struggle that has never been approached here, the Colony has now returned to a condition of political tranquility, after having effected a decisive and striking change in the administration of its affairs.

The political events of the last few months have impressed themselves so vividly and so permanently on the minds of our people that it is unnecessary to review them in detail. The General Election last November resulted in Sir Robert Bond, who was then Premier, and Sir Edward Morris, then leader of



The New Premier,

SIR E. P. MORRIS, KT., K.C., LL.D., ETC.

the Opposition, securing eighteen seats each, this condition of affairs bringing about an absolute deadlock, as nobody on either side would give way. Sir Robert Bond after a further endeavour to force the situation to a conclusive issue, resigned office with his ministerial colleagues on being refused a dissolution. Sir Edward Morris was then called upon to form a Government, which he did; and met the Legislature within a month. His attempt to elect a Speaker in the House of Assembly was defeated by Sir Robert Bond's refusal to either vote for Sir Edward's nominee—Mr. Warren, or his own nominee—Mr. Ellis, and in consequence the Legislature had to be dissolved and a new election ordered, which resulted in Sir Edward Morris carrying twenty-six seats, while Sir Robert Bond secured only ten; and a change of twenty votes would have given the former three seats more. Various causes are assigned for this outcome, but probably those which operated were chiefly the comparative failure of all the plans put forward by the Bond Government for the betterment of the condition of our working classes, the inability to foresee or guard against the disastrous

reduction in the price of fish last fall; and the wide-spread feeling in the minds of the people that a change could not be for the worse, but must result to their advantage. Another circumstance that worked to his detriment was the fact that Sir Robert Bond apparently underrated his adversary, and instead of resorting to the aggressive and admiration-compelling tactics which proved so successful in the case of Sir Edward Morris, thought he could rest on his oars, as it were, and secure election on the strength of his personality and his past record. As events have proved, however, this was a serious error of judgment on his part, and Sir Edward Morris, as a reward for his confidence and energy finds himself victor in the conflict and in the enviable position of being Prime Minister of his Native Land.

We herewith publish the portraits, with notes, of the New Cabinet.

HON. SIR EDWARD MORRIS has had twenty-three years' experience of Parliamentary affairs in Newfoundland, having been elected for St. John's West in 1885 and continuing to represent that seat ever since. He has been at different times members of two governments, that of Sir William Whiteway and of Sir Robert Bond, the leader of the late government he fought in the recent campaign.

Sir Edward was born in St. John's in 1859. He received his education at St. Bonaventure's College and Ottawa University, where he graduated at the age of twenty. His Alma Mater has since honored him by conferring on him several honorary degrees. He later read law under Sir James Winter and was shortly after admitted to practice. In the same year he was elected to the Newfoundland Parliament for his native city.

In 1889 he entered the Cabinet of Sir William Whiteway and for two years was acting Attorney General. In 1898 he left his party, then in Opposition, over the Reid Contract and for two years led an Independent Liberal party in Parliament. He entered the Cabinet of Premier Bond on the defeat of the Winter Government, as Attorney General and Minister of Justice. Later he resigned his seat in the Cabinet to become Leader of the People's Party.

Sir Edward has represented Newfoundland in conferences on many important matters, notably, the French Shore Dispute, in 1901, and the Confederation Conference, at Ottawa, in 1895. He was also the representative of his government on the occasion of the death of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. He was knighted in 1904.

At the time this is written Sir Edward Morris is crossing the Atlantic to England to represent the Colony at the Imperial Defence Conference, where delegates from all parts of the Empire will meet the spokesmen of the Home Government to consider this important subject and formulate measures for the maintenance of Britain's naval supremacy. The Premier will also avail of the occasion to confer with the Counsel who will represent England and Canada before the Arbitration Tribunal at the Hague which will pass upon our Fishery Dispute with the United States. On his way to England Sir Edward visited Ambassador Bryce to discuss the latest developments of the question with him, and, from his familiarity with the subject, it will be admitted that no public man in the Colony is better qualified to take charge of our case than is Sir Edward Morris.

Sir Edward Morris married, in 1901, Isabel Langrishe Legalis Fox.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HON. DONALD MORISON, K.C.,
Minister of Justice.



Photo by J. C. Parsons

HON. ROBERT WATSON,
Colonial Secretary.

HON. DONALD MORISON, who assumes the Attorney Generalship for the second time, was born in this city on April 22, 1857. Educated at the General Protestant Academy, he obtained business training in the counting house of Messrs. R. Prowse & Sons and later Messrs. J. & W. Pitts; and then began the study of law with Mr. (now Sir) James S. Winter, with whom he entered into partnership on his admission to the bar in 1881. Seven years later he was elected for Bonavista, and re-elected in 1889 and 1893. In the Goodridge Cabinet of 1894 he became Attorney General, and in 1898 he was elevated to a Supreme Court judgeship, resigning it four years later to re-enter public life. He was elected again for Bonavista, unopposed, in 1906, when Mr. Morine dropped out, and last fall was once more returned triumphantly. In 1890 he was one of the People's Delegates to Canada on the French Shore Question and in 1898 was a member of the Mining Commission appointed by the Winter Ministry. In 1892 he was elected a Municipal Councillor for St. John's, and served a term in that capacity. He is a prominent member of the Temperance, Masonic and Orange bodies and of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in this city. His wife was Miss Catherine Trapnell, of Dungloe, Donegal, Ireland. At present the Hon. D. Morison is acting Premier while Sir Edward Morris is attending the Conference of Colonial Premiers.

HON. ROBERT WATSON, who takes the portfolio of Colonial Secretary, vacated by Sir Robert Bond, is a son of the late Mr. Ellis C. Watson, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and a nephew of Mr. James H. Watson, formerly Inspector of Customs, whose death at Torquay was recently recorded. He was born at Hant's Harbor, Trinity Bay, in 1868, and was educated at St. John's under the late Mr. Holloway, and afterwards at Rugby, England, under Dr. Jex-Blake, now Dean of Wells. Mr. Watson first entered the House of Assembly in 1897, when he was returned for Trinity, defeating the then Premier, Sir William Whiteway, by exactly 1000 votes. He was unsuccessful in 1900, but was returned two years later at the bye-election in Trinity caused by the appointment of Sir W. H. Horwood as Chief Justice, his colleague on that occasion being Mr. W. R. Warren, now member for Port-de-Grave; and at the recent general election he was again successful. Mr. Watson is a prominent member of the Church of England, having represented the mission of Catalina in the Diocesan Synod for over twenty years. He is a Director of Bishop Feild College and a member of the Literature Committee of the Synod, and was for five years Churchwarden of St. Thomas's, receiving his first appointment from the late Canon Wood and afterwards serving as People's Warden. Mr. Watson married in 1892 Dora Melville, daughter of the late Mr. John Pye. Mrs. Watson died the following year and he has not since remarried.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HON. MICHAEL P. CASHIN,
Minister of Finance and Customs.

HON. MICHAEL P. CASHIN, our local Chancellor of the Exchequer, was born at Cape Broyle September 29, 1866, was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools and at St. Bonaventure's College, acquired a commercial training in the employ of the late Michael Thorburn, and then went into business on his own account at Cape Broyle, where, by his industry and energy he has built up one of the most successful enterprises in our outports. The ideal of a far-seeing and progressive merchant, his word is his bond, and his achievements are an inspiration to others. He entered political life in 1893 as an Independent Liberal and was elected at the head of the poll, a distinction he has invariably won in each succeeding contest. He is regarded as unbeatable and in 1904 was the one candidate who was unopposed. Mr. Cashin broke from the Bond party in 1905 on the American Fishery Question, and pointed out with unerring judgment what would result and what has actually come to pass. In the debate on this question and in the subsequent sessions he proved himself to be not only a great authority on our fisheries but a keen and cogent critic of the general policy of the Administration, and one of the most effective and popular speakers in the Assembly. Mr. Cashin married Miss Gertie Mullooney, of Witless Bay, daughter of the late Captain Pierce Mullooney, the famous seal killer.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HON. SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

HON. SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD, who has charge of the Department of Agriculture and Mines, is the son of the late Hon. Captain Samuel Blandford, and enjoyed the unique distinction in this colony of holding a Cabinet office in the Lower House, while his father was a member of the Upper House. Born in Greenspond in 1869, Mr. Blandford was educated at Bishop Feild and Methodist Colleges in this city, and studied Law under the late Rt. Hon. Sir W. V. Whiteway and the present Mr. Justice Johnson. Elected member for his native District, Bonavista, in 1904 with Messrs. Morine and Chaplin, he won again by an increased majority in the fall of 1908 with Mr. Morison and Captain Winsor, and at the General Election on the 8th of May, in the present year, he rolled up the highest vote ever polled in the history of the Colony. His legal and business training will serve him in good stead in the very important office which he now holds. He is an active and earnest churchman and is the People's Warden of the Church of England Cathedral in this city. He is married to Miss Lillian Reynolds, of Halifax, Nova Scotia.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HON. CHARLES H. EMERSON, K.C.

HON. CHARLES H. EMERSON, K.C., a member of the present Cabinet, is the only son of the late Archibald Emerson, K.C., who was law partner of the late Sir Robert Pinsent, and is a nephew of the late Prescott Emerson, K.C., Registrar of the Supreme Court, and is himself one of the leading members of the profession. Born in St. John's in 1863, and educated at the Church of England Academy (now Bishop Feild College), he studied law with Alexander J. W. McNeily, K.C., and his brother, the late I. R. McNeily. In 1900 he contested the District of Burgeo and LaPoile, and after a hard fight with a formidable opponent won with a large majority. During his representation of the district he directed his energies towards the betterment of the fishing classes, which is shown by many improvements, notably the construction of up-to-date lights and other aids to navigation, along that portion of the Coast. In 1907 he severed his connection with the Bond Party and last autumn contested the District of Fortune Bay in the interests of Sir Edward Morris. On that occasion he turned a previous Bondite majority of 400 into a People's Party majority of 98. The result of the recent spring Election was an increase of that majority by a substantial number of votes. For over a quarter of a century a close personal friendship has existed between Mr. Emerson and his political leader—Sir Edward P. Morris. We congratulate the people of Fortune Bay on having as their representative such an earnest worker, and we feel sure that that district will gain largely during the next few years of his representation.



HON. R. K. BISHOP,

The Government's Leader in the Upper House.

HON. R. K. BISHOP, who is the Government's representative in the Legislative Council, is one of the Colony's leading merchants. A native of Burin, born in 1853, educated at the Methodist College here, he entered the firm of the late Hon. M. Monroe, and subsequently it became Bishop and Monroe, and at the opening of this year was transformed into that of Bishop, Sons & Company, Limited. Hon. Mr. Bishop is noted for his commercial enterprise and the high character of his dealings; he is a leading member of the Methodist Church, and is a director of the Methodist College. In addition to the extensive interests of his own firm, Mr. Bishop is largely interested in and is Director of nine of our leading local industrial Companies. He is a firm believer in the advantages of extending our manufacturing trade, and believes there is still room for the profitable employment of capital in various directions. Any deserving enterprise Mr. Bishop is always found ready to assist. Within the past few days he has been chosen as the first member of the Council of the newly organized Board of Trade, where his practical experience and remarkable business capacity will be of the greatest value in the successful working out of this project.

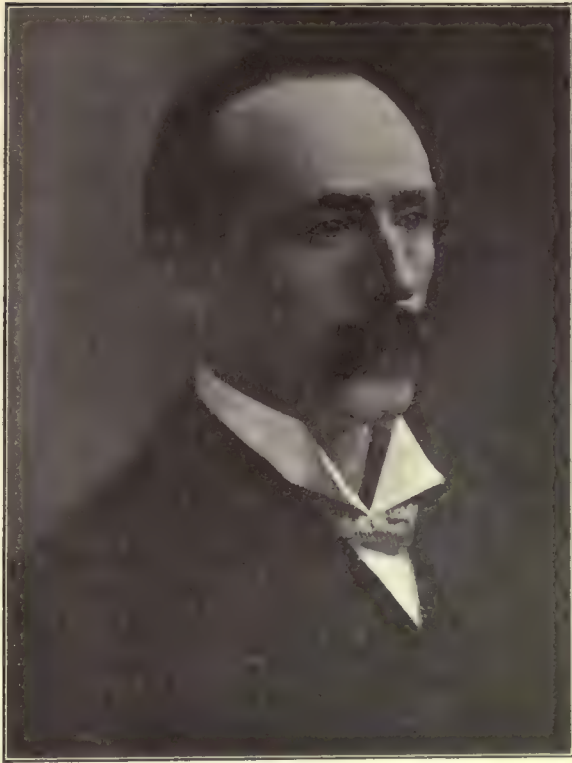


Photo by R. P. Holloway.

HON. MICHAEL P. GIBBS.
Mayor of St. John's.

HON. M. P. GIBBS, the Mayor of St. John's, is one of the best known of the rising generation. Born in St. John's on March 25, 1870, he was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools. He studied law under the late Hon. M. H. Carty, and after being called to the bar he entered into partnership with Messrs. Morison & Morine, the former being the present Attorney General. He early identified himself with public affairs, and in 1897, after an exciting contest, was elected for St. George's. During the progress of the election he earned for himself the reputation of a ready and forcible speaker. The condition of the working classes and the small remuneration paid them for their work, enlisted his sympathies. Convinced that the toiler was unfairly dealt with, he threw himself with earnestness and energy into the work of organizing the different classes of labourers into unions, and by his voice and pen he succeeded beyond the expectations of all. Without resorting to strikes or lockouts, he obtained for the workmen a substantial increase in their wages—in some instances the increase being nearly 80%. For the years of service which he has given the cause of organized labor he has refused to receive any compensation.

Mr. Gibbs' most notable victory was won in June, 1906, when he was elected Mayor on the labour ticket, beating the combined votes of two opponents by a large majority. In 1908, after the resignation of Sir Edward Morris from the Bond Ministry, that party recognizing the political strength and abilities of Mr. Gibbs, offered him the seat which Sir Edward Morris resigned and the Attorney-Generalship of the Colony, but though powerful influences were brought to bear to induce him to accept the offer, he declined. He then joined with Sir Edward Morris in the formation of a new political party known as "The People's Party" which was triumphantly returned at the polls. He then entered the Cabinet of Sir Edward Morris and was appointed to a seat in the Upper House. Mr. Gibbs is called the workingman's friend, and well he deserves the name, because he has on all occasions proved himself his earnest advocate. As a ready and eloquent speaker his services are very much sought after during election campaigns.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

HON. JOHN C. CROSBIE.

HON. J. C. CROSBIE is one of the younger of our merchants, an aggressive and enterprising business man who has won a recognized position in our commercial world by sheer ability and perseverance. Born at Brigus in September, 1876, and educated at the Methodist College in St. John's, he went into the hotel business as successor to his father, the late G. G. Crosbie, of the well-known Crosbie Hotel in this city. Subsequently he embarked in the general fishery business of the Colony and is now head of the firm of Crosbie & Company, fish dealers and exporters. When this firm began operations he was its managing partner. Within eighteen months he had bought out his associates and has since been its sole owner. He has also been manager of the Newfoundland Produce Company for the past fourteen years, and is the owner of a fleet of five splendid foreign-going vessels, which are all engaged in freighting to market the fish realized by his concerns, as otherwise in the maritime enterprises of the Colony. His fleet comprised seven vessels, but one was burnt in the great fire which destroyed Baird's premises last year, and another was lost at sea during the winter. In 1904 Mr. Crosbie made his first essay in politics and was only defeated in Bay-de-Verde by a dozen votes; last fall he and his colleague, Mr. Jessie Whiteway, carried it handsomely; and again the past spring, though Sir Robert Bond spoke at four places in the District in the endeavor to defeat him. He is married to Miss Mitchie A. Manuel, daughter of the late Josiah Manuel, Esq., merchant of Exploits.



❁ ❁ The Reindeer. ❁ ❁

By D. W. Prowse.



AMONGST the mammals, the beautiful cervidæ have always been considered specially attractive. In the great deer family the Reindeer is probably the most interesting specimen, both for the naturalist, and the ethnologist. His range extends over three continents—Europe, Asia, and America. As the camel is the ship of the Desert, and most wonderfully adapted for the use of the wandering Arabs in the great tropical wilderness, in a similar way nature has given to the Laps and Nomads of Siberia the reindeer, the one and only domestic animal, suited for these cold regions. The variations of the species are so great in form, size, and horn development, that until quite recently naturalists have been inclined to divide them into distinct families.

It is now, however, finally settled that they are all alike in their general structure, food, and habitat. They range from the small domesticated reindeer of Lapland, to the magnificent stately Osborne reindeer of Alaska and British Columbia. Until the discovery of this fine species, the noble Newfoundland caribou had always been considered the finest form of the reindeer.

All who have studied the history of primitive man are well acquainted with the drawing of the group of reindeer found in a cave in France, and now in the possession of the Marquis de Vibraye. This relic of pre-historic times is very remarkable, both, for the artistic skill displayed in the drawing, and the very exact delineation of the habits and characteristic features of the reindeer, from a naturalist's point of view. It is an exact representation of the reindeer of to-day, and it proves distinctly, that when the conditions of the ice of the glacial period extended as far south as France, the reindeer existed, during a very early period in the history of primitive man.

Of all the records of the cave dwellers, and the stone age, this must be considered one of the most ancient and most interesting work of art. When we reflect on the skill displayed in this drawing, it is not a violent presumption to infer that when primitive man could so delineate the special characteristics of the reindeer, he also had intelligence enough to appreciate the value and capabilities of the animal for domestic purposes. It is the gregarious nature of the various groups of animals, horses, sheep, and cattle which has enabled man to subdue them. This gregarious character is a special characteristic feature in the reindeer. It is still very marked in the Lapland domesticated reindeer. These have never been thoroughly tamed, like the horse, or the ox. When travelling, as soon as the leader starts, the whole train rush off, and nothing can stop them. It is the old habit of the herd keeping together. The manner in which the reindeer were first brought into subjection by man, is clearly explained. Fawns are easily captured, and they become very tame, and make delightful pets. As soon as these tame reindeer were trained, and domesticated, the wild ones would follow them and were easily captured, and in time brought into subjection. Every year the Laplanders in this way obtain a number of the wild reindeer, and gradually train and subdue them. The tame ones especially the does, are used to decoy the wild species into the enclosures.

Another remarkable characteristic of the reindeer is the annual migration North in summer and South in the autumn.

In Newfoundland their paths through the uninhabited interior are distinctly marked everywhere, and this very month of June they are reported crossing the railway line in thousands. They move north in the spring, and early summer, to gain the high hills of the interior where they can escape from the flies which worry them terribly. They return south to gain warmer winter quarters along the forests of our South-Western Coast.

It is generally agreed upon amongst ethnologists, and anthropologists, that the Laps are a very ancient race, one of the primitive people of the Old World. There is not a trace in their history, or tradition of a time, when they did not possess herds of domesticated reindeer.

For the Laplanders, the mountaineers who subsist entirely out of their reindeer herds, the reindeer supplies, meat, milk for the children and for making cheese, clothing, and transportation. Owing to the barren nature of the country and its arctic climate, the reindeer is not only the most valuable domestic animal, but the only one that can live in such a region. In the summer it feeds on the wild grass and young shoots of the willow and birch, besides the reindeer moss found all over these Northern regions. In the winter its main supply of food consists of lichens popularly called moss. It scrapes away the snow to obtain its favourite food. The hoof of the reindeer is marvellously adapted for getting over the snow and for swimming. It spreads out, and forms a snowshoe for their winter travelling and enables them to get very fast through the water—no other animals swim so high out of the water as the reindeer. His speed and endurance in hauling a sledge in winter is very remarkable. They have been known to do nineteen miles in an hour, and very long journeys at the rate of ninety miles a day.

What is somewhat singular, as shewing the immense superiority of European and Asian civilization over American, is, that whilst the caribou or reindeer has been tamed and domesticated from time immemorial by the Laps and wandering tribes of Siberia, no attempt has ever been made to utilize the caribou in North America. At the discovery in 1497, all the northern part of the New Continent was found to be inhabited by a wholly uncivilized people. There was some culture further south, but it mainly belonged to an extinct race.

Very interesting experiments have been made just recently in the transportation of domestic Lapland and Siberian reindeer, to which I shall briefly refer.

When man acts in this way, as a kind of minor Providence, and peoples continents and islands with new game animals, birds, and fishes, we all watch the experiment with the deepest interest.

Science alone enables these great experiments to be successfully carried out. The most wonderful was the transportation of trout and salmon ova from England to New Zealand, a magnificent success. The far off Island's barren streams have been turned into an Angler's Paradise, with lusty fish that run sometimes to twenty pounds.

The varying hare (the blue hare of Scotland) was brought to Newfoundland some thirty years ago, and has now spread over the whole Island. It affords valuable food and employment for the Newfoundland fishermen in winter. The fecundity of this hare has had one marked effect, in increasing the number of predatory animals, especially the lynx—until the arrival of the

here it was practically unknown, now, over 1000 are trapped every year.

The desirability of introducing the domesticated reindeer into Alaska, Newfoundland and Labrador has been advocated for nearly half a century. It was carried out in Newfoundland in December, 1907, and for Alaska some years earlier.

In both cases the force that effected this great philanthropic movement was the enthusiasm of individuals. In Alaska the late Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a medical missionary, was struck with the poverty and misery of the poor natives. Prior to the arrival of the Americans in their newly acquired territory, salmon had been enormously abundant, the run was so great that the Indian could always procure an abundant supply of food for the winter. Game also was plentiful. The Yankee salmon canneries soon put an end to this state of affairs, and the unfortunate natives were left in a chronic state of misery and semi-starvation. Jackson saw at once that the only real remedy for this unfortunate condition of affairs was the introduction of domestic reindeer from Siberia. The official world, at Washington decried his scheme, as the project of a hair-brained enthusiast, but Jackson persevered; he lectured on the subject throughout the States, and managed to procure about \$5,000 (a thousand pounds). Provided with this sum he went to Siberia and brought over a small herd with native Siberian drivers, and herders. It turned out a splendid success—on one occasion the reindeer saved the lives of some hundreds of sealers, wrecked, and frozen in, near Behring Straits. It has carried the mails all through this Arctic region in winter, with a despatch and regularity never dreamt of before. As a final result the American Government spent some £90,000 in introducing reindeer. This has altered the whole condition of the poor natives; nearly all of whom now own reindeer, that give them food, milk, clothing, and transportation. Fired by the example of Jackson, Dr. Grenfell, C.M.G., well known in connection with the Royal Deep Sea Mission to Labrador, began a movement for supplying Labrador with domesticated reindeer from Lapland. He was ably supported by Sir W. MacGregor, G.C.M.G.,

the present Governor of Newfoundland. Last year His Excellency made a very complete collection of the mosses and lichens of the great Labrador Peninsula and North East Newfoundland. These were sent to Kew, and definitely pronounced the true food of the reindeer.

With the aid of the Canadian Government, and various benevolent individuals in the great Republic and Canada, Grenfell succeeded in raising \$15,000 or about £3,000, stg. In September, Mr. Wood, Secretary of the Deep Sea Mission in London, visited Norway and Lapland and made a contract for a ship and a herd of 300 tame Lapland reindeer. Owing to various difficulties the steamer did not arrive in North East Newfoundland until December, 1907. Ice was on the coast, and there was great trouble in landing the herd, but after some had got away, and two or three were drowned they were safely landed, and by the last accounts are thriving wonderfully. The only trouble at present arises from the brutal Eskimo dogs, used by the settlers to haul sledges in the winter and get out their fire wood. Several times they have made savage attacks on the reindeer whilst they were employed drawing out timber on sledges from the interior. They injured one deer severely, but Grenfell managed to stitch up the wound and by the last accounts the beast has recovered. To illustrate the fierce character of these mongrel dogs, every season they kill some one. Last year an Eskimo family, consisting of husband, wife, and two children, were making a journey in the middle of winter, to visit relatives on the coast. On the trip the man became weak from hunger, and could no longer control his team. The dogs turned upon the party, and killed and ate the whole family. I have always declared that these horrors should sound the death knell of the Eskimo dog.

It will be a great act of humanity when this vicious monster is replaced by the valuable reindeer. The fifty bought by the Harmsworth Company did not succeed so well on account of heat last summer, and have been sent north to join the Grenfells herd at Port Anthony.

D. W. P.



A NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU SHOT NEAR THE RAILWAY TRACK.

❖ A Wilderness Paradise. ❖

From "Rod and Gun" in Canada.



ONE OF THE STEAMERS OF THE TEMISKAMING NAVIGATION COMPANY
WITH GUESTS ON A DAILY TRIP.



HE call of the wild" is one that comes to the most well-regulated men at least once a year. It is echoed in the hearts of his family and his friends. It perhaps springs from that primitive desire to get close to Nature's heart—away from the thralldom of business and the hustle and roar of the town or city—back to where one can divest himself of studied conventions and be and act the real boy again. Every year men and women leave luxurious homes and hie them away to the woods to spend a few weeks in the joy of roughing it without thought of social or commercial exactions. They reap their reward in the form of renewed vigor, and return tanned and happy, with an added zest for work.

In the springtime this longing makes itself felt, and mentally one formulates plans for the summer vacation. As the years roll by and the country becomes more and more settled, the question where to go becomes harder and harder to decide. The great wish is to get out in the wilderness, but of necessity it must be a spot out of the range of civilization, but within easy striking distance of commercial centres. In this connection there is no spot on this continent which occupies such a commanding position of "splendid isolation" as the Kipawa and Temiskaming Lake District. Here is a virgin wild, easy of access, in the heart of New Ontario, and skirting the wilder portion of the good old Province of Quebec. It is a district of magnificent water stretches, virtually teeming with fish, while its forests are yet alive with game of every variety from the partridge to the stately moose. It is a district rich in the lore and the legend of the Redman, and its rivers and lakes bear the soft-sounding names of the Objivay tongue. Apart from the rugged beauty of the scenery the chief charm of the district for many will be in the fact that man has not placed his despoiling hand upon it. It is a section where a man virtually steps from a train at the terminus of civilization and walks direct into a wilderness! such a riot of flowers! such a majesty of forest

and such an intertwining of placid lakes and beautiful rivers. It is as if Nature moulded it in the superlative degree.

The Kipawa and Temiskaming district forms a section of the Laurentian range and its altitude ensures that clarified air which brings strength to weak lungs and soothing to tired nerves. The atmosphere is everywhere redolent with the grateful perfume of the balsam and the fir, and over all these is a grandeur of beauty that is an inspiration to contentment.

The Kipawa and Temiskaming Lake district, which comprises some thousands of square miles of primeval wild, is bounded on the south by the Ottawa river, on the west by Lake Temiskaming, which is really an expanse of the same river, and on the north by the Ottawa river. It lies north of Lake Ontario, and due north of Buffalo. Temiskaming station is the rail-end of the Canadian Pacific Railway branch line from Mattawa, and the trip from the latter place carries one through forty miles of as picturesque country as could well be imagined. Temiskaming station is situated on the south end of the famed Lake of Temiskaming, a magnificent

body of water from one to seven miles wide, and extending north for a distance of fully seventy-six miles, navigable by the largest steamers. During the summer season daily trips are made over the lake by the commodious steamers of the Temiskaming Navigation Company, the starting point of which is at Temiskaming station. Of the beauty of the scenery along the shores of Lake Temiskaming a volume might be written, and the brush of the greatest artist would fall short of doing it justice. On every side there is something to delight the eye, and all along, as a background, lie the verdure-clad Laurentian Hills.

A short distance from Temiskaming station in the heart of beautiful grounds overlooking the lake towards the Quebec shore is the Bellevue Hotel, commodious and modern in all its equipment, electrically lighted throughout, with the latest plumbing, and with a supply of pure spring water piped some thousands of feet from the Laurentian Hills. It forms an ideal spot from which to organize outing parties into this northern paradise. Here may be obtained the necessary equipment in the way of guides, canoes, boats and outfits to enjoy all the pleasures of hunting or fishing expeditions. Billiard rooms and tennis lawn for recreation if you wish, but the woods, the streams and the lakes are the most popular attractions for Bellevue guests. Near the Hotel, and surrounding the grounds, are a number of cottages suitable for families. The Bellevue Hotel is the one modern touch in this natural wilderness, and finds great favor with tourists.

In the numerous rivers and streams adjacent to Temiskaming station are to be obtained a variety of fish calculated to delight the hearts of the most devoted of the followers of Izaak Walton. Pike, dore, black bass and maskinonge are among the rewards of the faithful angler, while there are innumerable trout streams within easy distance of the Bellevue. Among the rare treats offered to guests at the Bellevue is the opportunity of proceeding by boat to a nearby lake, pitching stakes and spending

several days under canvas in fishing and hunting. The campers' boats are usually towed up to the desired destination by gasoline launches run in connection with the hotel. Of the famed trout fishing streams, from which have emanated many famous tales of piscatorial prowess, may be mentioned Obimik Creek, Emerald Lake, Greene Lake, Hart Lake and the Obashing Lakes.

The Kipawa Lake District is renowned as the home of large moose, and North Temiskaming station is also regarded as a great moose country, but little frequented by hunters as yet. Good game of other species may also be encountered, and but recently three black bears were killed within a few miles of the Bellevue Hotel.

To the tourist making his first trip to Canada, and whose curiosity has been aroused by the lure of the richness of the far-famed Cobalt Silver Camp, is offered the opportunity of rounding off his vacation by a flying visit to this Northern Eldorado. A delightful trip from Temiskaming station on a palatial steamer lands the traveller at Haileybury, which is within fifteen minutes' railway ride from Cobalt City.



GUESTS ON THE VERANDAH OF THE BELLEVUE, TEMISKAMING.



Photo by John J. Shortall.

S.S. LAKE CHAMPLAIN ON THE REID-NFLD. CO'S. DRY DOCK.



AFTER A DAY ON THE BARRENS.



DRAW BRIDGE, MAIN RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Photos by H. Fraser.

In the notes under the portrait of Hon. J. C. Crosbie, page 13, thirteen lines down, it reads "manager of the Newfoundland Produce Company for the past fourteen years." It should have read "for the past five years."

The Bird Which Sang Outside.

[THE 18th of June, the "Feast of the Sacred Heart," the ceremonial of which is observed in this wonderful "St. John's of Ours," with a magnificence rivalling other and more distinguished churches, seemed singularly lovely and more impressive this year. We have had a most depressing season; while other places were revelling in sunshine and flowers, we were blockaded with ice in which great ships were held captive for days. All at once the mystic gloom of the wierd and solemn scene changed, and as if by magic, we have balmy breezes and a verdant countryside! So on the "Feast of the Sacred Heart" at the Benediction, which closed the ceremonial of the "Forty Hours Adoration" the casement opposite the writer was open, the splendours of a June sunset illumined—nay, rather seemed to sanctify the whole edifice, already radiant in lights and flowers and the glories of the "Lord of Hosts." But the incident which touched me most, was the voice of a bird outside the casement, its melody mingling with the prayers and praise inside!]

The organ peal'd, the "Tantum" rose
In all its mystic strains—
Before such music, Hell itself
Must cease its gnawing pains!
We know the angels join'd therein
From out God's portals wide,
But the sweetest sound o'er that great throng
Was the bird that sang outside!

The mute appeal—the tender song,
Seem'd tribute to the "Throne"!
So simply pure the notes arose
In language, all its own!
The altar glow'd in flow'rs and lights
And sunset's crimson tide,
But the balm, the peace, the mute appeal
Was the voice that sang outside!

June 18th, 1909.

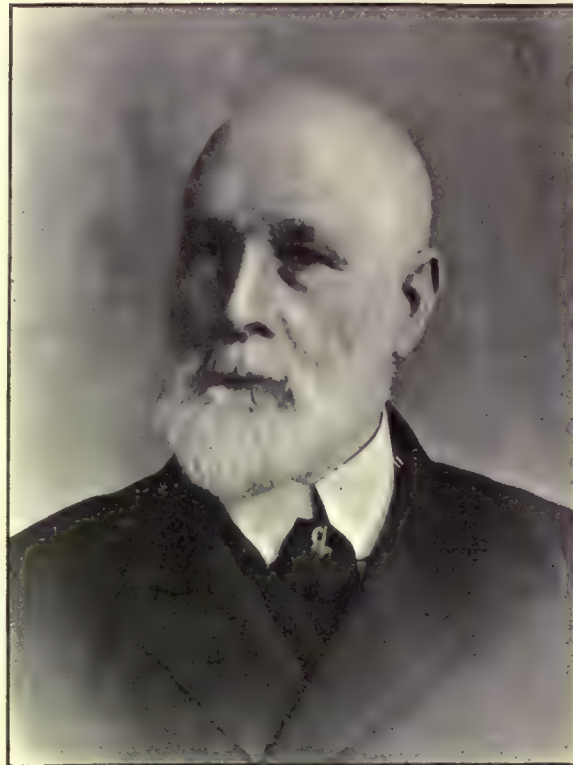
E. C.



Returning from the Seal Fishery—S.S. Newfoundland towing the S.S. Neptune to port disabled.—Photo by H. Fraser.

"In the Wake of the Setting Sun."

By James Carter.



SHERIFF JAMES CARTER, AUTHOR.

"IT is plain, moreover, that wherever he passed he (Sheriff Carter) had a keen and thoughtful eye for what was going on: and the descriptions are fluent, agreeably written and fully packed with varied observations of the ways of men and the look of cities in different parts of the world. The volume should be interesting reading to all sorts of readers. . ."

This extract from the *Scotsman* indicates the tone in which the leading literary critics of the Old Country have received Sheriff Carter's latest book "In the Wake of the Setting Sun." The Sheriff is an old and experienced traveller: on this trip he went fully equipped to make the very best use of his experiences and the result is embodied in this very interesting volume. He started from Newfoundland in March, 1907,—a season that was more than unusually rough and stormy even for March, in this country,—and in a few days he was among the gorgeous semi-tropical scenes of Los Angeles with its miles of rose-bushes in full bloom, its flower gardens, orchards and magnificent foliage at the zenith of their leafy profusion. Thence to California, to Yokohama, Tokio, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Pekin, Canton, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, Aden, through the Suez Canal, Gibraltar, the Bay of Biscay, England, thence to Newfoundland. Those Eastern Cities are always fascinating but they possess a peculiar interest for us now in view of late developments in the Orient. The Sheriff has something interesting to say of every place visited, and in many cases his descriptions are very graphic. We can strongly recommend this book to our readers, as one that will well repay a careful perusal. It is on sale at all the local booksellers, price \$2.00. It is peculiar to note that of all the places visited, though every one of them was probably more wealthy and more highly favoured by nature, still he saw no place he liked better than Home Sweet Home; and it is with more than ordinary gusto that he quotes this expressive quatrain.

'Oh Newfoundland and Cape Shore men, and men of Gloucester town!
With ye I've trawled o'er many banks and sailed the compass round;
I've ate with ye and bunked with ye, and watched with ye all three,
And better shipmates than ye were I never hope to see."

The Latest Type of Sealing Steamers.

THE S.S. *Florizel* which was built for the Red Cross Line by C. Cornell & Co., Ltd., of Glasgow, and launched in January last, marks a new departure in the line of ship-building, she being specially constructed to combat heavy ice at the seal fishery, and such as are frequently encountered in winter time at the entrance of St. John's. After the seal fishery is over she is made ready for freight and passenger traffic between this port, Halifax, N. S., and New York. Her bows are so constructed and reinforced as to enable her to easily ride and crush whatever ice she may come in contact with on her trips, and she will, therefore, be able to avoid many delays that have occurred to ships in the past making voyages to this port during the winter and spring seasons.

The *Florizel* is a steel screw vessel, with a gross tonnage of 3,500 tons. Her total length is 306 feet, with a beam 43 feet, and 29½ feet deep. She is schooner rigged and has a speed of 14 knots. Captain Joseph Clark, an old and experienced navigator, is in command of the new ship while in the freight and passenger business and he has under him a crew of fifty men. She has accommodation for 150 first class and 100 second class passengers. Captain A. Kean took charge of her at the ice fields the past spring and brought in the heaviest load of seals—30,488, valued at \$54,060.38.

THE S.S. *Bellaventure* was built entirely by D. W. Henderson & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, for Messrs. A. Harvey & Co., and her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 252.8; length between perpendiculars, 240.6; breadth of hold, 35.6; depth of hold, 16.11; mean draft in ballast, 17.10; total water ballast, 13.31; speed in ballast, 13½ knots; consumption of coal, 13 knots, 30 tons daily; consumption of coal, 10 knots, 13 tons daily; tripple expansion engines, 22½ inches, 37 inches, and 61 inches cylinders with 32 inch trough and a working capacity of 180 lbs., with a 2,000 indicator; two boilers, 14.0 and 11.9; gross tonnage, 1,132.9; nett tonnage, 446.98; dead weight, 1,325.0; total bunking capacity, 292 tons.

In the forecastle there is accommodation for 15 seamen, steam heated and electric lighted. The saloon and officers' quarters are situated underneath the bridge, and are handsomely fitted up. The saloon can accommodate 10 persons, and attached thereto are five staterooms, each to accommodate two persons. When the steamer is at the seal fishery the sealers will occupy the "tween deck" section which, apart from being heated, is situated at either side of the boilers. She is fitted with



THE S.S. "FLORIZEL"—MESSRS. BOWRING BROTHERS' MAMMOTH SEALING STEAMER.

The ship's interior fittings are elaborate and of the latest approved style, and besides, has spacious promenade decks, handsomely appointed dining rooms, and lounging and smoking rooms. The staterooms are commodious and well ventilated, those on the upper deck having windows instead of portholes opening on the decks. The inside staterooms are well ventilated by means of skylights. Bilge keels, to prevent rolling, submarine bells, searchlights and wireless telegraphy are all a part of the new ship's equipment. Opposite page 24 you will see the Red Cross Company's passage rates, etc.



Photo by W. Quinn.

THE S.S. "BELLAVENTURE" LEAVING FOR THE SEAL FISHERY.

a powerful searchlight, which will enable the captain to pick his men off the ice. Messrs. Harvey & Co. are to be congratulated on their enterprise in introducing this type of seal hunter, which commenced with the building of the s.s. *Adventure* in 1905. Capt. J. Knee took charge of the *Bellaventure* the past spring and brought in 26,758 seals, valued at \$43,049.62.



Reproduced by James Vey.

THE SEALING STEAMER "ADVENTURE," BUILT IN 1905.



AN ICEBERG—NUMEROUSLY MET AT THE SEAL HUNT.



PROCLAMATION

*By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR,
Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distingu-
ished Order of Saint Michael and Saint
George, Companion of the Most Honourable
Order of the Bath, Doctor of Medicine,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and
over the Island of Newfoundland and its
Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it has been represented to me that a large number of persons engaged in Banking and Commerce, and of the citizens of St. John's, are desirous of having certain days, hereinafter mentioned, set apart as Public and Bank Holidays.

I do, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the following days be set apart and observed in St. John's as Public and Bank Holidays, viz. :—

Saturday, the Twenty-sixth day of June, instant, for the celebration of the Birthday of His Majesty the King;
Wednesday, the Fourteenth day of July next;
Wednesday, the First day of September next;
The day on which the Annual St. John's Regatta is to be held;
Wednesday, the Twenty-sixth day of January, 1910;
Wednesday, the Sixteenth day of February, 1910; and
Thursday, the Seventeenth day of March, 1910.

Of which all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 19th day of June, A.D. 1909.

By His Excellency's Command,

R. WATSON,
Colonial Secretary.

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St. John's, ✿ Twillingate, ✿ Looking out from the
Battery, St. John's, ✿ Fogo, ✿ Trinity from Gun Hill,
✿ Little Bay Islands, ✿ Moreton's Harbor, ✿ Bonne Bay,
✿ Port-au-Port, ✿ Herring Neck, ✿ Collin's Cove, Burin,
✿ Epworth, Burin, ✿ Burin, Nos. 1 and 2, ✿ Carbonear,
✿ Change Islands, ✿ Brigus, ✿ Exploits, ✿ Quidi Vidi,
✿ Cape Bonavista—the Landfall of Cabot, ✿ The Sisters,
Harbor Grace, ✿ The Pier, Lewisporte, ✿ Salvage Rock,
Harbor Grace, ✿ Indian Harbor, Labrador, ✿ Battle
Harbor, Labrador. ✿

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Icebergs, ✿ Hunting, ✿ Fishing ✿ and Woodland Scenes.

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Alpha Salad Cream, Irish Hams and Bacon,

Fancy Pickles—sour and sweet, Irish Pigs' Heads,

Tinned Fruit, Jams, Syrups and Cordials.

J. D. RYAN, 281 Water St.

Extract from The Merchant Shipping Act Referring to the Naming of Ships.

Regulations made by the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, under Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906.

Under the provisions of Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906, the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, hereby make the following Regulations relating to ships' names, and direct that they shall come into force on 1st January, 1908:

1.—Any person who proposes to make application for the Registry of a British Ship shall give notice in writing of the proposed name of the ship to the Registrar of Shipping at the intended Port of Registry at least fourteen days before the date on which it is contemplated to effect the registry.

7.—When it is proposed to register the ship at a port not situated in the British Islands, the Registrar to whom the name is intimated may proceed with the registry of the ship if he satisfies himself that the name does not appear in the Current Mercantile Navy List; but if the name does so appear, the Registrar shall transmit the application to the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen, and the case shall be treated in the manner laid down for registry in the British Islands.

*Department of Customs,
2nd January, 1908.*

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

JOHN KEAN,

14 Adelaide Street.

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Boots and Shoes

Bowring Brothers, Limited.

Ship Owners, Brokers, and General Merchants.

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National Board of Marine Underwriters of New York.
Liverpool and Glasgow Underwriters.
Liverpool and London and Globe Fire Insurance Co.
New York, Newfoundland, and Halifax Steam Ship Co.
English and American Steam Shipping Co.

Owners and Agents of the Newfoundland Royal Mail Coastal Steamships *Portia* and *Prospero*.

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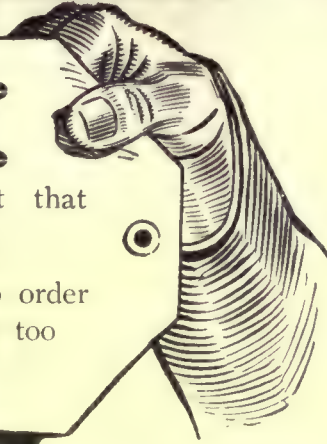
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We have pleased many others. Let us have your Order once, and we will merit a continuance of your favours.

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A Tourist Experience and a Memory of Old St. Bonaventure's.

By Rev. Jno. O'Reilly, D.Ph., D.D.



THIS Spring your correspondent made a trip by rail and steam along the St. John River in the Province of New Brunswick. This river is aptly called the Rhine of Canada. The passenger steamer was large enough for a few hundred persons, and a journey along a smooth broad river, for six or eight miles, introduces one to a great variety of land and water scenery. Here we may say that the grandeur of Newfoundland scenery is in its marvellous combination of bays and indraughts, which mirror forth the varied outlines of the shore.



THE HUMBER RIVER.

On the St. John River the scenes are of forest and field, with a great broad stream dividing the face of a level country for many miles. Near St. John, where the river flows through a rocky gorge into the bay, and where a colossal railway bridge spans the space, one is reminded of some of those wild dashing cascades on the Humber or Exploits, or some other Newfoundland water-course. Going by train through that part of New Brunswick, there is an impression of extensive and changing country. Fields give place to prairies, and then the forest intervenes; anon a clear open brown space, sentinelled with bowlders, rolls away to a distant horizon. The evening sun pours a flood of rich light over the land, and all is turned by its magical power into purple, silver and gold. Such views, too, will be met by the railway traveller in Newfoundland, notably in that western territory which is dominated by the sturdy Topsails. There the prairie land rolls away like the sea, and white rocks and sometimes caribou give to the outlook on brown heath a certain diversity of colour.

We pass a few hours at Fredericton, the official capital of New Brunswick. This town rejoices in great groves of trees, planted for decorative and health purposes. Above it towers the dome of its House of Assembly. It is also a training centre for the military, and has many fine public buildings—including a graceful church and convent schools.

From Fredericton we took, by steamer, our journey towards a village bearing an old Indian name of Oromocto. There were some Italians there, and I had been invited by the Pastor—Rev. Father Carleton—to speak to the Italians in their native tongue. Now, at this point I may introduce my memory of St. Bonaventure's, and you will admit it to be a dramatic coincidence in every sense of the word.

The students of St. Bonaventure played a piece (dealing with Irish life) on the stage of St. Patrick's Hall, St. John's, some time in the early eighties—of the nineteenth century of course. Amongst those who took part in it were Messrs. (Rev.) W. McCarthy, Wm. Collins, M. O'Toole, Wm. Hogan, H. Clinton, and yours sincerely—the writer of this humble but veracious sketch.

The "persons" of the play were Major Lookout, Teddy O'Neil, Augustus Belhaven; Squire Hilton and Duke Hilton (by Mr. C. Renouf). Father Carleton, speaking of this very play, told me that it had been written years ago by his brother—Judge Carleton—who is now in active official duty in the Province of New Brunswick. Judge Carleton was then a young lawyer, and for a lawyer made an unlaywer-like bargain, for he sold a most brilliant dramatic composition for a few dollars to an inevitable American company. This company turned the Judge's literature into a good speculation, for the play has been staged all over the United States, Canada and Newfoundland. It was cleverly referred to in the Jubilee No. of the *Adelphian*, by some correspondent who very ably and pleasantly described that period ('80 to '85) in the history of the College. It was therefore a revelation to me to hear, concerning this play, from Rev. Father Carleton, the brother of its composer; and it was no less a revelation to him, when he was told that the person who represented Augustus Belhaven, when the piece was staged



BIG RATTLING BROOK, WHICH RUNS INTO THE EXPLOITS.

in Newfoundland, was then seated in his carriage, and with him enjoying the varied landscape of New Brunswick's wondrous river.

Old St. Bonaventure's boys, who remember the play, will be pleased to know that its composer (Judge Carleton) still lives in New Brunswick—a prominent official, a brilliant lecturer, and in former times Editor of the well-known Catholic paper—*The New Freeman*—in which many Newfoundland notes have been published by one who need not be further referred to in this sketch. Also, in giving a Temperance Discourse in St. Malachi Hall, St. John, your correspondent was the recipient of a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Miles Agur, who had himself taken also the illustrious part of Belhaven when the piece was played by the boys in St. John.

All this seemed to me sufficiently dramatic for THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. I had not thought of the writer of our old St. Bonaventure's play as one I should meet after many years, in a then distant scene—"mid the sunlight and shadow of Canadian pines." This play is an ideal one for college students. Mr. Harry Bradshaw helped in its arrangement at the time, and Mr. J. Bennett was our leading musician.

Having finished our mission amongst the Italians of Oromocot we go on board a steamer to return to St. John. And after all, the best advertisement a tourist country can have is its steamers and railways, though literature is essential too. Of late many beautiful compositions in pleasing verse and in prose, which has all the soul of poetry, have appeared in your periodical.

It is indeed a proof of the power of writing to see the ordinary surroundings of a Newfoundland salmon lake—its rocks and brushwood, and sungilded waves, and purple heather, reproduced in a series of pen pictures by a local Newfoundland writer, whose compositions have recently added classic grace to THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. He not only gives the subject, but the philosophy thereof.

This correspondent especially mentioned the fishing resources of the North of Ireland. I knew, in Rome, a student—now Rev. Father McDwyer. He had a perfect enthusiasm for salmon fishing; would talk angling for hours; and he was a native of Donegal—"land of the mountain and the flood." He too, like your gifted correspondent of a former issue, was one who caught the inspiration of the North. He was every inch a Waltonian—the most popular man in the college.

In speaking of tourist literature, we must take some exception to a certain class of literary writers, who not having any knowledge of a country more than Count Small took, will "describe" it in American magazines after mayhap a ten days tour. When clever writers resident in the country, and acquainted with its affairs for years write of it in a local or foreign press, they deserve well of the land; but really when persons who have no more than a week's holiday to study the subject undertake to enlighten the nations from the depths of their own emptiness—with which like Dante's wolf they are full—then we may really complain. And in good truth the worst and most infamous maligners of the place are precisely unknown tourists, who will fill more pages of drivel than they ever spent days on the country's soil. We do not wish to speak unkindly of these people, but it is by such that a false idea of things is presented to the public. And they are of the unknown kind—invisible, and all the more mischievous, because so utterly unknown.



Sonnet

To "Our Lady of the Fjords."



ON June 24th, 1905, the festival of St. John the Baptist: and the 408th anniversary of the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot (24th June, 1497), a beautiful and wondrous Iceberg, showing a Statue of the Blessed Virgin, appeared off "The Narrows" of St. John's. The day on which the Iceberg appeared was also the very day on which the Newly appointed first Archbishop, the Most Rev. M. F. Howley, received the investiture of the *Pallium*, as metropolitan of the Newly Created Ecclesiastical Province of Newfoundland.

Hail Crystal Virgin, from the frozen fjords
Where far-off Greenland's gelid glaciers gleen*
O'er Ocean's bosom soaring, cool, serene;—
Not famed Carrara's purest vein affords
Such sparkling brilliance, as, mid countless hordes
Of spotless glist'ning bergs thou reignest Queen;
In all the glory of thy opal sheen:—
A Shimmering Shrine;—Our bright Atlantic Lourdes!

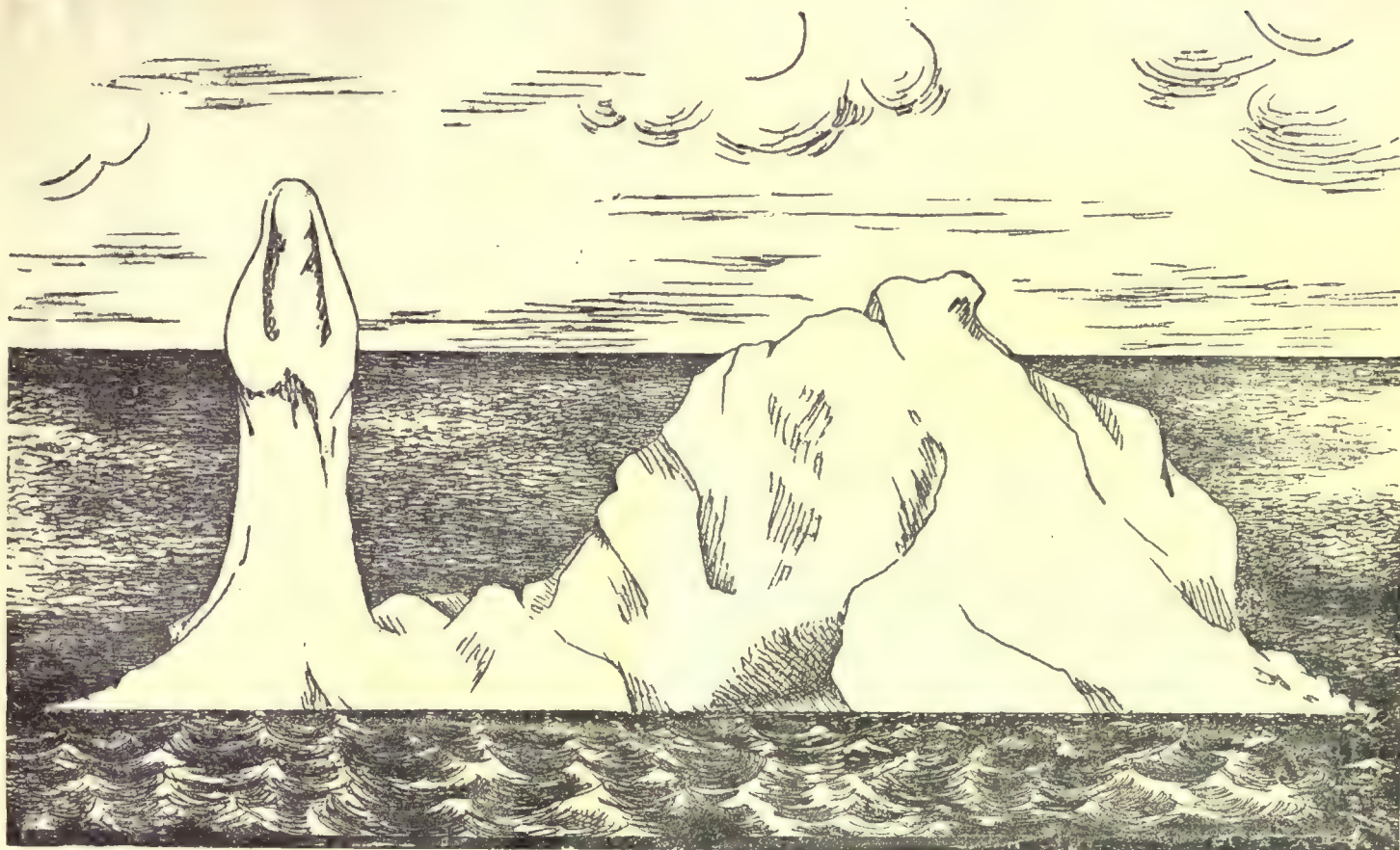
We hail thee, dual patron†, with acclaim,
Thou standest guardian o'er our Island home.
To-day, four cycles since, our rock-bound strand,
First Cabot saw:—and gave the Baptist's name:
To-day we clothe with *Pallium* from Rome,
The first Archbishop of our Newfoundland!

† M. F. H.

* This is a local word used by our fishermen to signify the peculiar reflecting of a bright halo by the icefields.

† St. John the Baptist is the first Patron of our Cathedral. The Immaculate Virgin is the second.





“OUR LADY OF THE FJORDS.”

Piscatorial Pencillings at Crystal and Platte Lakes.

By L. F. Brown, New York.

GREYGOWNS.

Oh, here's to escape from a dishwashing life,—
For a shore meal at Crystal or Platte !
Out in God's great dining-room, husband and wife,
Each wearing a ten-cent hat,
Smelling coffee, and smoke from the luncheon fire,
And so happy they really seem
To be rather afraid that they will wake up
And find it all only a dream.

—Bennie Rhymes.



SO FAR the writer has fried fish over an open-air fire fifty-four times during this year's visit to this angling region ; and during over half those open-air meals under the big trees, with the crystal voice of Glen Rhoda cascade or the whispers of winds sighing through the fragrant branches of solemn pines while the lake shimmered, some delighted woman in the party would repeat the trite but always true fact that “ it is not all of fishing to fish.” This is especially true at these Frankfort lakes of Michigan.

I have eaten pompano amid orange groves along Sarasota Bay in Florida, and caribou steaks with roasted trout beside the *Force de la Plain* salmon pool of *Harry's River* in Newfoundland, and have had Indians serve delicious sea-trout and white fish at camps in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Vancouver Island. But I never relished food more than Platte River Brook trout or

Crystal Lake pêrch, eaten with two or three married couples at Sunlight Beach, on the west shore of Little Platte Lake, or up near Dunn's cottage on the north shore at Crystal. And how the women enjoy those rough meals, cooked and served by a man ! It seems so odd to them not to be obliged to cook, and to just eat, look, listen and be happy.

Myriads of husbands, “ good, easy men,” plod along in life's dull round, not dreaming that they stand over domestic volcanoes. The perpetual grind of kitchen and chamber work, of washing foul clothing, ironing it, of baking and mending, sweeping, cleaning house, and playing dull Joan to a commonplace man's Darby, brings sullen rebellion and dangerous thoughts to much more than half the wives. No wonder that so many people are sure that marriage is a failure, and say that divorce and alimony, nervous mania and secret heart tragedies grow more and more common ; that women want something more than a chance to slave for men who pay them with poor clothes, cheap meals, squalid or loveless homes, and think such wives have no real wish for something better than skimming milk, churning, peeling and cooking potatoes, and planning how, from the scanty allowance, they may save enough silver to buy a cheap gown.

One average woman is better than about twenty average men,

but the average men benefit by that. Yet the wife has a vein of the poetical and romantic in her that hungers for an outing by flood or fell, and may even own a soul that occasionally wants some better food than that supplied by patching a husband's trousers.

Shall I ever forget the wistful effort, by an unhappy wife, to enjoy a dreamy Indian summer day here at Crystal? That was almost twenty years ago; even then the writer was old and gray, but forgot his feeble health in watching that woman's sorrow. She had left home with her child for a day, hoping for a day of joy, denied to her by her husband. And as all things are dark to sorrow, the light, crisp air, flame of autumn colors, and loveliness, seemed sad to her. And she asked me with resentment:

Sir, why should a girl not be educated to do something that would earn her a decent living, and not feel it necessary to marry the first man who may condescend to throw her his pocket handkerchief?"

But at Crystal and Platte we find dozens of wise and loving men and happy wives. It has been our privilege to meet and even entertain some of them with a noonday luncheon of fried fish on shore, where the peerless cloud frescoes of the skies, and the leaf-shadows dancing over our earth table furnished grateful change for the gray-gowns. And how they have reveled in it!

A typical lunch was eaten at Birch Point, on Big Platte. Two husbands and wives were my guests there. Those wise men were at the lake for an outing to improve their own health. I half wondered if they fully realized how the sanitation of the Platte woods and waters was bringing health to their helpmeets! Both women were charming; neither was a Venus, but rather a Diana, Hebe or Juno, and each sat on a log and demurely tried to realize that a man was going to cook a meal for her. Something of kindly derision mingled with their amusement over this new experience. One of them, her eyes and face full of laughter, noted the absence of a table and cloth; and the shore echoed with her laughter as I found a weather-beaten board three feet long and a foot wide, and said: "This will be our table."

"And where is the table cloth?" asked the other woman, voice and face full of mischief.

"Here," I replied, tearing a foot-wide strip from a newspaper, and putting a pebble on it to keep the wind from blowing it away. And how those women laughed! How they entered into the spirit that joys in the makeshifts of the "camp," and shrieked their glee to see me scramble eggs with a freshly broken birch twig! Every primitive feature of preparing that meal brought a shower of more amused smiles and dimples. It was not easy to keep them from helping.

"My! how hungry that frying bacon and the fish make me! M-m-m! Real and famous brand of coffee! Wonder if you do know how to roast potatoes with their jackets on out here in an open fire. So you want me to sit on the ground and drink coffee from one of these tin cups! How Jolly! And how ridiculous! And what fun! How did you manage to make such good coffee anyhow; best I have had in years! And fried bass! Don't you want a job as a cook? Awfully good bread! Did you bake it? And who taught you that freshly pitted raw cherries make such delicious sauce, with sugar?"

But they vowed that the meal was a "howling success," and just about the best one of their lives. And when I furnished them with Bill Thompson as a guide to row them while each held a fishing rod baited with a big minnow, and they knew

that a real big fish might bite either hook at any moment, their happiness was complete. And their husbands asked me to join them in another shore lunch as their guest.

That second meal was eaten on the shore of Round Pond, and maybe those women did not make my little "spread" seem cheap! And each told me how her husband was spoiling her, taking her out rowing, and everybody was improving in health, and it was all so perfectly lovely! As one of those men told me: "It takes so little to make a woman really happy!"

Does it? Hardly! It took Platte, and Platte is very much!

So little? Into their lives had come such a change of environment, so much of novelty, unexpectedness, every wave and whitecap, eddy, wild bird and flower waking to keener perceptions, and sharpening the senses, mental fog dispelled. They were getting untraceable consciousness of the ordered pulses of the world. How ample and roomy; how varied and living! Those women felt all this; but describe it? No! As well try to weigh the fire or net the wind. Could we call back the dark grandeur of that majestic thunderstorm, and restore to it the silvery raindrops that filled the wide air? Could we gather the bees at noonday and put them all in their home in that hemlock tree? Neither could we disclose the loveliness of all those far-curving shores by gathering an armful of twigs, nor show the gusty sweetness living, miles wide, over all the surface of that lake, by dipping up a handful of its water!

It was my privilege to pilot those two "old" married couples on their first trip down the silent, swift lower Platte stream, and to watch their enjoyment. I especially noted the quiet, deep admiration for it all, of one of those women, and her silent, even reverent grasp of the loveliness reigning in and along that wooded, pellucid little river, the view appearing around each bend so perfect, yet each so different from the others! I recalled Moore's lines, about music—for here was music of the eyes:

"Tis I that mingle in one rich measure,
The past, the present and future of pleasure;
While memory links the tone that is gone
With the sweeter tone that's yet in the ear,
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near."

There were vistas where the sunshine filtering through foliage fell in splotches on that living water, and transfigured the spot with a beauty that seemed scarcely of earth, making every square foot of the river a Golconda of sight. I see it all yet, how the mystery of distance makes the shape of each leaf and twig melt into the mystery of the banks and masses of foliage. Who can describe the tender, subtle changes forever working in that penetralia, light within light, shadow over shadow, the exquisite pageant stretching away in intangible being? Here parts of the river have overflowed into the woods and make lagoons where the water has limpidly gone to sleep where, in soft depths of glooms under the great trees, Silence and Twilight keep their noonday watch, and all the cheated hours sing vespers. Iris flowers star the shores with blue, and creamy, wax-like blossoms of water-lilies invite a fair hand to pluck them as they seem to be alive and challenging her admiration. While they smile from the water below, an eagle perches on a dry stub, and kingfishers, with rattling cries, flash and flutter their blue wings as they poise and watch above schools of minnows.

But never mind. Why should we rave about "perfectly beautiful Nature" or the women who are the last touch of the divine in nature? We have fished over three months, and must fish three months more, before we sit at the desk in New York and "tackle" the papers already piled on it. And the day ends with a rainstorm that makes me hand my water-proofs to that woman while I get a drenching and a rheumatic attack that will make me miserable for a week.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

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REGULATIONS

Relating to the preservation and improvement of Game Birds in this Colony made and prescribed by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of Section 9, of the Act 6, Edward VII., Cap. 20, entitled "An Act respecting the Department of Marine and Fisheries."

Whereas there has been imported into this Colony and set at liberty for the public benefit a number of Game Birds known as Capercaillie and Black Game.

And Whereas it is desirable to prescribe regulations for the preservation and improvement of the said Game Birds the following regulations have been made by the Governor in Council under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said Act for that purpose:—

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive or give away, or have in his possession any Capercaillie or Black Game or the eggs of any such birds within this Colony at any time from the 12th day of October, 1907, to the 12th day of October, 1917.

2. Every person who violates the above regulations shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs, and in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

The following description of the birds is published for general information:

THE CAPERCAILLIE COCK is a large bird, weighing from 7 to 12 lbs., of dark blue plumage, but white from the crop downwards and with white spots on the upper wing-coverts.

THE BLACK COCK, which is larger than the Partridge, is also of dark blue plumage, with white feathers under the tail and in the wings.

THE HENS OF BOTH SPECIES are the colour of the local Partridge in early summer, i.e. a light brown.

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

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ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, June, 1909.

Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the Crown Lands Act, 1903, are published for general information:—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for Agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6,400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of \$5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions:—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) to clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of \$6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of \$2 per square mile, an annual rental of \$2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of \$100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent \$5 per square mile for first year; \$3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filled with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is \$10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, \$20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, \$30; for next period of five years, \$50; and for following years \$100.

Upon expenditure of \$6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

S. D. BLANDFORD,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,

St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1909.



THE ...

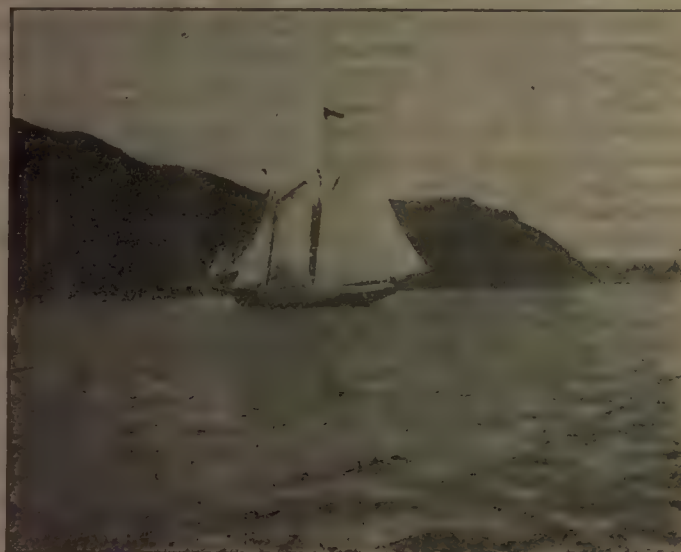
Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1909.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.



A HERRING FATCHER

COMING OUT OF BAY-DE-L'EAU

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Extract from "An Act to Provide for the Establishment of a Fire Department for the Town of St. John's." (Passed July 4th, 1895.

Sec. 9.—No person shall open any of the signal boxes connected with the fire alarm telegraph for the purpose of giving or causing to be given a false alarm of fire, or to interfere in any way with the said boxes, by breaking, cutting, injuring or defacing the same, or pulling the hook, handle or slides therein, except in case of fire, or without authority open, tamper or meddle with said boxes, wires or attachments, or any part or parts thereof, or with the telephone wires or anything connected therewith, under a penalty, not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Sec. 14.—Every person who shall carry any fire through the streets, lanes or any wharves in the town, except in some covered vessel, or who shall kindle or light a fire in any of the places aforesaid, or who shall carry a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette on any wharf where hay, straw or any combustible material may be stored, shall for every offence be liable to a fine of not less than ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 15.—No person shall use in any mill, barn, outhouse or stable a lighted candle or lamp, unless enclosed in a lantern, fire in any of the said buildings unless properly secured, nor a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 16.—No person shall light or have a fire in any house, workshop or outhouse unless such fire is in a brick or stone chimney, or in a stove of iron or other metal material properly secured, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 17.—No person shall light a fire or cause a fire to be lighted on any street, lane, wharf or public place, except in accordance with a permit of the officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 18.—No person shall light a fire, or cause a fire to be lighted, on any street, lane, wharf, public place, for any purpose, or in yard or in any private residence for the purpose of heating or boiling pitch, tar, sugar, molasses, varnish, or such inflammable substances, except in accordance with a permit of the Officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars, to be recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate or a Justice of the Peace by any person who may sue for the same. In default of payment of said fine the party offending shall be liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

All Wharfingers and Store-keepers on the water front, as well as Coachmen and Stable-keepers generally, also Owners of Workshops, and Managers of Factories, are requested to do all in their power, in the interest of public safety, to see that Sections 14 and 15 are observed.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

*Inspector-General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.*

GENERAL POST OFFICE. ❁ ❁ Telegraph Money Orders.

Money may be transmitted by means of Telegraph Money Orders from all Post Offices in Newfoundland at which Telegraph and Money Order business is transacted.

The Scale of Charges of Commission on Telegraph Money Orders will be the usual Money Order Commission, plus twenty cents, the cost of a Telegraphic advice to the Postmaster at Office of payment.

In all other respects Telegraph Money Orders will be subject to the ordinary Money Order regulations.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

General Post Office, St. John's, Nfld.



Published by Authority

The following regulation and alteration of the existing law has been, upon recommendation of the Game and Inland Fisheries Board, approved by His Excellency the Administrator in Council.

R. WATSON,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
August 17th, 1909.

Game and Inland Fisheries.

1. No person shall hunt, kill, purchase or have in his possession any Ptarmigan or Willow Grouse, commonly called Partridge, nor any Curlew, Plover, Snipe, or other Wild or Migratory Birds (except Wild Geese), or the Eggs of any such Birds; nor shall shoot any Wild Rabbit or Hare within this Colony between the 15th days of December in any year and the 20th day of September in the year succeeding, under a penalty of not less than \$25 nor exceeding \$100, or imprisonment not exceeding three months. Provided it shall not be held unlawful to sell, purchase, or have in possession any of such birds when the party shall prove that the said birds were killed between the 20th day of September and the 15th day of December in any year.

2. No person shall trap or snare any Wild Rabbit or Hare between the 1st day of March and the 20th day of September in any year under a penalty of not less than \$25 and not exceeding \$100, or imprisonment not exceeding three months.

3. The foregoing regulations shall come into force immediately and shall apply to the present season.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, Sept., 1909.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of } From \$0.85
signature and address, costs } To 1.00

A ten word message to the United States, } From \$1.10
exclusive of signature and address, costs } To 1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, Sept., 1909.

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Special care is taken in the manufacture of our Bread and Biscuits. When we say to you that they are the **Best** we do not exaggerate in the least.

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Why?

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Sample Tin furnished on request.

Thos. McMurdo & Co.,

Wholesale Agents,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Insurance!

Confederation Life

Association,

Rimouski Fire Insurance

Company,

For Rates, etc., apply to

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,

General Agent for Newfoundland,

Oke Building, St. John's.

Queen

Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS \$60,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
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JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

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House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

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Also on hand, a large quantity of Good Second-Hand Brick.

Estimates Given for all kinds
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Manufacturers and Real Estate Owners contemplating
any addition to their present holdings, or the erection of new
structures, will find it advantageous to get our estimates and
terms.

Attention!

Should you need a **Suit** or **Overcoat**, now is
your time to call and see us. We are showing
a very nice line of Brown, Black and Blue
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INGS** at greatly reduced prices. Also, a line
of Colored Wool Overcoatings, reduced; and
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Blue Serges, Vicunas and Corkscrews.

Strict attention given to Outport Orders.

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Tailor and Clothier,
268 Water Street,

Opposite Bowring Bros.

The Newfoundland Quarterly.

Vol. IX.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1909.

40 cents per year.

❁ Newfoundland Name-Lore. ❁

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D.

XXVII.



CAPE RACE.



HIS Headland is not only the most important, and remarkable point on the coast of Newfoundland, but I think it may be safely said to be the most important point on the face of the Globe. It is situated in Lat. N. $46^{\circ} 39' 24''$, and in Longt. W. from Greenwich $53^{\circ} 04' 20''$. A glance at the map will show that it stands out right in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, being a sort of "half-way station" on the great trans-oceanic highway between Liverpool and New York; Newfoundland itself being not inappropriately called "The stepping stone between the Old and New Worlds." Cape Race is situated at about one-third of the distance, or about one thousand miles from New York and two thousand miles from Liverpool. It is the objective point of all outward and inward-bound steamers. Having "made" or located this point, they set or readjust their course for New York or Liverpool, as the case may be. At the present time there is a Marconi wireless telegraph station at the Cape, and vessels are daily signalled some hundred or more miles off. This wonderful invention enables the steamers to get their point of departure without venturing too near the land, amid the dangerous floating archipelago of ice-bergs. Now all this may appear merely as a display of Geographical knowledge—and as irrelevant to our special purpose which is Name-Lore: but I would say that, though my principal object in these notes is name-lore, still I wish also to give all the interesting information at my command concerning the places mentioned. Moreover it will be seen that the above remarks are not irrelevant, as the prominent position of Cape Race is precisely that to which it owes its name. Judge Prowse (History, p. 10) considers that the name is Italian. He says, "Raso . . . it means

"shaved, cut off, an excellent description of the famous head-land. The English word razor is from the same source. . . . The *King* map (1502) is the earliest to contain a name that "has survived . . . its *Capo Raso* is distinctly Italian, although "the map was probably made Portugal." I agree with the learned Historian as far as the root-word which is the base and foundation of the name, though I must differ from him as to both the source and application of the term. The name is undoubtedly of Breton origin, and the application of the term *radere, rasum* (to shave) applies not to the appearance or formation of the land, but to the sailing of the vessels so close to the point that they are said to *shave* it. A photo of the Cape is prefixed to this article, from which it will be seen that there is nothing in its contour or formation to suggest shaving or cutting off. The Cape was called by the Bretons *Cap. Ratz* or *Raz*. Cartier (1536) calls it *Cap. de Raze*; Whitbourne, *Cape Derasse*. It is a common name among the Breton fisherman for any prominent Cape which ends a certain coast-line, and which has to be *rounded* or *doubled*, so as to give a free wind—" *Doubler le Raz*" or " *Passer au Rah de,*" or " *faire la raze du Cap.*" These are all different ways of expressing the same idea. It means to pass so close to the land as almost to graze it or shave it. Hence I admit that it is derived from *raser* to shave, but it does not mean to *cut off* any portion of the land, but to sail quite close under it. I consider the name

CAPE RAY

to have the same meaning, as the Bretons sometimes called it *Cap de Rah*, pronounced as our word raw.

All this would go to show that the name was originally given by the Bretons, and that the name on the Italian and Spanish maps is only copied from the Breton original; and often very falsely and absurdly copied, showing that they did not understand the meaning of it. Thus for instance on some Italian maps it is called *Capo Rosso* or Red Cape!

But now to prove historically that the Bretons gave the name. I showed in Article III. that it is most probable that both the Breton and Basque fishermen were here on our coasts prior to Cabot's time. Whether this be admitted or not, it is certain that at a very early period the Bretons frequented our Eastern and Southern Coasts, and left their impress indelibly marked upon our coves, harbours, and headlands. It was a constant custom of theirs, as indeed of all discoverers, to give to the lands newly found, the names of the old land left behind. So then on the Coast of Brittany the most westerly point is called *Cap Raz*, or the *Raz de Sein*.

The idea of *Cap Raz* is inseparably connected in the mind of the Breton with the

BAIE DES TREPASSES,

the Bay of the departed souls. Hence we find this name, corrupted into

TREPASSEY

given by the Bretons to the large Bay of which Cape Race forms the Eastern Headland and Cape Pine the Western. "On the Coast Brittany where Cap Raz stands out westward into the ocean, there is the 'Bay of Souls,' (trepasse,) the launching place where the departed spirits sail off across the sea." (Murray's Mythology, p. 350). "Standing on the summit of this headland," says Reclus (Geographie Universelle), "no less than 262 feet above the sea, we are not beyond the reach of the spray, and the ground is felt to shake beneath our feet. The waves dash into the *Enfer* (Hell-mouth) of Plogoff, at its foot, creating a sound like thunder and at the neighboring

"BAY OF TREPASSEY

"the superstitious mariner fancies he hears the voices of the drowned, rising above the howling storm and the roar of the waves."

The early Bretons, no doubt, wished to bring these Old-World traditions along with them and to engraft them upon the rather uncongenial shores of the New World.

Immediately inside Cape Race is a bay or inlet called

BISCAY BAY.

This, too, is another evidence of Breton nomenclature. As with all coastal inhabitants, the great ocean, on whose boundless expanse they look every day of their lives since the dawn of memory; whose great rolling billows ever surge in upon their shores, becomes a living portion of their existence, twines itself into their thoughts and dreams, nay! their very lives. It is the field of their daily labours, the theme of their traditions; the scene of their marine tragedies, such was to the Bretons the mighty Gulf of Gascony the "Bay of Biscay O! There may not have been much in the appearance of the new land to remind them of this Great Bight of the ocean, though the strong currents which sweep around Cape Race may well have brought to their recollection the Great Rennel Current. At all events it is but natural that, as they wished to resuscitate the names of their towns and capes, in the New World so also they desired to perpetuate the name of their own Great Bay. Otherwise there is nothing in the little inlet of Biscay Bay near Trepassey (which is about three miles wide), to recall the great *Sinus Aquitanicus*, which opens its wide jaws to a distance of 400 miles, between Cape Ortegal and Cap Raz. At Biscay Bay near Trepassey there is a delightful Bathing Beach; the only one on the east side of the Island, or within any reasonable distance of St. John's. This Beach is about a mile and a half wide. It is composed of a velvety sand, of a blueish green colour. It slopes out gradually at an angle of scarcely a foot in a hundred, and extends nearly a quarter of a mile seaward. A glorious rolling surf pours in upon it, and it is a most ideal place for bathing and for children to disport on, and build their sand mounds. The bay is surrounded by most charming scenery and by delightful grassy dunes, covered with sweet smelling hay and bright coloured wild flowers. One of the finest salmon rivers in the country flows into it. All this Nature's Paradise is within about sixty miles of St. John's (about an hour and a half's run on an ordinary railway) and yet it is as unknown to the people of St. John's as if it were in the center of Africa!

If for no other purpose than to open up this magnificent watering place alone, I would advocate a Railway to Trepassey which would take in Biscay Bay in its course. I believe that if this place were put in connection with the capital and a commodious hotel and sanitorium erected there, the passenger traffic

alone would ensure a paying revenue. No more pleasant spot could be selected to pass a summer vacation. The wide ocean spreads out in front and not a day passes but one or more of the great ocean liners is seen passing either to or from New York and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, besides innumerable coastal craft, traffic and other steamers from Sydney and the Gulf ports. The heaths surrounding the little bay are covered with berries which in late summer months would afford unlimited source of pastime and recreation to children. In the fall the "barrens" abound in game making it a "paradise for sportsmen." A couple of miles on one side lies the prosperous settlement of Trepassey, which is a port of call for the Coastal Steamers. It only requires a good carriage road to make it accessible in a half an hour's drive. On the other side about nine miles distant is Cape Race a most interesting point to be visited. There, besides the Light-house, is the terminus of the telegraph lines and the wondrous Marconi Station, from which daily and hourly communication is held with all the great steamers passing to and from some hundred or more miles distant. A good road is needed here also and no doubt would soon follow the opening up of the place to the public. From this cursory sketch it will be seen what an ideal spot is Biscay Bay for a summer resort if brought into the circuit of Railway connection. Let us hope this consummation may soon be realized.

After rounding Cape Race the first place of interest we come to, from a nomenclature point of view, is the thriving fishing settlement of

PORTUGAL COVE.

In Article XXI., when speaking of Portugal Cove in Conception Bay I alluded also to this cove which may be called "*Portugal Cove South*." A few words more will not be out of place here.

Allusion has been made more than once in these articles to the map of Juan de la Cosa. LaCosa was pilot with Columbus, and his principal cartographer. He made a map of the voyages in 1500, which is the oldest we have. The more southern portion, showing Cuba, Florida, &c., is very correct, but the northern portion is rather vague. Columbus had not seen these northern regions and LaCosa must have relied on some second-hand information for his knowledge of them. Now we know from the letters of the Spanish Ambassador in London (July 25th, 1498) that John Cabot after his return from his first voyage (1497) had been in Seville and Lisbon. He may then have met La Cosa and given him some idea of the lands discovered by him (Cabot) in the North-West, and LaCosa embodied them in his map. At all events the principal feature in LaCosa's map is a long straight coast trending in an easterly and slightly northerly direction to a certain point, when it turns abruptly north. This point as can be clearly deduced from all the immediately subsequent maps (Majollo, Ribeiro, Verazzano, &c.) is undoubtedly the present Cape Race. Along the coastline running from West to East is printed the legend

"MAR DESCUBIERTA POR INGLESSES,"

"sea discovered by the English," viz.: the Cabots. While the prominent headland (now C. Race) is called

"CAVO DE YNGLATERRA"

Cape of England—or English Cape. This name as we have seen soon disappeared. There is, however, at the present day a cape not far away in St. Mary's Bay named

CAPE ENGLISH

which may be the survival of LaCosa's nomenclature, though it has been shifted from its original site. Immediately after the voyage of the Cabots, the Portuguese, under Cortereal, came

out to Newfoundland (1500) and re-discovered, and claimed the territory. They produced a map which is known as the *Cantino Map*. It is evidently based on, if not actually copied from LaCosa's. But they blotted out the name of "*Cavo de Ynglaterra*" and instead wrote "*Terra del Rey de Portugal*." They also altered the position of the land, bringing it very much nearer to Europe, so as to place it on the eastern side of the line of demarcation of Alexander VI. as alluded to before.

This change will account for the survival of the name of Portugal Cove in the immediate neighbourhood of the Great Cape. The name of Portugal Cove appears in this place on the map of John Ruysch as early as 1508. Ruysch was a German who made some voyages with the Cabots. It is rather strange then to see him virtually abandon the English claim of the Cabots, and accept the Portuguese nomenclature. Ruysch's map was published in Rome by Beneventanus in 1508.

Inside Trepassey Bay there are several names of minor importance—capes, points, headlands, &c., such as Shingle Head, Cripples' Cove, Long Beach, Bristol Cove, English and French Mistaken Points, The Drook, Freshwater Point, Cape Mutton, and finally, at the southern entrance to Trepassey Harbour,

THE POWLES.

or Powell's Point, on some maps marked the Polls. This name is pronounced by the people as ow in howl, and is the Irish or Gaelic word for a *hole*. Whether it is really derived from this word or not I am unable to say. It is, however, rather a curious coincidence that the first Marconi Station should have been set up on this side of the ocean in a place near the *Powles*, while the European end of the system was at a place called

POWL DHU

(black hole) in Cornwall, and the first, and if I mistake not *only*, actual trans-Atlantic wireless message, consisting simply of the letter "S;" was transmitted between *Powl dhu* and Signal Hill, Newfoundland.

Inside the point of Powles Head, there is a rock bearing the rather pretty name of Savadown, of the meaning of which I have not the slightest idea.

The high and prominent headland which forms the western boundary of Trepassey Bay and the eastern entrance to the beautiful Bay of St. Mary's is

CAPE PINE.

It is not very easy to conjecture why this old headland should be so called for there is no pine forest, nor indeed wood of any kind to be seen there; the Cape is quite bare and bald and appears to have always been so. There were, however, and indeed, still are, to be found great forests of timber; spruce, fir birch and pine, in the valleys of the deep arms or estuaries at the bottom or head of the Bay; namely, Salmonier and Colinet Arms. The early Portuguese navigators were always on the look-out for good timber lands, this commodity being scarce in their own countries. Hence when they discovered the group of Atlantic Islands in 1419, finding them covered with splendid forests they gave them the name of

MADEIRA

or the Madeira Islands, that being the Portuguese name for wood (Spanish *Madera* from the Latin *Materia*). So also when they came in search of the new lands, one of the principal objects of their search was wood. Thus we find on the map of Ribeiro as early as 1529, on the portion of the land named *Tiera Nova* (Newfoundland), the following legend "*hay mucha maderia de pinos* (I translate for the benefit of *Tim Shannahan*) "There is much forest of *pinos*" in this land. Indeed all the

early voyagers paid particular attention to the forests, with a view to their economical and commercial value. Jacques Cartier (1534) describing Bay Chaleur, N. B., says "et celle devers le Nort est une terre haulte, à montaignes, toute plaine de arbres de haulte fustaille de plusieurs sortez, et entre aultres y a plusieurs cedres, et pruches aussi beaulx qu'il soict possible de voir, pour faire mastz suffisans de mastez nauires de troys cens tonneaulx et plus."

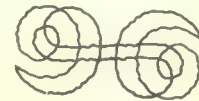
Again, with respects to Mr. O'Shannahan, I will translate:—"and the country towards the North is a high land and mountainous all full of trees of lofty stature, of various sorts, among others there are many cedars, and spruce as beautiful as it would be possible to see, fitting to make masts, sufficient to mast ships of three hundred tons and more."—(Relation Originale, p. 27.)

The English Colonists also were particularly on the look out for good timber. Thus in the Instructions sent to Guy's Colonists we find the following; "You shall as soon as may conveniently be done make choice and bring to the sea-shore, a ship's lading of masts, sparres and deal boards to be in readiness to reload any ship that shall happen to be sent unto you &c."—(Prowse, p. 95.)

We have no evidence of the Spanish or Portuguese having made any permanent settlement in any part of St. Mary's Bay as they did in Placentia. I feel confident, however, that they explored it and gave it its name; as also the names to the two great headlands which bound it on the East and West, Cape Pine and Cape St. Mary's. The name of Cape Pine, under various forms as C. de Pinas, C. de Pene, &c., appears on the earliest maps from Ribeiro (1529) down to the present time. In my next Article I will treat of St. Mary's Bay.

Sept. 1st, 1909.

† M. F. HOWLEY.



✻ Tilting; Farewell! ✻

By Rev. Sister M. Raphael,

Convent of Mercy, Keeseville, New York.

[Lines written on the occasion of a visit to my old home (Tilting, Newfoundland), last July, and suggested by the scene on which I gazed from a beach near there.]

THE music of wind and water
Rolled loud and deep and sweet,
As the surf of the grand Atlantic
Came tumbling to my feet.

God's sunlight poured its radiance
O'er land and sea that day,
And the blue of the sky was rivalled
By the blue of the foam-fringed bay.

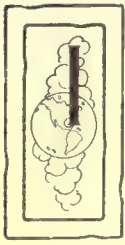
And the green of the grass was greener,
And the gray of the rocks more gray,
As memories crowded round me,
Of friends long passed away.

And I felt with a deep'ning sadness,
That never again on earth,
Would I look on the beach and hillsides
Of the loved, lost land of my birth.

Yes, good-bye, dear home forever,
By ocean breezes fanned,
Thy homes are Faith's own dwellings,
God bless thee, Newfoundland.

Some Experiences of School Inspection in Newfoundland.

By Rev. L. Curtis, M. A., D. D.



N attempting to comply with the request of the Editor for a brief article on the above subject, it may be well to intimate, at the outset, that while my examinations probably call forth the average number of "howlers" and other forms of irrelevant answers, due no doubt to nervousness, or "stage fright" on the part of the pupils, there would scarcely be anything sufficiently exceptional or extraordinary in that experience to claim the attention of readers of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. Indeed, were pupils to know that the Inspector gave publicity to their blunders, he may find an empty building at his next visitation. There is certainly much to afford intense interest to Inspectors in observing the progress in mental development manifest in pupils from year to year; and could these observations be participated in by the public generally, the interest would become widespread. This, however, cannot be; hence it may be well, perhaps, to mention in passing the pardonable pride with which Teachers invite special attention to exceptional advancement made by an individual pupil or class, and the evidence of supreme delight manifested by the pupil or class thus singled out for special commendation.

One result of experience in Educational work is a conclusion amounting almost to demonstration as to the tremendous responsibility of the Teacher in connection with the success or failure of his pupils. Conditions count in Educational work, certainly, as in every other kind of work: a good building is something, up-to-date equipment is something, an intelligent appreciation on the part of parents of the worth of Education is something, competition in class work is something; but in the hands of a weak or indifferent Teacher, only meagre results will follow even though all other conditions are favorable; whereas given the right Teacher, and however adverse the conditions may be, there is no such thing as failure possible. Better sit under the tuition of a Mark Hopkins on a log out in the field than be in the best equipped building of modern times with a man who is incompetent, or lazy, or careless, or has too many irons in the fire to do effective work. The experiences that Inspectors have with ineffective Teachers are among the dark spectres of their professional lives. But there is another side to that picture—a brighter side. If the man who has missed his calling sometimes inflicts his services upon a company of innocents unable to protect themselves, how often is a community raised in intelligence, in ideals, in aspiration for the higher, nobler, better, by the presence, efforts, life, of the man who has found his true calling, and who is adorning his profession? And among the experiences of the Inspector is the delight of visiting schools where the Master sways the regal wand; where the Mistress is a *Victoria* in her queenly powers of ruling, drawing, educating. What the world owes to its genuine Teachers can scarcely be estimated much less repaid.

And yet even these are sometimes disappointed at the results of the examination. While many pupils pass the different ordeals triumphantly, some never seem so backward as when the Inspector is present. Hear the comments of exasperated Teachers: These very words were spelled correctly only a few days before. That bit of Parsing—how could they make mistakes in it? These rules in Arithmetic—surely they understand them perfectly. That Algebra, why they work problems much

more difficult at other times. And that Pronunciation, have they suddenly returned to the lisplings of early days? Alas, how often are hopes blighted, how often is confidence shattered by the presence of the Inspector! Why all this disappointment, this humiliation to teacher and pupils? It seems cruel, certainly; and yet the Teacher is not alone in such experiences.

How many a sailor has gone through the drill of managing the ship preparatory to the storm, and felt quite confident; but when the storm burst has lost his sea legs and his training at the same time! How often the soldier bold, trained, accurate at practice—able to hit the target miles off, when there was no enemy, has lost his courage and his skill in the presence of danger, and would give all that ever he heard of to be well out of the fray! Yes, many a Captain has been disgusted at the conduct of his "boys" in the storm, many an officer has been shocked at the way his "lads" have funked at the smell of powder. But never mind; the sailor boy will become at home in the storm some day; the soldier will get over his fright and face the enemy without a tremor.

And so those boys and girls who in the time of test forgot so much that had been taught them, they too will some day possess more perfect self control. The presence of the Inspector will cease to frighten, the sight of the examination papers will no longer send cold shivers down the spinal column. They are but in the process of development and these tests are among the most valuable aids to that development. The thinking process that is disturbed by the presence of one man to-day will be only stirred to greater activity by the sight of five hundred or a thousand to-morrow, when as an orator the young man looks his audience in the face. The hand that trembles as it grips the pencil in presence of the Inspector to-day, will to-morrow grasp the lancet and perform the critical operation in the presence of death itself. The voice that is unable to articulate distinctly in answering questions to-day will to-morrow present the case for Plaintiff or Defendant in the Supreme Court with a mastery that commands the admiration of all. These partial failures of the present are the high-way to complete successes in days to come.

It is hopefulness inspired by watching the intellectual growth of young people which is one of the most agreeable experiences of Inspectors. Looking into the bright, intelligent faces of boys and girls is a good antidote to pessimism. With that army of educated manhood and womanhood marching forward to take the places of those less privileged, conditions in this old world must surely improve. Let those who to-day are charged with the responsibility of the moral and intellectual training of the world's youth do their duty, and assuredly the golden age is yet to be.

SOMETIMES.

ACROSS the fields of long ago
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad with face aglow—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within;
I think that he still hopes to see
The man I might have been!

—Thomas S. Jones, in *The Windsor Magazine*.



LADY WILLIAMS.



SIR RALPH CHAMPNEYS WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G.

Our New Governor.



SIR R. CHAMPNEYS WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G.,—accompanied by his estimable Consort, Lady Williams—arrived on September 5, 1909, to assume the duties of Governor of Newfoundland and its Dependencies. Immediately after the ship was moored, His Excellency and party were welcomed by the Premier Sir Edward Morris, the Chief Justice and Administrator of the Government—Sir William H. Horwood, the President of the Legislative Council—Sir Edward Shea, the Members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and other prominent representative citizens. The three Boys Brigades, the Police Force and a squad of Naval Men from H.M.S. *Brilliant* supplied a guard of honour, and a vast concourse of citizens gave the distinguished strangers a real old-time Newfoundland reception. So hearty and spontaneous were the greetings given the gubernatorial party, and so appreciated were they by the recipients, that the very first official act of His Excellency was the issue of a formal card of thanks in the *Royal Gazette*.

His Excellency comes with a strong claim on the regard and admiration of the people of this "ancient and loyal" Colony.

As an administrator, author, explorer, hunter, and above all as a typical British Empire-builder, he stands in the first rank of those sturdy Britons, who have raised, and compelled respect in the uttermost bounds of the earth, to the "flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

Sir Ralph was born in 1848, at Treffos, Anglesey, the son of the Rev. T. N. Williams. He was educated at Rossall College, and soon after the completion of his College course started to see the world.

In 1870 he made his first voyage to Australia, where he spent some time travelling, hunting and exploring different parts of that country.

After returning to England, he again started out in 1873 to visit South America. He did some big game hunting and exploring in Patagonia, a country at that time very little known to Europeans.

The following year, 1874, he returned to England, and in 1875 he embarked in the most important adventure of his life. He married the beautiful and talented Miss Jessie Dean.

In 1875 he and his wife visited Canada, resided in Quebec, but travelled nearly all through the Dominion, with excursions into the United States.

A short time as thirty years ago, Canada was still in the old Colonial groove, and very few of her public men even, realized that, after a quarter of a century, she would be lining up and taking her place amongst the first in the ranks of those great "Dominions beyond the seas."

From 1877 until 1882 they resided in England, meantime visiting all the principal places on the Continent.

In the latter year he again heard the all-compelling "call of the wild," and started for South Africa on a hunting and exploring expedition. Accompanied by his wife, he trekked from Grahamstown, on the Coast, to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River, covering some thousands of miles of country which since has become famous and familiar as the scene of the Boer War. They were nearly seven months in reaching the Great Falls, that still ranks as one of the wonders of the world, and Lady Williams has the unique distinction of being actually the first Englishwoman who gazed on this wonderful cataract.

Sir Ralph has seen Niagara, he has explored Victoria, and now the question becomes pertinent, will he, during his administration of the Government of this Colony and its Dependencies, look upon the greatest wonder of all—the Grand Falls of Labrador?

Their stay in Africa occupied a year and a half; they had to undergo great hardships and discomforts at the time, but both look back with pleasure to those days of their bounding youth and close companionship, and reckon them amongst the very happiest of their lives. They returned laden with trophies, to which nearly all the wild beasts of that region contributed, from the kingly lion downwards.

In 1884 Sir Ralph again set out, this time as head of the Civil Department of Sir Charles Warren's Expedition into Bechuanaland, and was chiefly instrumental in opening up that vast territory now known as Rhodesia, and securing it to the Empire. This expedition made feasible Cecil Rhodes's plan for the expansion of a United South Africa, with a line of railway from the Cape to Cairo; it frustrated the schemes of the Boers and Germans who were making inroads in that country; and although at a later date we had "to hold what we have," at the expense of some of the best blood in Briton and great monetary outlay, still Sir Ralph's work on that commission helped largely to lay the foundation deep and sure of a United Africa allied closely to the British Crown.

In this expedition Sir Ralph acted as special correspondent for the *London Standard*, and also wrote a series of articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then in its palmy days under the editorship of W. T. Stead, who at that date had not developed those idiosyncrasies for which his name latterly has become a synonym.

In 1887 we see him back again as British Diplomatic Agent to the South African Republic with headquarters at Pretoria.

He remained as Agent in the Transvaal until August, 1890, and was there during the early days of rush to the Johannesburg gold fields. He knew the late President Kruger intimately, and many others, whose names afterwards became household words, wherever the English language is spoken, during the progress of the Boer War.

In 1890, he was appointed as Colonial Treasurer to Gibraltar. In conjunction with this position, he held several subsidiary posts amongst others, that of Captain of the Port.

During his stay at Gibraltar, he was the recipient of a medal from the Italian Government in recognition of certain life-saving services. The Anchor Liner *Utopia* with 1000 Italian emigrants aboard, foundered in a dreadful gale in the harbour of Gibraltar. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the crews of several British warships and workers from the Garrison under the superintendence of Sir Ralph as Captain of the Port, nearly 600 human lives were lost in a few minutes. For his energetic endeavours to save those unfortunates, and in recognition of his services to the survivors, the Italian Government bestowed upon him the coveted medal.

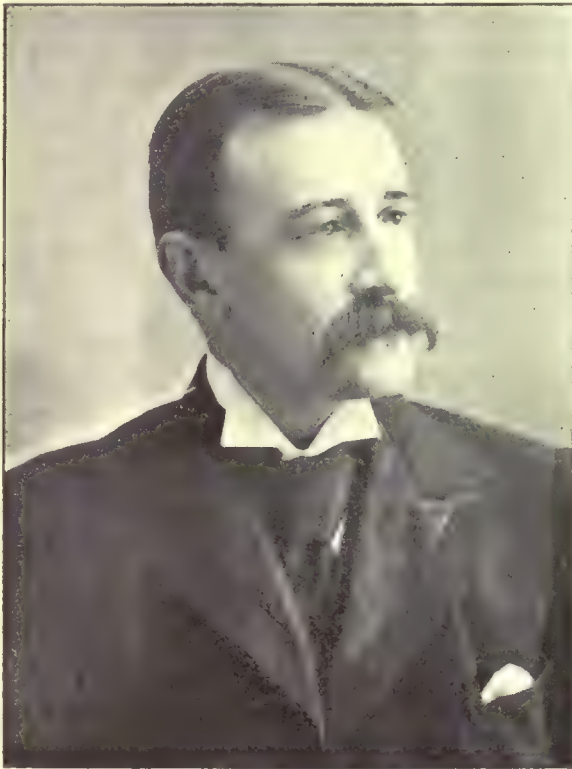
In 1897 he was sent to Barbados as Colonial Secretary, and in 1901 he was promoted to the President Commissionership of Bechuanaland Protectorate, South Africa, with headquarters at Mafeking. He was in that territory during the latter part of the Boer War and met many of the historic figures who played so prominent a part, on both sides, in that lamentable affair.

In 1905 he revisited Victoria Falls, but this time in the

luxury of the Governor's private coach on the railway line, with accommodation at a splendid hotel overlooking the Falls,—a great contrast to the conditions attending his visit twenty years previous. A year later he made a third trip to the Falls. He had been obliged to undertake the pacification of one of the tribes in the north-western part of Bechuanaland. This necessitated his travelling across the famous Kalahiri Desert where it is impossible to get any water for man or beast. After an expedition occupying four and one half months, he succeeded in establishing peace, without bloodshed; traversed a great extent of unknown territory, and on his arrival back to the Falls found his Commission as Governor of the Windward Islands awaiting him, an office he assumed in 1906.

In 1907 he received his knighthood having been appointed C.M.G. in 1901.

Early in 1909, he was appointed to Newfoundland. This was one of the most pleasing Commissions of his service to the



HON. SIR WM. H. HORWOOD, KT., CHIEF JUSTICE.

Empire. He had often read and heard of our climate, scenery; of our unrivalled salmon and sea-trout fishing, and our countless herds of caribou. After his sojourn among savages and semi barbarians in those godless regions, he hailed with joy the mandate that sent him to "God's own Country," where the climate is glorious, the air bracing, the scenery magnificent; where the inhabitants are descendants of that sturdy Anglo-Celtic stock that laid the first stone of Britain's great dominion beyond the seas.

Sir Ralph is also an author of repute and has written a book entitled "The British Lion in Bechuanaland," as well as other works of note.

His Excellency was sworn in on September 6. The oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice Sir William Horwood in presence of the Prime Minister Sir Edward Morris, and the members of the Executive Council; Sir Edward Shea President of the Legislative Council, Mr. Justice Emerson, Mr.

Justice Johnson, Judge Conroy, Captain Haworth-Booth, R.N., H.M.S. *Brilliant*, Lieut.-Com. Innes, R.N., H.M.S. *Calypto*, the members of the Legislative Council, and other prominent citizens representative of Church and State.

The Vice-Regal party are accompanied by Miss Dean, niece of Lady Williams; Mr. T. C. Fitzherbert, as Private Secretary, and Mr. C. R. Taylor, as Aide-de-Camp.

The QUARTERLY in common with all classes and elements in Newfoundland, extends a hearty welcome to the Governor and his household, and expresses the hope that his stay in our Island, may be long and profitable—to himself, the Colony and the Empire.

Our Name-Lore Series.

By Student.



THE series of articles on Name-Lore, by His Grace the Archbishop, are most interesting and display a local knowledge and a wide research in the byeways of history and literature that are all the more remarkable, when it is remembered, what a busy man of affairs, the gifted writer is, and the innumerable pressing details that must be attended to by him from day to day.

It is to be hoped that His Grace will republish the series in book-form. It will be an interesting and valuable addition to our local literature.

Reading lately an account of a trip to Newfoundland in 1815, by Lieutenant Chappell in sloop of war *Comus*, I came across some references, that reminded me of "Name-Lore." One was to the name by which "Mobile" on the Southern Shore was known at that date. In the annexed extract it will be seen that at that date, it was called "Momables," thus confirming His Grace's comment on that name in a recent chapter on "Name-Lore." It would be interesting to know just at what precise time, the name was changed to Mobile and for what reason.

It looks like as if the word was too long or not euphonious enough, and they dropped the middle syllable,—or was it the first syllable?—and shortened it to *Mable*, or *Moble*, hence Mobile. The "oldest inhabitant" ought to be able to enlighten the historians on this point.

It is to be hoped that when His Grace has exhausted the nomenclature of the Island, that he will extend his researches to our one and only dependency,—Labrador.

Below I give another extract from Lieutenant Chappell, dealing with the name Chateau. From his description it must be a world-wonder, although we hear very little of its beauty from the thousands of Newfoundlanders who pass and repass it every summer.

Lieutenant Chappelle appears to have been a very observant and accurate observer, and his notes of the localities, habits and customs of the inhabitants, are very interesting. Here are the references referred to:—

MOMABLES BAY.

"During the remainder of this day, we ran towards the south, with a gentle breeze from the North-West; and having passed *Petty Harbour*, Bay of *Bulls*, *Witless* and *Momables* Bays, we reached Cape *Broyle* at sunset."

CAPE CHATEAU.

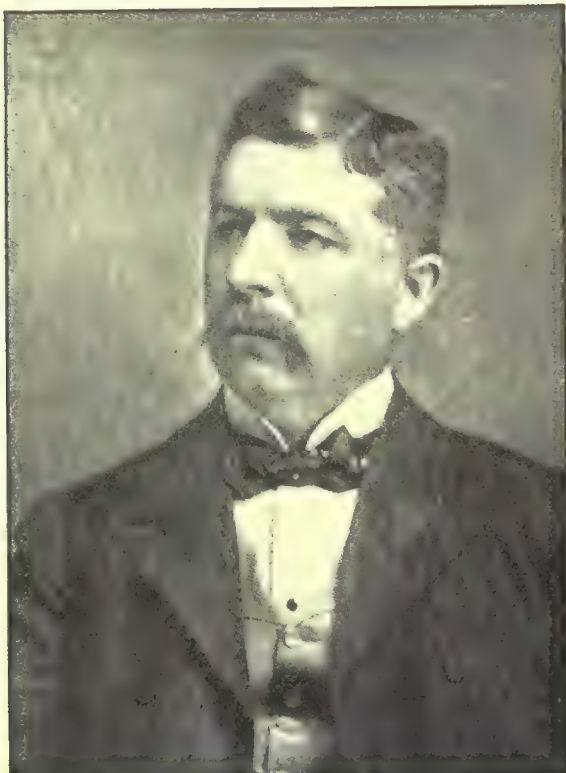
"Cape *Chateau*, lying off the entrance of a bay bearing the same name, is so called from the remarkable resemblance which it bears to an antient castle. Its turrets, arches, loopholes, and reefs are beautifully represented by a series of *basaltic* columns. The author could only regret his inability to delineate this singular headland; for it certainly presented as fine a subject for the pencil of an artist as the celebrated *Cave of Fingal*, or the no less noted *Giants Causeway* in Ireland."

❁ Sir Edward Morris's Visit to London. ❁



SINCE our last issue the Premier—Sir Edward P. Morris,—on behalf of the Colony, has attended the Imperial Defence Conference in London, and put in several weeks of strenuous work. Incidentally, he devoted his indomitable energy and mental activity to many other schemes for the betterment of his native land.

The Conference itself was perhaps—taken into account the effects its deliberations have had on the peace of the world—one of the most important that ever was held. It is impossible at this date to foresee how far-reaching and beneficial will be results of the conferring



SIR E. P. MORRIS, K.C., K.T., LL.D.,
Premier of Newfoundland

together of the picked representatives of the people at home and of those of the component States of the Greater Britain beyond the seas. The Colonies realize that they cannot always expect the Mother Country to stand all the expenses of the military and naval protection, which heretofore has enabled them to develop their own internal affairs, without fear of interference by jealous neighbours, and without any expense to themselves. Once before when the call came for help and recruits for South Africa during the late war, the Colonies responded so readily and quickly that it was an object lesson to the whole world; and if any foreign power ever had felt the least inclination to interfere, the response, the unity displayed and solidarity of the Colonies with the Mother Country, gave them the very best possible reasons for not interfering. And this last Conference has proved to the world that in case any attempt on the peace of the Empire were made by any foreign combination,

they will have to reckon with the millions of loyal Colonials who are ever ready to shed their blood and spend their money in defence of the old flag.

Newfoundland was well represented at the Conference and succeeded in convincing the Empire and the world that the most ancient and loyal Colony will not be backward in furnishing her quota to man the bulwarks of Britain whenever the call comes. We may not be able to supply Dreadnoughts, but we are able to supply the material to man them, with which Drake and Nelson swept the seas in olden times, and which supplied in later days the men who brought Peary and Cook and other explorers and dropped them nearest the North Pole.

Sir Edward succeeded to a great degree in combatting the prejudice against us that existed in England among the official and influential classes; we have had the reputation of being unreasonably troublesome and of always being in disagreement with some one or other of our neighbours, and of being difficult to treat with by the Colonial Office.

He succeeded in begetting sympathy and promises of practical consideration for many measures outlined for the benefit of the Colony, that require British capital and British confidence in us and our public men, to make them successful enterprises.

First and foremost he exerted all his power to interest public men and capitalists in the development of our main-stay—the fisheries. Apart from the extension of our markets in the Mediterranean and South America, if he succeeds,—and there is every prospect that he will—in introducing our fresh fish as a ration for the Army and Navy, it will tax all our energies to supply the demand even at increased prices for the fisherman. There were other important matters such as the reduction of Portuguese duties on our fish, the West India Conference, the proposed extension of the Brazilian markets, the steam trawling on the Banks, the Labrador Boundary, the reduction of postage on magazines and newspapers, and a dozen other questions of prime interest to us now and in the future, which the Premier found time and energy to attend to.

Next to the development of the fisheries our most pressing need at present, is an abundant fuel supply. Procuring fuel for our long winters is a tremendous tax on the earning power of our people, and it is out of all proportion to the income of most of our wage earners.

The development of our coal areas in the very near future is problematical, but we have an inexhaustible supply of peat that could be utilized cheaply and immediately.

The writer has seen a briquette of peat fuel manufactured by Doctor Ekenberg's patented process, and it appeared to be very like superior Sydney coal but much lighter. It is claimed that for heating purposes it is as good as the best coal, and it is possible to manufacture it for less than one quarter the cost of coal.

Arrangements are pending for the establishment of a peat manufacturing plant, between the Government and a Swedish Company, and if Sir Edward succeeds in introducing this industry and reducing the price of fuel, he will have conferred untold benefits on the fishermen, the artisan, and the great army of bread-winners in his native land.



“Three Years War.—By Christian Rudolf DeWet.”

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D.



THE completion of the South African Union brought back to my mind the closing words of this book, and set me reading it again:—"To my people I address a last word: be loyal to the new Government; loyalty pays best in the end; and loyalty alone is worthy of a people who have shed their blood for freedom": And those other words:—"The day will come when England will grant those rights which we shall then have earned by our quiet faithfulness and obedience; I cannot believe that a father will look without pity on a child who comes to him as a child should,—obedient and submissive. . . . And, as things have turned out, may we not hope that the Cape and Natal governments, following in the wake of the English nation, will soon understand that the wiser course is to forgive and forget, and to grant as comprehensive an amnesty as possible?" These hopes have been fulfilled; and how far off that sad civil war seems now! farther away, among "old, unhappy, far-off things" than even the American civil war; for its wounds have been more completely healed. We have lived to hear General Botha saying that he now would fight as hard for the unity of the Empire as ever he fought against it. We have heard another Boer general telling his people that "*it is better to be a part of a big thing than to be the whole of a small thing*,"—the first time, for the last four hundred years, that the world has heard a public man representing a plan of union to his people as anything better than an unpleasant necessity. And we have heard another Boer representative declaring that if Germany or any other foreign power expects either help or sympathy from the Boers, she is very much mistaken: "In case of war, we shall be solid to a man on the side of England." Such are the blessed fruits of freedom when it is known to come from justice and strength, not from weakness and meanness and cant.

Remote as the war has now become, its story is one of perennial interest for its romance and its balanced fortunes, swaying this way and that, and for desperate tenacity on both sides, promising the formation of a strong nation from the two elements. I cannot help feeling, however, that upon the imperial side, the Colonies tired of the war, and that it was the United Kingdom that furnished the iron will to carry the struggle on to a triumphant and beneficent issue.

DeWet's story, which is honest and straight-forward, if a little vain and egotistic, reveals him as a first-class leader in irregular warfare,—resolute, enterprising, resourceful, unflagging, and wary. Under the conditions of European warfare, of course he would have been of no value, unless as a scout or a skirmisher, and, indeed, I believe that if ever our own colonial volunteers take part in a European war, our regular army will be found as superior to them as they were to the regulars in conflict with guerillas upon the wild and trackless veldt. But on the veldt, DeWet's foot was on his native heath; for such conditions he was eminently suited; and he seems to have been the most dashing guerilla among them all. "We needed," he says, "to be quick at fighting, quick at reconnoitring, and quick at flying. This was exactly what I myself aimed at." All the great actions of both sides have now been thrown into a common stock, which belongs to all alike, and in which all may take equal pride. When the war was ended, one of the Boers remarked: "Well, there's one consolation: no other nation could have put us

down," (and we did it in two years less than the Americans took for the Filipino war). And we on our part may proudly say that no other people in the world could have made such a gallant struggle against us. At least to find anything equal to it, we must go back to the 16th century and the heroic struggle of the Irish tribes against the Anglo-Irish and English armies. In modern times the nearest approach to it is to be found in the Southern struggle against the American army and navy, or (if we look solely from a military point of view) in the Spanish resistance to Napoleon. This latter case, however, furnishes a parallel only in part; for the Boer never defended a city as the Spaniards defended Saragossa, and as the British defended Mafeking. Still, it is with profound satisfaction that we now find such valor arrayed upon our side instead of against us. The Boers, indeed, will never fight for the Empire outside of their own country as the Irish have done; but if the Empire be attacked in South Africa, then, as a Boer delegate to the Press Conference said, "it is the unerring rifle of the Boer that will give Great Britain's answer."

DeWet very honestly tells us that, "Sir Redvers Buller, whatever his own people may say against him, had to operate against stronger positions than any other British general in South Africa." He also tells us that "the British artillery were not poor shots; far from it. Their range was very good, and shot after shot went home." He tells us concerning a night-sortie from Ladysmith, in which a small British party blew up the Boer Long-Tom with dynamite, that the Boers "all admitted that the English on that occasion acted with great skill and prudence, and that the enterprise of their leaders deserved every praise. They taught us a lesson, for if we only had been on our guard, we might have beaten off the storming party." In another place, he says of an engagement near Ladysmith, "The British cavalry and infantry did not show any excessive eagerness to tackle us; and we on our side were equally disinclined to come to close quarters with them." Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in this book than candor with which DeWet confesses what small losses were sufficient to make the Boers give up a battle. They would push an attack home only under conditions where they were themselves able to obtain cover, while their superior marksmanship enabled them to pick off the regulars; and they would resist an attack only where they had either shelter, or full opportunities for flight. DeWet makes numerous confessions of lack of discipline among his men, disobedience, selfishness, quarrelling about rations, desertion, and treachery. Thus, at Poplar Grove, "a panic seized my men; before the English had even got near enough to shell our positions to any purpose, the wild flight began. There was not even an attempt to hold the positions, though some of them were impregnable." DeWet rode about like a fury, trying to rally his men, cursing, horse-whipping and threatening to shoot. He rode two horses till they dropped under him, but all was in vain. The wild torrent of burghers, waggons, and guns went rushing across the plain for eighteen miles till night closed upon the scene. "The next morning the burghers had but one desire—to get away." DeWet managed to keep them steady all day, during a bombardment, but "with the setting of the sun a wild panic seized them; and now they were only a disorderly crowd of terrified men, blindly flying before the enemy. But," he says, "it was Bloemfontein that lay before them, and

he felt that the thought of their capital city being in peril might well restore courage in the most disheartened; and a picture arose before him of his men holding out as they had never done before . . . he kept the forces next day occupied in throwing up *schanzes* at distances of from four to six miles from the town. . . . He believed that the following day would see a fight to the finish, cost what it might, and that if Bloemfontein was to be taken, it would only be over our dead bodies. . . . But when, an hour before midnight, he visited the Southern positions he heard a very different story. He learned that one commando had deserted its post early in the evening . . . and he found that the British had promptly seized it—the very key to Bloemfontein. Next morning, at sunrise, the English began a flank fire upon our nearest positions; and one position after another was abandoned by our burghers, like sheep. And thus, without a shot being fired in defence, Bloemfontein fell into the hands of the British.” He tells us that Cronje might have escaped from Paardeberg, through an opening in the British lines which *he* had made. If so, all the more shame for Cronje and his men, if they refused to make a dash for freedom, on the invitation of DeWet. But these assertions as to what might have been, if somebody did something, are always very futile; for they always rest upon another supposition also, viz, that in such a case, somebody else would do nothing. If Roberts did nothing else to prevent him, Cronje might have slipped out; but what ground is there for supposing that Roberts would do nothing else? He tells many funny stories of the excuses of the Boers for shirking their duty. Medical certificates of illness especially for heart-disease were the commonest, which he suspects that the doctors sold. When this question of certificates was discussed in council, DeWet jocosely suggested that no medical certificate should be accepted unless it was signed by three old women. “Some of them,” he says, “who vowed that they would shed the last drop of their blood, did not shed the first drop.”

Some of DeWet’s criticisms as to British strategy can be refuted by evidence which he himself, unconscious of the contradiction, puts before us. Thus he says: “The policy of building block-houses was so useless that it might be called the policy of the block-heads.” But in the notes of the deliberations two months after this date concerning peace, he gives the testimony of several of the generals as to the effect of the block-houses. One is sufficient here:—“Commandant-General Botha said: ‘A year ago there were no blockhouses; we could cross and recross the country where and when we wished; now we cannot pass by day. The blockhouses are likely to prove the ruin of our commandoes.’”

DeWet troubled himself little about the breach of the oath of neutrality taken by Boers who had laid down their arms:—“What government could ever have acknowledged an oath which their subjects had no right to take?” This is a fine theory of absolute government and contempt for individual liberty and conscience and personal responsibility, to come from a man professing to fight for freedom. In fact, DeWet as a politician was always a resolute enemy of liberty, equality and fraternity, a fine old ultra-Tory of the narrowest “ascendency” type. Before the war, when it was said to him, that the British only wanted racial equality such as had been granted to the Dutch in the British Colonies, he replied: “The two races cannot be equal; one of the two must be master;” and that one, he need not say, must be the Boer. Well, things have not turned out exactly in that way. And the English have been able to do

that justice to the Boers, which the Boers were not able to do to them. “There is no other nation in the world,” said Laurier, “that would do what the United Kingdom has done.” What DeWet respected was grit. He seems by his mental constitution to have been incapable of seeing two sides of a disputed question, or of perceiving that what was fair for one party in a quarrel could not be wrong for the other. Thus he speaks bitterly of the devastation of the Boer territories, but passes over the fact that the Boers began this kind of warfare by the devastation of Natal. He felt it hard that the British would not grant Boer independence, forgetting that the Boers formally annexed every British spot which they seized. So, too, in his eyes, the “pro-Boer” British are honest fellows; every one who was not a “pro-Boer” is without conscience. But the pro-British Boers are base traitors, and this he thinks not only of the friends of peace and justice in 1899 but of the Loyalists in 1880. This is amusing. Boer delegates to the United States boasted that they went to war to destroy the British Empire; and DeWet is careful to say nothing of the causes which led the Orange Free State to meddle in a quarrel which was none of its business. We may, however, discern the impelling motive from a casual remark: “The great Bismark foretold that the British Empire would find its grave in South Africa; and so it would have done, had not so many of our burghers proved false to their own colors.”

This remark indicates the temper in which the war was begun, and also reveals that the incitement came from German sources (not of course from the German Government, but from German patriots who did not understand the interests of their country; for as General De la Rey observed, if the Boers had triumphed, their next attack would be upon the German Colonies). Moreover, “a fighting spirit,” as Vice-President Burger confesses, “had seized upon our people; we had great confidence in our armaments; we under-estimated our enemy; the thought of victory banished the thought of the very possibility of defeat.” The causes of the South African Civil War go far back beyond Jameson’s Raid, just as the causes of the American Civil War go back beyond John Brown’s Raid. The beginning of strife was made by well-meaning British governments, which, not content with abolishing slavery, continued to intervene between Boer and Black, under pressure of philanthropic societies; and it is to be observed that, when the Boers rebelled against this interference and moved into the back veldt, where they claimed independence to treat the Natives as they liked, then the philanthropists sided with the Boers against the Government, rather than fight; just as the Abolitionists of New England during the American Civil War protested to Lincoln against the drafts for troops, provoking him to say: “You made this war, not I; and now you will not give me the men to fight it.” Another cause of the African Civil War was the conduct of the “Liberals” in 1880. Having denounced, while they were in opposition, the annexation of the Transvaal—which had been effected with the consent of the Boer Government,—and having promised the malcontent Boers that they would cancel the annexation when they should recover power, they in fact—naturally enough—did not cancel the annexation, and they also broke the promise of self-government made by their predecessors in the name of the Crown; just as the “Liberals” of the 17th century violated the treaty of Limerick. It is a fortunate thing that liberty is so great a good that even “Liberals” cannot disgrace it and make it unpopular. Secession followed, and then, after Majuba, eighty Radical members of the House of Commons

warned the Premier that they would vote against the Government unless he surrendered, and two members of the Cabinet gave notice that they would resign. The Boers, then, as DeWet informs us, had but thirteen rounds of ammunition left. The result was described in 1899 by a member of the Cape Legislature, an Irishman, in a lecture in Europe, as reported to me by an American friend who heard it: "We have been loyal to the United Kingdom; but the United Kingdom has not been loyal to us. A Liberal Government placed our necks under the feet of the Boers."

However, the "Liberals" as well as the Boers have since learned a lesson, and have fulfilled the promises, and have carried out the policy outlined by Chamberlain during his visit to South Africa. What a pity it seems that the wise, courageous, popular Lord Elgin, who guided the work of reconstruction, should not still be with us as Colonial Secretary to be associated with the crowning measure. But he has been thrown out by Mr. Asquith, when he was forming his Cabinet, to gratify the vindictive malice of Mr. Winston Churchill.

This statement I make on the authority of a private letter written by a personal friend of Lord Elgin, whose name I am not at liberty to give, but which, if it were given, would be recognised as sufficient. Lord Elgin, in a debate, acknowledged that the Chinese in the Transvaal were not kept in slavery; this was acknowledging that the "Liberals" in general, and Churchill particularly, had indulged in electioneering lies on that topic. Of course electioneering lies are nothing new in British politics, any more than anywhere else. The significance of the ejection of Lord Elgin is that there is now no place in a Radical Ministry for the man who acknowledges the truth even after office has been won, when the acknowledgement is demanded by justice to a British Colony, and when it is an act of his

official duty. Many people complain of the harm which this Radical Government has done the Empire. But the harm they have done in office is nothing to the harm which they would have done out of office. They would have rendered the South African problem insoluble, for some of them would have kept stirring up the Boers as some of them have stirred up the Hindoos, and would have made it impossible to grant self-government. They might have broken up the Empire, as the Radicals of the 18th century did after the Seven Years War. Dr. Johnson during the American revolution said: "I bear no ill-will to the Americans; our resentment should be reserved for those Englishmen who have incited the Americans to revolt." It is an old English proverb, "*The pride of France, the warfare of Ireland, the treason of England shall never have end.*" The pride of France has ended; the warfare of Ireland is happily ending; will the English race throughout the Empire and especially in England cease to produce, to tolerate, and to honor traitors?—that is the question of the future. At all events, the people of the United Kingdom have now tamed the Radical party; they have resisted its Unitarian and anti-Christian educational policy, and they have driven it to turn its attention to the dire social problems which have grown up in the era of Economic Liberalism by sufferance of the individualism of the Manchester Party. The Unitarian capitalists now have enough to do defending their money bags, and have no strength left to attack Catholic schools; and they are now warning Nonconformist ministers to keep out of politics. The revolt of Democracy against Radicalism is the characteristic of the present age; and it is manifesting itself clearly in the British Empire, even in England itself. The foundation of the South African Union is the most signal proof that Democracy is returning to conservative principles; for that union has been established in spite of the Radicalism of England and of the world.

A Newfoundlander at the Tomb of Our Saviour.

By James Carter, Author of "Six Months in the Orient," etc.



requesting me to write a short article on the above title, you have, no doubt, unwittingly given me a subject that no traveller up to the present has been able to satisfactorily determine. Eminent writers and travellers of all creeds and classes have endeavoured to solve the problem of the exact, or even the approximate situation of this sacred spot, but they have failed to agree upon any one particular place; how much less therefore,

can I, a mere tyro, presume to say where the Saviour reposed during the short interregnum between His death and Resurrection. The supposed site has been the subject of much controversy among the learned ecclesiastics, professors and archeologists of the universe, and seeing their failure to agree, it would be rank presumption upon my part to even hazard an opinion. The Palestine Historical Exploration Society—comprising among its body the pick, so to speak, of the world's philosophers—stand aside. They have not agreed that they have been "At the Tomb of the Saviour."

Within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the Rotunda—the Church of the Resurrection,—the dome of which is 60 feet in diameter with the Sepulchre in the centre, which has been accepted as the true site where the body of Jesus was laid, and is revered by millions of Christian pilgrims from every clime; and those who had the privilege of visiting the Holy City, even if

compelled to stand aside, must be struck with the faith of every Christian pilgrim kneeling there in silent adoration and prayer. The tomb of our Lord lies within a small chapel 26 by 18 feet built of Santa Croce marble. The chamber itself is small, being only 6 x 7 feet. Nineteen square feet are taken up by the marble sarcophagus, shown as the tomb of Our Lord. This is protected by a second slab placed over the original and this latter is much worn by the salutations of the faithful. There is only room for a few persons to kneel at a time before the tomb.

Forty three lamps are kept continuously burning in this chamber the fumes of which are carried off by means of an opening in the vaulted roof. The Church is not a large single one used exclusively for the purposes of one particular denomination, as we understand by the word "Church" but it is a building composed of a number of separate chapels in which the various denominations conduct their services. The Greeks occupy the greater part of the building, next to them, come the Roman Catholics, and then follow in order the Armenians, Copts, and lastly the Syrians. The Church as it exists to-day comprises the traditional Calvary and the Sepulchre under one roof, but it occupies only the smaller part of the original enclosure built by Constantine. The ruins of the ancient edifice are found round about beneath the buildings in the neighbourhood of the present Church.

One must descend into dark passages many feet under the

present level of the city and again ascend on terraces to visit the Holy Places. The church was never architecturally beautiful; it is dark and damp with crumbling walls black with the smoke of centuries and it is hemmed in on all sides with the exception of a small open space in front. The buildings are thrown together without any order or pretence of symmetry and of themselves would not have the least effect on the visitor, but the eternal memory of the Saviour and His connection with this spot, the associations and traditions which every stone seems to speak to us of, give it such a sacred character that no other place on earth possesses. All this, however, is independent of the question as to whether the exact site of the tomb has really been yet discovered. It is certain that most of the events recorded in the Sacred History of our Lord happened in Jerusalem, and although the exact scene of the events is and must be uncertain, it has been for centuries venerated by pilgrims from all lands as the site of the great events accomplishing the Redemption of the world. The honor paid to these Holy Places is right and acceptable when the worship centres in the everlasting truth of Jesus Christ.

These features of uncertainty respecting the exact spot on which the Saviour died and was buried, should not diminish our devotion, for though no one may accurately tell the identical spot on which these events happened as doubtless the early church kept no records, yet we know all that is necessary and essential for our soul's salvation. If it were essential that the exact place of the Tomb or of the Crucifixion should be known to man then no doubt it would have been revealed. When St. Thomas desired to see the actual wounds in Our Lord's body they were promptly shown to him. The great and sacred events that took place at Jerusalem and its environments are sufficient in themselves to justify all visiting pilgrims in accepting the facts of the Redemption without carping at localities or sites.

Skull Rock a bold bare knoll, the site of General Gordon's Calvary, believed by him and his followers to be the true place of the Crucifixion, is situated a short distance about 800 feet from the Damascus Gate near Jeremiah's Grotto, where the prophet is supposed to have written his Lamentations and it is open to the public road. The crest of the hill is now a Mohammedan Cemetery. Its resemblance to a skull on the wall of the rock is natural, adjacent to which are many caves caused by quarrying stone, an industry that has been operated there for centuries. The skull-shaped knoll is especially striking to one walking from the garden of Gethsemane. General Gordon has endorsed the view of this being the scene of our Lord's death, and this has given some prominence to the belief; but the knoll appears to me to be only a possible among many other possible sites.

The Tomb said to be the Holy Sepulchre is cut in a perpendicular wall of rock from 10 to 12 feet high; the present entrance to the Tomb is 5 feet x 2 feet 4 inches wide but it may have been much larger as modern masonry has been built into the walls. The Tomb consists of two chambers divided by a thin wall of rock, penetrated by a narrow entrance. The appearance does not impress one as being the tomb of a rich man like Joseph of Arimathea. Jewish tombs have always a comparatively small entrance and the places of the dead bodies are arranged so that each is by itself. We must here again stand aside. We cannot say a Newfoundlander at the Tomb of Jesus.

We have stood by the side of many an open grave and consigned therein the still form of many a loved companion "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" and have torn ourselves

away with anguished hearts sighing for the "touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still;" in such a sense it may be said that we have stood at the Tomb of our Saviour but—"they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." Olivet, Bethany, Nazareth the Sea of Galilee has each its story to tell of Our Blessed Lord's sojourn on earth and each has a lesson to impart. We have scaled the mountain tops; Tabor, grand old Hermon and Lebanon and journeyed over the everlasting hills, the fertile plains, the deep valleys and wooded gorges of the olive groves and watched the setting sun sink in glowing tints flooding the sky with gold.

In the Holy Land there are so many places of equal interest that it is quite impossible for one to realize the sacred ground on which one stands. Within the walls of the city, as well as the outskirts, all are absorbing and of equal interest to the Christian heart. One is surprised to find how little remains of the ancient city. It is only gradually that the explorer finds out how much that is ancient, Jewish, Christian, or Arab remains, within and around the walls of the city. The present walls were built in the 16th century, only a few courses of stone on them belong to the ancient walls. The rock crops out at the Temple area at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and on the brow of Mount Sion but the City of Solomon lies buried beneath the debris of many sieges and captures of Jerusalem. The old ruins are from 30 to 100 feet below the present buildings and recent excavations have shown that the foundations of the ancient walls are in some places 130 feet below the surface. In digging foundations for new buildings the workmen sometimes dig through a series of buildings one above another showing that one city has literally been built upon the ruins of another and the present city is standing upon the accumulated remains of several preceding ones. All this throws great doubt on many of the traditions surrounding sacred places at Jerusalem. The real localities lie buried beneath the surface of the present city, but the natural features of the country remain substantially unchanged. The mountains round about Jerusalem which were of old her bulwarks, are there still. Here is Olivet and the brook Kedron; Sion and Moriah. Kings, prophets and holy men looked on these scenes and the feet of the Son of Man trod the ground on which we stand; some were in the buried city under our feet. He bore His Cross and the hills around us trembled by the earthquake's power when He expired.

From the Mount of Olivet can be seen nearly every spot connected with the incidents and close of our Lord's life at Jerusalem. That path leads to Jericho; this to Bethany; there is the road to Bethlehem; that weary waste of rock rolling away in rigid waves is the wilderness of Judea. In the depths of that gulch near the horizon the river Jordan pursues its course. The far off gleam like the opening of a rift, through which comes the glint of the blue sky in storm-clouds, is the Dead Sea. At sunset overshadowed by the afterglow it possesses a wonderful beauty when it abounds in colour and is rich in lights and shadows, but entranced as we have been with our journey throughout the borders of this fair land of holy memories still we must stand aside in all humility—for we cannot say that we have stood at the Tomb of our Saviour.

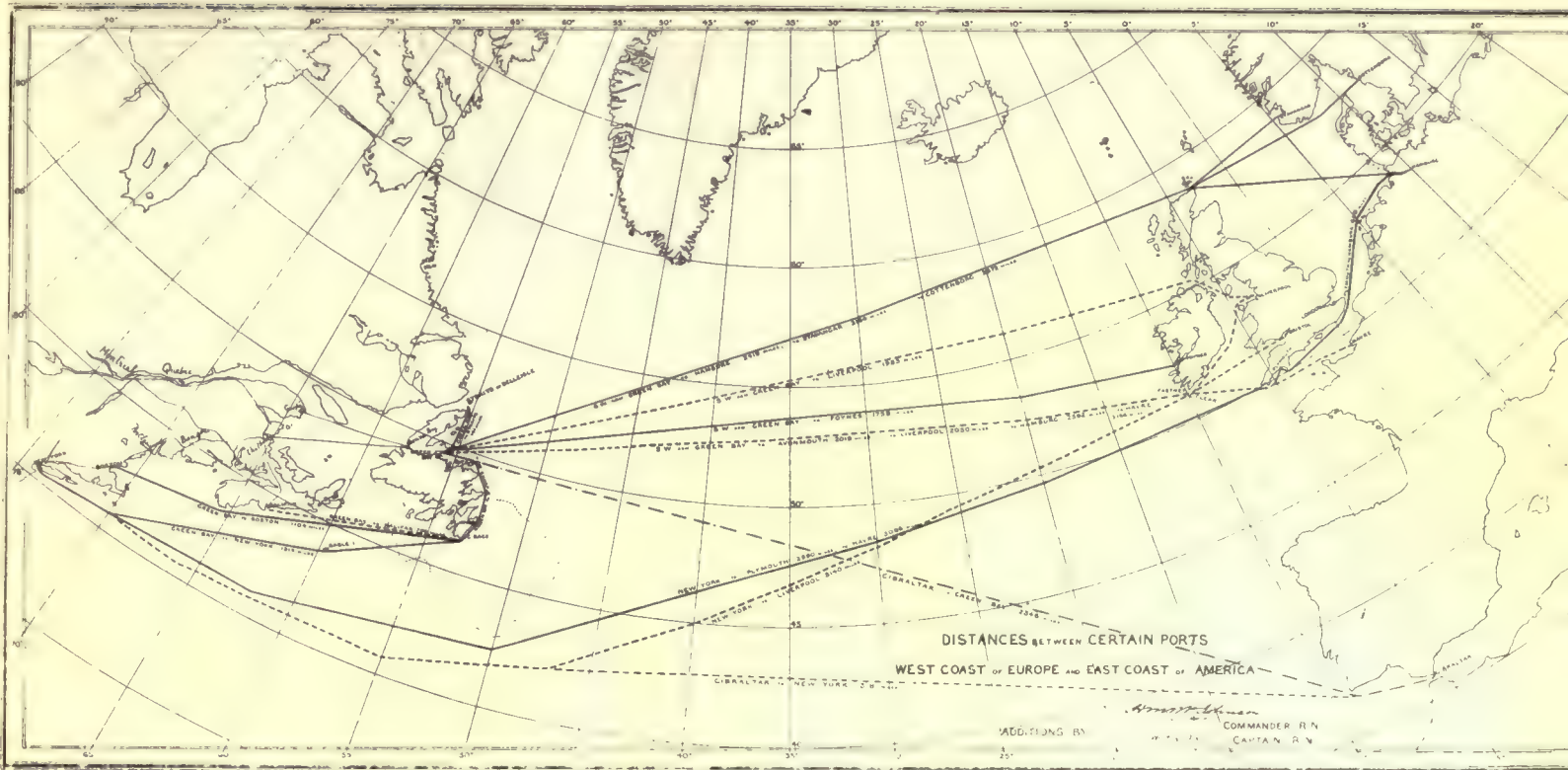
THE pleasant books, that silently among

Our household treasures take familiar places,

And are to us as if a living tongue

Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured faces.

—Longfellow.



❁ The All-Red Route. ❁

The Imperial Value of Ireland and Newfoundland.

By H. C. Thomson.

Where does the Fog Free Zone Scheme Stand To-day ?

AT the request of Mr. H. C. Thomson, the father of the Fog Free Zone Route, we publish in this issue an article entitled "The All-Red Route." This is not the "All-Red Route of the Canadians," which is an entirely different proposition. We do not wish to be considered, by the publication of this article, as in anyway supporting or declining to support Mr. Thomson's "Fog Free Zone Route"; our mission is to build up, not to destroy. As Sir Edward Morris said in his address in the House of Assembly, when the Fog Free Zone Contract was before the House, "that it did not lie with Newfoundlanders to detract from the merits of the scheme, or throw obstacles in its way. The proposal was too good to be true." Everyone admits it would be a great thing for Newfoundland if the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania* were coming to Green Bay, one each week, in two and a half days from Queenstown. But no one believes it possible in our day. If we are to have the Fog Free Zone Route—the fast steamers and trains—by all means let us have it; but it is incumbent on the promoters of the scheme not to delay any longer. Newfoundland has done her part. Sir Robert Bond's Government has passed the contract, and agreed to pay Mr. Thomson \$75,000 per year for thirty years. If we are to have it, there should be no delay. God knows the country is sorely in need of some improved mail and passenger service between here and England. To acquire such a contract and not act up to it—not carry it out—is to stand in the way of the development of the country, and it may, perhaps, prevent other lines coming in. The present Government, we feel sure, will assist Mr. Thomson in every way to forward his scheme; but Mr. Thomson should take the public into his confidence and tell us where the matter stands to-day.—Ed.



RICHARD COBDEN, always a strenuous advocate of fair play to Ireland, writing so long ago as 1835, asked a question, which, alas! may still be asked to-day, "Where, then, shall we seek for the causes of the poverty and barbarism that afflict this land? How shall we be able to account for the fact, that commerce and civilization, which have from the earliest ages journeyed westward, and in their course have even stayed to enrich the marshes of the Adriatic and the fens of Holland, should have passed over in their flight to the New World a spot more calculated by nature than almost any other besides, to be the seat of a great internal and external trade?" In answer, he instanced the following, amongst other causes—"not only was her commerce with the different parts of Europe fettered by the imposition of

restrictions upon every valuable product that could interfere with the prosperity of England; not only was all trade with Asia and the East of Europe excluded by the charters which were granted to the companies of London; but her ports were actually sealed against the trade of the American Colonies. Although Ireland presented to the ships of North America the nearest and the noblest havens in Europe, and appeared to be the natural landing place for the products of the New World, her people were deprived of all benefit—nay, they were actually made to suffer loss and inconvenience from their favoured position; laws were passed, prohibiting the importation of American commodities into Ireland, without first landing them in some port of England or Wales, whilst the export of Irish products to the colonies, excepting through some British port was also interdicted."

And he urged the adoption of the practical means, he outlined, to remedy in some measure this injustice.

"We will here introduce a scheme to the notice of our readers, which, whilst we gladly acknowledge with gratitude the source from whence it originated, we think deserves the notice of our Government. In the *New York Courier and Enquirer Newspaper* of December 24th, 1834, appeared a letter, headed 'Traverse Atlantic,' which, after stating that the writer, on a visit to Europe, had suffered a delay of ten days in ascending the French Channel, from Finisterre to Havre, and of eight days in descending the Irish Channel, from Liverpool to Cape Clear, says he 'believes that on an average one-third or one fourth of the time is wasted upon every Transatlantic voyage, in getting into, or out of, the European ports now resorted to.'

"The writer then proceeds as follows:—'The commerce of America chiefly centres in the ports of Hamburg, Havre, London, and Liverpool. Each of these is distant from the ocean, and difficult of access. On the western coast of Ireland there are several harbours far superior in every requisite. As, for instance, the island of Valentia, which is the, nearest point of land in Europe to America. Between it and the main reposes an excellent receptacle for shipping of any burden, approached by two easily practicable inlets, completely land-locked, capa-



ENTRANCE TO S.W. ARM, GREEN BAY.

cious, and safe. Situated immediately on the brim of the Atlantic, a perfectly straight line can be drawn from this harbour to the port of New York, the intervening transit unobstructed by islands, rocks, or shoals. The distance being less than two thousand seven hundred miles may be traversed by steam in about eight days. . . . The advantages to Ireland in particular by thus opening a regular communication from New York to London in twelve, and to Paris in fifteen days are incalculable. That Island would become, of necessity, the thoroughfare between the two hemispheres; and the occupation of the public mind in such an enterprise, and the constantly increasing fruits of its progress, would do more to pacify the fearful dissensions of the people, and ameliorate their most lamentable condition, than any legislation of even the best disposed Parliament.

"The above project, which, in the influence of their enterprise, our American friends have suggested for the benefit of Ireland, merits the attention of the landowners and patriots concerned for the welfare of her people. . . . As any scheme of this nature must necessarily require that the vessels should take their departure from the nearest points of approximation of the two hemispheres, Ireland would thus become the starting-place for all Europe; and it is scarcely possible to conceive anything that would be more calculated to enrich and

civilise that country than by thus irrigating it, as it were, with the constant tide of emigration to and from America. . . . That such a project, if completed, would secure the preference of voyagers to all parts of North America, not only from Britain, but from every quarter of Europe, must be apparent; that all we have recommended is perfectly practicable we have no difficulty in believing; and that a traffic of such magnitude as is here contemplated, would have the effect of imparting wealth and civilisation to the country through which it passed, all experience proves to be unquestionable."

If any scheme of imperial inter-communication originated and supported, as the All-Red Route is to be, by imperial subsidies, it cannot be believed that Ireland will be left out; the more so

when it is borne in mind that Great Britain is the guardian and trustee of the interests of that island; that the Irish people are not permitted to have the control of their government, or the administration of their resources. Were that the case, it cannot be supposed for a moment that they would have allowed themselves to be distanced, as they have been, in the struggle for the trade of the Atlantic; that they would not, long ago, have established a port to deal with it in the way suggested in the above proposal.

Valentia is too small a harbour, with too narrow and difficult an entrance, for the vastly larger ships of the present day; but but there are other harbours on the West Coast—Blacksod Bay, Killery, Galway and Foynes—geographically quite as favourably situated, which are able to accommodate vessels of the largest size.

It is for the Irish Government to say which of them is the most suitable, and the most capable of being utilized with the least amount of initial outlay.

The resultant advantage to Ireland, and the reparation to some extent of the grievous wrong done to her in the past, is surely a matter of more imperial concern than any inconvenience that might be caused by the necessity of transhipment.

The treatment of Newfoundland has been just as harmful. Like Ireland, her development has been retarded to meet the exigencies of Great Britain—by the operation, not of prohibitive legislation, but of treaty rights granted more than a century ago, and only recently abrogated—rights, conceded without regard to their permanently detrimental consequences to the Colony, which have acted as a bar to its progress ever since.

The commanding position of the island has always been recognised.

In 1873, a select Committee of the Canadian House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the best and most direct route for mails and passengers between Europe and America, reported in favour of that through Newfoundland, and the Colonial Government, in 1875, caused a survey to be made through the island, from St. John's, on the East Coast, to Bay St. George, on the West Coast, under the direction of Mr., now, Sir Sandford Fleming.

On completion of this survey the House of Assembly passed a Resolution authorizing the construction of a railway, and sanctioning a land grant and the payment of a subsidy in connection therewith.



KING'S POINT, S.W. ARM, GREEN BAY.

The Newfoundland Government thereupon, in June, 1878, notified the Colonial Office that they proposed by public advertisement to invite tenders for the construction of the line, and issued a memorandum setting forth what was desired, and stating that the plans of the survey would be open to inspection.

The memorandum contained the following interesting passage:

"It has been urged on behalf of the Newfoundland Railway that, while it would form an essential part of a British chain of communication to the northern half of America, to British Columbia, to New Zealand, to the Australian Provinces, and to India, it would, during a portion of the year, undoubtedly establish the shortest possible ocean passage between Europe and America, and in consequence might be assumed to command a very large share of the mail, express and passenger traffic between the two continents."

This enterprise, so promising in its inception, was brought abruptly to an end; the French Government objecting to any railway being made on the West Coast of Newfoundland, on the ground that it would interfere with their treaty rights. The British Government, whilst not admitting this contention, nevertheless prohibited the undertaking from being proceeded with further.

Had it been carried out, at a time when steamship traffic was still almost in its infancy, there can be no doubt that it would have drawn to itself a great portion of the growing Atlantic trade.

The injury inflicted on the Colony was very great; and that injury would be accentuated now if it were to be excluded from participation in the proposed All-Red Route.

Apart, however, from any question of imperial sentiment, there are substantial reasons why Newfoundland should not be so excluded.

That part of the Atlantic which lies around and to the south of Cape Race, through which steamers to Halifax, as well as those proceeding by the southerly route to Quebec, have to pass, is practically never free from fog, whilst fog is also very prevalent in the Straits of Belleisle, and in the St. Lawrence. The following statement is taken from the issue of *Canada*, of October 10th, 1908:—"The Allan Mail Steamer, *Virginian*, which should have left Montreal on Friday and taken the weekly direct Canadian mail at Rimouski the following day, was detained three days by smoke from forest fires and fog, and reports from Quebec and Montreal state that during the last two weeks of September very serious delays were caused to both incoming and outgoing steamships. Neither was the New York route free from the same hindrances." And delays are always of frequent occurrence in the Straits.

The difficulties caused by fog in the approach both to Halifax and to Quebec are, indeed, very similar to those in the English and Irish Channels commented upon by the writer in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. The danger from fog in the neighbourhood of New York is also very great, and has recently received tragic demonstration from the disaster to the *Republic*.

On the other hand, the north-east coast of Newfoundland, like the west coast of Ireland, although not altogether free from fog, is so in very great measure—



BIRCHY LAKE AND MOUNT SEEMORE.

remarkably more so than that part of the Atlantic around and to the south of Cape Race; the statistics available showing that the relative proportion of fog in these respective localities is in the ratio of 3.12 to 8.

Moreover, the area of fog to be passed through in the approach to that coast is very greatly less, and the fog itself is more in the nature of a mist, being caused by the wind driving it in either from the north or from the south, from the true fog regions where it is formed, in the Straits and on the Grand Banks, by the contact of warm and cold currents.

Then again, the distance from Newfoundland to Ireland is only 1,700 miles, and a rapid mail and passenger service, on the lines of that in operation between Brindisi and Port Said, could be established with the aid of a mail contract infinitely smaller in amount than the immense subsidy asked for, in respect of the All-Red Route, for a direct service from Liverpool to Quebec in the summer, and to Halifax in the winter months.

The frequent transshipments do not militate against the success of the Brindisi route, nor, it is to be assumed, would they militate seriously against that of the Irish-Newfoundland route.



THE GROS MORNE, BONNE BAY.

But the strongest reason of all for the inclusion of Newfoundland in any route which is to be imperial in character, is its strategic position, the island absolutely controlling the approach to Canada.

In time of war, whilst it would be impossible to blockade the whole of the eastern and north-eastern coast of Newfoundland, it would be comparatively easy to blockade both the Cabot and the Belleisle Straits, and so to cut off all access to, or egress from, the St. Lawrence.

Yet one of the principal objects which Great Britain would have in contributing the enormous subsidy proposed, would be to secure, as far as possible, an uninterrupted supply of cattle and grain, for the British Isles are every day becoming more and more dependent upon Canada for their food supply; and

in considering how that object is to be attained it must be remembered that the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link, and that the long line of 3,000 miles of communication through Canada would be of little value, either to Great Britain or to the Antipodes, if the means of approach to it were left in jeopardy.

As that far-seeing statesman, Lord Bacon, pointed out, to preserve the control of the sea must always be a question of paramount importance, especially to a maritime nation; "But this much is certain; 'That hee that Commands the *Sea*, is at great liberty, and may take as much, and as little of the Warre, as he will. Whereas those, that be strongest by land, are many times neverthelesse in great Straights.'"

H. C. THOMSON.



STANLEYVILLE, BONNE BAY.

Moonlight in The "Run."

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

PERCHANCE the moon shone fairer
That night enamored Cynthia glanced
From Latmos steep, or rarer,
And her Endymion entranced;—
I do not know, I only know that stone
Since then has ever seen such wondrous sight,
By moonlight, islets, shining water, spun,
As wraps these Straits to-night.

Ah, who shall blame the dreamer
Who left the laughing social throng,
And sought a joy supreamer
In gazing, dreaming, long and long,

While the great vessel makes her gladsome way
Through channels that show still at every turn
More beauties hidden from the eyes of day
Than thousands ever learn?

O night of solemn splendor
Be thine to chasten, elevate, my soul,
With thy beams soft and tender,
And all my wavering thoughts control,
That I may tell my message brave and clear,
(The secrets I have found at Nature's heart)
With singleness of aim and brow sincere—
Thy pure, calm peace impart!

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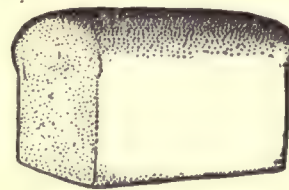
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The above does not apply to cases of accident, which are admitted without any formality.

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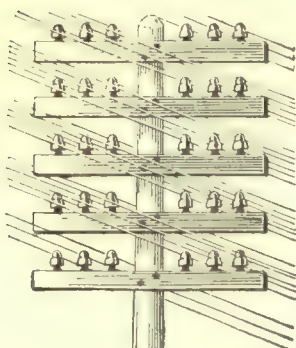
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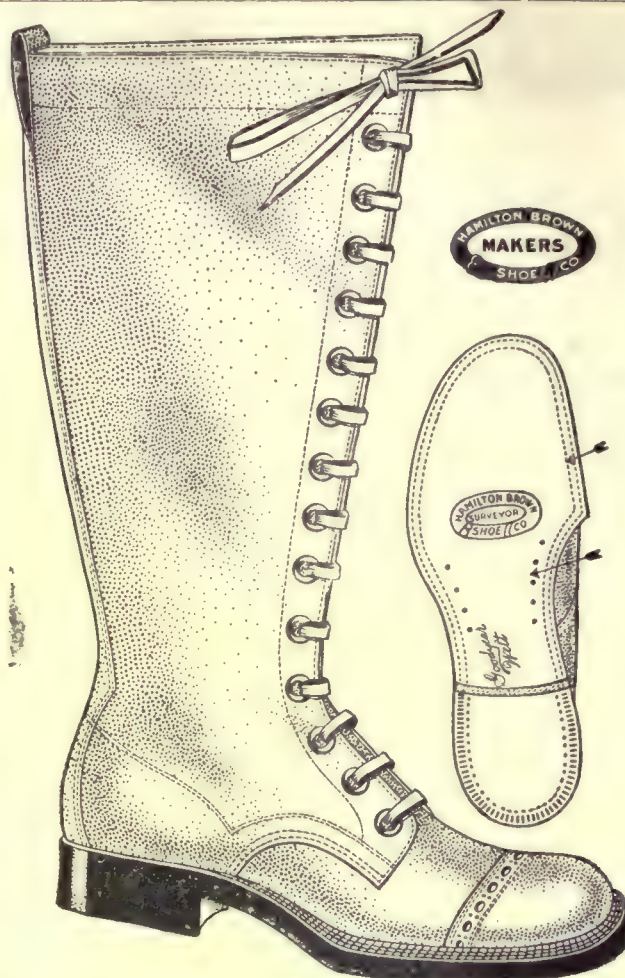
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J. D. RYAN.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

THE HON. MICHAEL P. GIBBS, MAYOR OF ST. JOHN'S, ADDRESSING THE LABOR UNIONS,
LABOR DAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1909.

Hereditary View of Consumption.

By F. Fisher, M.D.



HON. JOHN HARVEY,

President of the Association for the Prevention of Consumption

At the request of the Hon. John Harvey, President of the Association for the Prevention of Consumption, we publish the following article from the pen of Doctor Fisher, of Bay of Islands. Mr. Harvey is doing noble work for his native land, by his philanthropic efforts on behalf of the victims of that most malignant and dreadful of all scourges, consumption. Through his efforts the people of Newfoundland have been awakened to the gravity of carelessness or indifference to the ravages of this disease. Till the foundation of the Association, the ignorance of the people as to the causes of this dread disease and its rapid growth amongst our people, was little short of criminal. Through Mr. Harvey's efforts, the people not only in the city, but in the remotest outposts have been instructed in the very best means to prevent consumption from getting into their homes, or to minimize its evils, if they have had the misfortune to have already contracted the disease. The *QUARTERLY* has great pleasure in testifying to the good work already done by the energetic President and bids him God-speed in his good work:—and assures the Association and its worthy President, that its pages will ever be open to them and that they can always rely on this magazine to help them to "fight the good fight."—ED.



MUCH, very much, has been written about tuberculosis or consumption. Scarcely a newspaper, periodical, or magazine, leaves the press without some reference to the "great white plague," as consumption is sometimes called. The writer's excuse, therefore, in not keeping silent, is his consciousness of the fact that knowledge worth having cannot be too often repeated, as it is only by continual repetitions that lasting impressions are made.

Further, he believes that one very important phase of the subject has not been sufficiently emphasized, namely, the part played by heredity.

It seems at the present time that tenets among the masses regard consumption mainly as an inborn disease—a disease passed down through successive generations; or in some few cases the fault not being traceable to the family history, and in order to satisfy the cravings of the human mind, some reason must be assigned, and the simplest being that the victim has, through riotous living, spent himself to a point where recall is impossible, and he simply goes on wasting or consuming, and of course dies of consumption. Stated briefly then, the popular opinion regarding consumption is in the main a legacy from which there is no escape, or in some few cases a terminal phase of a dissipated life.

In order to strengthen their position they will readily tell you that they have on their side facts, facts indisputable, living and dying facts.

Why! here is a family that has had a consumptive history of four generations, and more, the fourth fares worse than the first. Again, how frequent is tuberculosis met with in the descendants of those affected.

Further if the father and mother are both consumptive then the offspring will fare the worse as consumption will have been passed along from both the male and female lines.

They will tell you that the only hope for this family tree is annihilation. Further if the immediate parents are not consumptive then there must be a history of collateral heredity. The error here lies not in the facts themselves, but in the interpretation of these facts.

If the foregoing beliefs in the nature of consumption are correct, then any organized fight against this world-wide malady cannot be anything other than an organized sham.

Are we then to disregard the hereditary aspect of consumption and place it wholly in the category of contagious diseases.

This would be too radical. It would mean the swinging of the pendulum to the other extreme. We prefer rather to accept the philosophy of Aristotle, and interpret things by their happy mean.

We would say that consumption is partly hereditary and partly contagious. But before proceeding further the sense in which we hold consumption as hereditary must be defined.

Broadly speaking the causes of disease are two—predisposing and exciting! the one making ready for the others to work—the tilling of the soil that the seed may grow. It remains now to enquire whether or not we are to find heredity guilty of both these causes. If not of both, then of which?

We will first discuss the exciting cause—the cause per se. This is a simple living active germ called the bacillus tuberculosis belonging to the lowest scale of life in the vegetable kingdom. When magnified several hundred times under the microscope it appears as a short fine rod often slightly bent or curved. Without the presence of this germ consumption would be impossible.

In order then for consumption to be transmitted from parent to offspring it is of course necessary that this germ should be transmitted. And in order that this process of transmitting should occur it would be necessary for the male element—the spermatozoon—or the female element—the ovum—to take up this consumptive germ and carry it on so that by union of the male and female elements the germ may be already present in the offspring. But it has been proven by Gartner in experi-

menting with guinea pigs, that the male element, the spermatozoon, will have nought to do with the germ tuberculosis. He has calculated the chances of a spermatozoon taking up a germ of consumption to be one in two million five hundred thousand which practically means reducing the affair to an absurdity.

On the other hand although infection of the ovum is held as possible, yet we can scarcely conceive of a tubercular germ in the ovum in a state of quiescence—it would destroy part of the ovum and lead to a monstrosity.

After union of these male and female elements the individual starts on its existence—an intrauterine existence of course—but no less an existence.

Whatever number of germs this offspring or foetus now takes from the blood of the mother are acquired. For clearness then we will speak of anti-natal, natal, and post-natal, acquirements as distinguished from heredity. That, and that alone, being due to heredity which results from the union of the male and female elements. After union the offspring or foetus may acquire through the placenta from the mother, germs of disease, but we would not call this hereditary.

During birth the offspring may acquire from the mother, germs of disease, but we would scarcely call this hereditary. After birth the offspring may acquire from either mother or father or from both, germs of disease, but this apparently is not hereditary. Even if we admitted anti-natal or congenital tuberculosis to be hereditary we would still have a very few cases to place to the credit of inheritance. So small, indeed, that out of the thousands of post-mortem cases that have been held on new born babes, and upon mothers dying in and shortly after child-birth the numbers of such instances could be counted upon the fingers and toes of a single individual. So few are the cases that for all practical purposes they may be disregarded. And at this we are not surprised when we consider that nature has in a most marvellous manner endowed the offspring with a selective power—a power to take from the blood of the mother all that is best and to discard all that is harmful.

What then do we mean when we speak of consumption being hereditary? It is this: we are like our ancestors bone for bone, muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, fibre for fibre. Their blood is in our veins. If they were consumptive then we are so much the worse of their being so. Not that we have inherited actual consumption—for we have not—but we have inherited a vitality of lessened resistance. Their blood was impoverished by war with consumptive germs, our blood will be impoverished as a result of that war. Their reserve force was used up in battling with the enemy. We, having no longer that reserve force, will become an easier prey. In other words, there has been handed down a weakened constitution an excellent tissue soil, a fertile garden in which consumptive germs can flourish. The hereditary aspect of consumption then is a predisposing—a making ready.

Facts mentioned above when interpreted in this light seem very much more intelligible. Because a child's parents are consumptive it does not follow that that child will be consumptive. It only follows that the child will have a less chance in a consumptive environment than his more fortunate and stronger playmate. Salvation for this child would lie in its being removed from its parents and brought up in a non-consumptive atmosphere. In proof of this might be mentioned the fact that in Germany where the young of tubercular cows have been taken away from their consumptive mothers and brought up in a non-tubercular environment they are invariably free from the disease.

The young calves left with their consumptive mothers shortly contract the disease and go under.

So it is in tubercular families. The parents are consumptive. They bring weaklings into this world,—fit tissue soils for consumptive germs. They do more. They spit about the floor—a dirty, filthy, nauseating, and dangerous habit—where these babes have to creep.

The sputum dries and billions of germs are set free to prey upon and devour their own flesh and blood.

But we must not, because of this, say heredity is our enemy. If we but aid her she will very readily transmit improved qualities. If heredity transmits weakness, she also transmits vigour of mind and body.

We find fault with heredity when she transmits one vice. We give her no credit when she hands down a hundred virtues. Sins of parents visited upon children, and children's children, fill us with holy horror. Virtues of parents, carried through many generations are never thought of. One finds it easy to live a life of temperate habits; another extremely difficult. Battles for the first have been fought and won by his ancestors,—battles that heredity is calling loudly to us to wage for posterity. Fortunately then to the great gain of suffering humanity we can for all practical purposes regard the consumptive germ as non hereditary—the vitality of the tissue soil alone being so. Fortunately also that the same inexorable law that compels sins of parents to be visited upon children even to the third and fourth generations will work no less slowly in transmitting the qualities of virtue.

This very law makes it binding upon us, for the preservation of our race, to live in the best possible way as far as we can, by our present knowledge, determine. We have to live not alone for ourselves but for posterity. If we so order our lives that there may be an increment in their mental, moral, and physical make up, be this increment ever so small, then will we have done for future generations a good which, will help to strengthen them in the fight not alone against the germs of consumption, but the germs of any disease. A virtuous life will descend to posterity as a blessing in disguise.

For the sake then of humanity we will seek to strengthen our individual lives so that future generations meeting the germs of consumption may be able to give them a chilly reception. To do this we will work subjectively and objectively:

Subjectively—to strengthen by clean, careful, and temperate habits the tissue soil against invasion; objectively—to so improve our environment by placing and building our homes that we may receive the maximum of sunshine the whole year round; by flooding and flushing our rooms daily with sunshine and fresh air; in short by utilizing all known hygienic means that the germs of disease may become ill-adapted to their altered conditions and find it

By working thus we will confer on posterity a benefit to which they will have reason to look back with pride when consumption becomes as little known as Typhus Fever is to-day.

F. FISHER, M. D.

ROUGH wind that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wait for the word's wrong!

—Shelley.



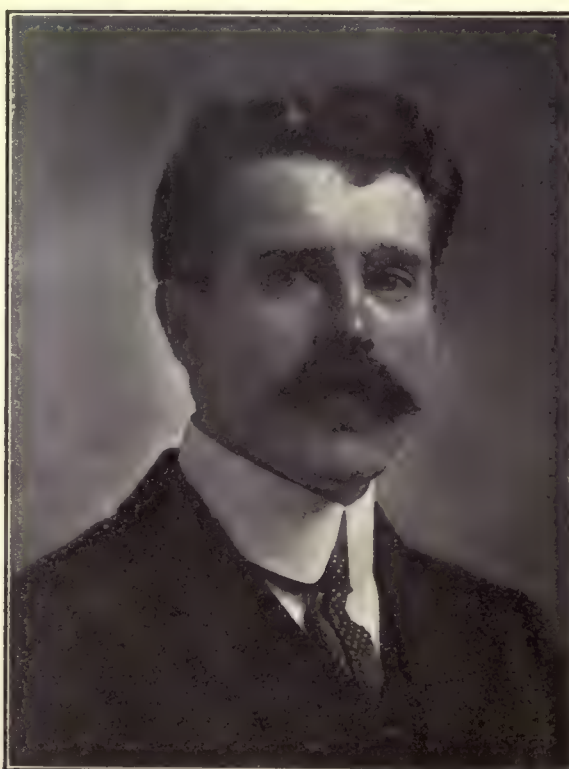
ARCHIBALD W. PICCOTT,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



WILLIAM WOODFORD,
Minister of Public Works.



ALLAN C. GOODRIDGE,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



JAMES HARRIS,
Deputy Minister of Public Works.



WILLIAM B. PAYN, J.P.,
Cashier Newfoundland Savings' Bank.



HENRY W. LEMESSURIER, J.P.,
Assistant Collector and Deputy Minister of Customs.



GEORGE E. TURNER,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Mines.



JOHN S. KEATING,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

[Photos by J. C. Farsons.]

Some Departmental Heads and their Deputies.

A. W. Piccott.

Mr. Piccott was born in Cupids, Conception Bay, in 1869. His father, the late respected Mr. C. Piccott, for many years taught the school at that place, and destined his son for a business career. But the call of the sea was in young Piccott's blood, and at the age of ten years he dropped his school books and went to the fishery. It is said Newfoundlanders are found everywhere from the North Pole to the Victoria Falls, and are found pursuing numerous vocations from captaining a sealing steamer in the North Atlantic to the running of a diamond drill in the bowels of the earth at Bell Island, Sydney or Yukon. Very few Newfoundlanders crowded as much variety into such a short time as did Mr. Piccott. When he was about fourteen years old he had the misfortune to lose one hand by the explosion of a gun. He then gave up the fishery and entered a store in Bay Roberts as assistant, where he stayed till the monotony tired him. He then went milling in Gander Bay, but the sea still called him and he went to the Banks in the schr. *Eva Maud*. The prospects were not encouraging, so he migrated to Nova Scotia, and served two years there in the Life-Saving Station at Cape Sable. After this he went to sea, and sailed out of several Canadian and American ports in various ships, and saw many foreign lands. In 1898 he returned to his native land and served as mate in the *Brundit*, Bartlett master, carrying coal between Sydney and ports in Conception Bay. In 1899 he was appointed Collector of Customs at Bay Roberts and held that office till last year. In 1908 he contested the District of Harbor Grace, having as colleagues Messrs. Seymour and Parsons, and after a hard contest was elected, head of the poll. His experience and knowledge of the fisheries well qualify him to deal with matters pertaining to our great staple and those engaged in its prosecution. Since his appointment to this position he initiated several important movements for the benefit of the fisheries. He has spent all the last season at the Labrador gathering information relative to the fisheries and fishers on that coast, so that his department may bring more knowledge than ever before, to the handling of this important industry. Mr. Piccott won golden opinions for himself from the fishermen of the whole Island, but particularly St. John's East, for the energy and humanity displayed by him on the occasion of the loss of a skiff and its crew at Outer Cove, last spring. If they had been his own brothers, he could not have shown more concern and the widows and orphans, as well as the fishermen remember with gratitude, Mr. Piccott's humane conduct at the time of that sad accident.

William Woodford.

Mr. Woodford was born at St. John's in 1858 and was educated at St. Bonaventure's College. Having a bent for the game of politics and in request to a numerously signed requisition from Harbour Main in 1889, with the present Acting Judge Morris as colleague, he contested that district in that election, as a Whiteway candidate. They worked so hard and well, and were so popular that they rolled up one of the largest (comparative) majorities ever obtained in any district in the Island. Since then he has tasted the joys and adversities of most local politicians; sometimes being down and out, and other times holding some responsible office under the Administration. In 1894 he was appointed Financial Secretary, and we are under the impression that he was the last occupant of that office before it was abolished, at the reorganization of the Government Departments. In 1896 he was appointed Minister of Public Works under the Winter Ministry and held that position till 1900 when he was appointed Inspector of Outport Roads. As Inspector he did good work, overseeing the laying out of roads in various districts and superintending the expenditure so that it would be distributed judiciously and economically. In 1904 he resigned to re-enter political life, and in 1908 after one of the hardest fought elections in the history of the country, he and his colleague John J. Murphy, Esq., M.H.A., were elected for Harbour Main with handsome pluralities. He was appointed immediately thereafter to the office of Minister of Public Works a position

for which his past experience and his well known ability and energy, eminently fit him. Mr. Woodford has the reputation of being a good representative, and a great hustler where the interests of his district are concerned. Harbour Main has always been fortunate in its representatives in the House, but never in its history was it more ably or beneficially represented than it is at present by the popular Minister of Public Works.

W. B. Payn.

Mr. Payn has occupied several of the most prominent positions in this Colony. On the occasion of his appointment to the office of Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries in 1907, we gave some extended notes of his public career. (See *Quarterly* Vol. VI.—No. 4. page 13.) Mr Payn earned such confidence for himself in that position, that on the death of the late L. O'B. Furlong, Esq., he was appointed Cashier of the Savings Bank. The occupant of that office must be like Cæsar's wife,—above suspicion. All the hard-earned savings of our most thrifty people are in his keeping; and such is the universal confidence reposed in his well-known integrity and ability by public men and private citizens, that the Savings Bank under his management is one of the public Institutions in which the people of all classes repose the fullest faith. Mr. Payn is solid and reliable and is so courteous that it is a pleasure to do business with him, and no man in the community is better qualified for the position he holds than the present incumbent.

H. W. LeMessurier.

Mr. H. W. LeMessurier, Assistant Collector of Customs and permanent head of the Department of Customs, fills with ability and acceptance the most important position, probably, in the whole Civil Service. As an official, with an intimate knowledge of the workings of his department, he is acknowledged to be among the very best; he is courteous and accessible and is ever ready to give the benefit of his experience to all members of the trade. Born in 1848, at St. John's, Newfoundland, son of H. C. LeMessurier of a well known Guernsey family whose ancestors were very early connected with the business of this country, and connected with many of the oldest families of Newfoundland, he was educated mainly at the General Protestant Academy, under the late Adam Scott. Served as Commissariat Clerk under three Assistant Commissaries prior to the removal of the Imperial Troops from Newfoundland. Justice of the Peace for Southern District 1879. Member of House of Assembly 1885 to 1890. Third Landing Waiter and Assistant Tide Surveyor of Customs 1894 to 1897. Assistant Collector and Secretary to Board of Revenue 1897. Deputy Minister of Customs, with title of Assistant Collector 1898. Superintended the re-organization of the Customs Department and planned and inaugurated the Customs' Service in connection with the Reid Newfoundland Company's steamer and Railway System 1898. Colonial Correspondent Commercial Intelligence Branch, Imperial Board of Trade, 1905; Imperial Trade Correspondent Board of Trade, 1908; Registrar of Shipping. In church work—Chairman C.E.M.S.; Chairman St. Thomas's Finance Committee, and Superintendent Junior School St. Thomas's; Member of Executive Council of the Synod. Mr. LeMessurier, like most of his countrymen, is very modest and retiring. His knowledge of the details and intricacies of the trade of the country is voluminous and comprehensive. Apart from the routine statistics supplied by him to the House of Assembly and the Blue Books of the Colony, his deep knowledge of all phases of the business of the country, is often taxed to supply Imperial and other sources with reliable information. When Sir William McGregor compiled the statistical history of Newfoundland's business for a period covering the last century and for which he got such well deserved encomiums, it was Mr. LeMessurier who supplied all the statistics. He also successfully edited the *Evening Herald* for a term. A ready writer, his bent is towards the early history of the country. His contributions on this subject to the local press, particularly the *QUARTERLY* are always valuable and

interesting. Socially he is a great favourite. In the old Academia Concerts which were so successful some years ago, Mr. LeMessurier was a leading spirit he not only took successful parts in them but also wrote and arranged the score of some of the most successful of those delightful entertainments. Mr. LeMessurier has always been ready and willing to aid all our local periodicals with his instructive and entertaining contributions.

Alan C. Goodridge.

Mr. Alan C. Goodridge comes of a good old West of England family that has been identified with business in Newfoundland for over a century. Son of the late Henry Goodridge, he was born in this city in the year 1872, educated at Bishop Field College and at Clifton England. As an athlete he held a prominent place in Rugby football, and in that fine old English game,—cricket, when it was the game *par-excellence* in this Island, and our cricketers were able to hold their own with naval and other visiting teams. In 1897 he was elected as one of the members for Twillingate District and in 1898 he was appointed Trade Commissioner to the Mediterranean. As Commissioner he visited the various shipping ports of the South of Europe to which our fish is consigned. Here he enquired into the causes of the decreasing demand for our staple. The information then gleaned will be of use to his Department now that earnest and intelligent effort is to be made to increase the output of our staple in those centres that a half a century ago, were such excellent and profitable customers of ours. In 1899 he was appointed Minister of Finance and Customs with a seat in the Executive Council. He was one of the original founders of the Church Lad's Brigade in Newfoundland having passed his necessary examinations with great credit. Mr. Goodridge latterly became Captain of the newly formed Newfoundland Highlanders. He is also assistant Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency the Governor. In 1908 he contested the District of Twillingate, and made a hard fight, but was defeated. On his party returning successful, he was tendered the position he now occupies. Mr. Goodridge is comparatively a young man he has travelled extensively and has been identified with the fisheries all his life time. He ought to make an ideal Deputy Minister of Fisheries. Socially he is a good fellow and a great favourite; he has the reputation of being a thorough manly fellow, a keen yachtsman and all-round good athlete. He is married to one of the most popular ladies in St. John's, Miss McNeil, daughter of the late John McNeil, Esq., and sister of our popular townsman, Mr. T. McNeil. Mr. Goodridge now occupies a position wherein his experience and ability will be valuable factors in the safeguarding our local fisheries and the development and enlargement of our foreign markets.

James Harris.

Of the many appointments in recent years to the Civil Service, not one was more pleasing to the general public, or to his brethren in the Service, than that of Mr. Harris as Deputy Minister of Public Works. Scarcely any other officials in the Service have as much traffic with the trade and with people from all parts of the Island as those of the Department of Public Works, and since the days of his junior clerkship, over 20 years ago, Mr. Harris has always been noted for his courtesy and tact in dealing with all kinds of people who have business with his Department. His fellow-workers also rejoiced, because his appointment was a recognition of that good old British principle that is the bulwark and mainstay of the British Civil Service, viz.: the promotion of a capable and efficient official to the head of the Department in which he had spent the best years of his life, and with the routine of which he was more familiar than could be any outsider that would be foisted over his head for the sole reason of political expediency. Mr. Harris first entered the old Board of Works Department in 1889 as junior clerk; on July 1st, 1898, he was appointed First Clerk upon the reorganization of the Civil Service at that date. During his tenure of office he was several times called on to act as Secretary, and his work on those occasions marked him out as a fit and proper man to fill the permanent headship of the office

when a vacancy should occur. Early in 1909, M. T. Knight, Esq., the late Deputy, after years of faithful service, retired full of years and full of honors. Mr. Knight was one of the old-time officials—courteous, kindly, patient with the people with a grievance, who appear to make this office their headquarters, and withal charitable to a fault. Poor people from all parts of the Island turn up here for private and public charity, and Mr. Knight never allowed any of them to go away empty-handed. When Mr. Knight retired, it was recognized that it would not be an easy matter to fill his place; but Mr. Harris has made good all right, and is growing more popular every day on account of his efficiency and tact in the management of the details of his Department. In 1903 Mr. Harris compiled rules for the governance of the expenditure on roads and public works. These rules were sanctioned by the Government and received the cordial endorsement of the Auditor General. They proved to be comprehensive and efficacious, and are still used in the office in the regulation of all expenditures on public works. After the Audit Act came into force, Mr. Harris set to work to improve the style of accounting used in the Department. He modernised it and brought into consonance with the Act, thus facilitating the work and carrying out the principal provisions of the Audit Act. As an official he has always been noted for his conscientiousness and thoroughness, and there is no doubt but that the Department will show the result of his quiet but energetic capacity in increased efficiency. Mr. Harris was married in 1897 to Miss Mary Shortall, a fair daughter of one of the oldest and most respected families in the West End. It is now over twenty years since Mr. Harris entered the Department of Public Works; he is now its permanent head, and in a very few years he will qualify for his I.S.O. The QUARTERLY hopes that he shall get it the day it is due him, and further wishes that he will be spared many years to enjoy the well-deserved honor.

G. E. Turner.

Mr. Turner is another notable instance of a deserving and capable official, who has been promoted to the principal position in the Department in which he has long worked so faithfully and well. He was born at St. John's in 1867 and educated at the Methodist College while Professor Holloway was Principal. He entered the Surveyor General's Department in September, 1883. In 1893 he was appointed First Clerk, and in 1909 upon retirement of Thomas Long, Esq., I.S.O., his commission as Deputy Minister came to him. His promotion to the Office of Deputy was a fitting recognition of his work and worth. He has proved himself a capable and energetic official: he has a pleasing manner, and is courteous and tactful in his dealing with the members of the public who do business with his department. Mr. Turner has now been in the public service for over a quarter of a century: he has served faithfully and honourably: he is highly esteemed by all those who know him; and by his recent promotion as permanent head of his Department he has fulfilled all the requisites necessary for that crowning glory of a faithful public servant,—his I.S.O. We respectfully urge Mr. Turner's claim for this much coveted recognition, upon the attention of the Government, not only for his own sake, and the worth of his services, but also as an encouragement to other members of the Civil Service, to put forth their best efforts in their respective offices, so that when the time comes, they may look forward confidently to the local government for appreciation and promotion, and to the Imperial Authorities for the Title and Insignia of the Imperial Service Order.

J. S. Keating.

On the appointment of Mr. Keating to the responsible position he now holds, the *Quarterly* (Vol. VII.—No. 1. page 2.) published full details of his valuable public services. We prophesied at that time that Mr. Keating would justify the confidence reposed in him, and we feel proud to say that our prophecy has been fully verified. Mr. Keating is one of the most reliable men in the Civil Service, and his Department now holds one of the very first places, as regards its discipline and management. He holds a position of great trust and fills it with integrity and ability.

Our Christmas Number.

WE intend making a special effort in the production of our "Christmas Number" this year, so that it will excel in merit any previous issue.

Notwithstanding that for several years past we have nearly doubled up the number of copies published, at Xmas-time, still the demand for that number has always been so great, that we could never supply it.

Thousands of people who never read or buy a magazine during the rest of the year, make it a point to secure our Xmas No. as a fitting souvenir of the season to send to friends abroad.

As our holiday number is generally replete with timely stories, interesting essays and pleasing poems from the pens of our ablest local writers, illuminated with artistic and appropriate illustrations, it makes an ideal present to send to absent friends at Xmas time.

During the year we have installed a new press and an electric motor, so that we propose to greatly enlarge our Xmas issue, as the numbers printed, besides adding some extra pages to our letter press.

We have already on hand, some interesting matter, and we can safely guarantee that the Xmas No. of the Quarterly for 1909 will be the very best yet.

To our friends in business circles, it is unnecessary to point out, that with an enlarged book, filled from cover to cover with stories, articles, poems and pictures all redolent of the season in Newfoundland, it will be one of the **Very Best Advertising Mediums.**

It will be read by thousands of Newfoundlanders, both at home and abroad,—in the city, the outports, United States and Canada,—and we print the advertisements in such an artistic manner, that numbers of our readers and correspondents, have assured us that they read our advertising pages, with as much interest as they do the body of the magazine.

If **you** want to be **in it**, send us word and our agent will call for your ad.

We especially request our friends and business patrons to send along their orders and advertisements as early as possible, as we propose going to press early, in order that our patrons may have the numbers in time to place them in the hands of their most distant friends before Xmas Day.



The "Standard's" Souvenir Number.

Just as the last pages of our QUARTERLY was being made-up, the *Montreal Standard's Special Number* came to hand, and is a most creditable production. It has a magnificent cover in colors, painted by one of America's best known artists. The Number contains nearly 150 half-tone plates devoted to subjects of general interest, and has two superb panoramic views of Montreal suitable for framing. The printing is first class, and we understand that many thousands of the issue have been sent to friends abroad.



Photo by James Vey.

SOME OF THE REID NEWFOUNDLAND COMPANY'S STEAMERS

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention "The Newfoundland Quarterly."

Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the **Crown Lands Act, 1903**, are published for general information:—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for Agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6,400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of \$5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions:—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) to clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of \$6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of \$2 per square mile, an annual rental of \$2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of \$100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent \$5 per square mile for first year; \$3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filled with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is \$10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, \$20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, \$30; for next period of five years, \$50; and for following years \$100.

Upon expenditure of \$6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

S. D. BLANDFORD,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,

St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1909.

Customs Circular



No. 15



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms, and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
ASSISTANT COLLECTOR.

CUSTOM HOUSE,

St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1909.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, 🌿 Hearth Brushes, 🌿 Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, September, 1909.

OCT 1909

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



THE ...

Newfoundland Quarterly.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX,—No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1909.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Christmas Number.



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EXTRACT FROM

“An Act to Provide for the Establishment of a Fire Department for the Town of St. John’s.”

[PASSED JULY 4th, 1895.]

Sec. 9.—No person shall open any of the signal boxes connected with the fire alarm telegraph for the purpose of giving or causing to be given a false alarm of fire, or to interfere in any way with the said boxes, by breaking, cutting, injuring or defacing the same, or pulling the hook, handle or slides therein, except in case of fire; or without authority open, tamper or meddle with said boxes, wires or attachments, or any part or parts thereof, or with the telephone wires or anything connected therewith, under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Sec. 14.—Every person who shall carry any fire through the streets, lanes or any wharves in the town, except in some covered vessel, or who shall kindle or light a fire in any of the places aforesaid, or who shall carry a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette on any wharf where hay, straw or any combustible material may be stored, shall for every offence be liable to a fine of not less than ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 15.—No person shall use in any mill, barn, outhouse or stable a lighted candle or lamp, unless enclosed in a lantern, fire in any of the said buildings unless properly secured, nor a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 16.—No person shall light or have a fire in any house, workshop or outhouse unless such fire is in a brick or stone chimney, or in a stove of iron or other metal material properly secured, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 17.—No person shall light a fire or cause a fire to be lighted on any street, lane, wharf or public place, except in accordance with a permit of the officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 18.—No person shall light a fire, or cause a fire to be lighted, on any street, lane, wharf, public place, for any purpose, or in yard, or in any private residence for the purpose of heating or boiling pitch, tar, sugar, molasses, varnish, or such inflammable substances, except in accordance with a permit of the Officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars, to be recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate or a Justice of the Peace by any person who may sue for the same. In default of payment of said fine the party offending shall be liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

All Wharfingers and Store-keepers on the water front, as well as Coachmen and Stable-keepers generally, also Owners of Workshops, and Managers of Factories, are requested to do all in their power, **in the interest of public safety**, to see that Sections 14 and 15 are observed.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

*Inspector-General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.*



Published by Authority.

ON recommendation of the Commissioners appointed to consider the question of Tuberculosis in this Colony, and under the provisions of Section 27, Cap. 46, Consolidated Statutes (Second Series), the following Rules and Regulations for the preservation of the public health have been approved by His Excellency the Governor in Council.

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
October 20th, 1909.

1. Every medical practitioner shall report in writing to the Medical Health Officer at St. John's, on a form to be furnished by the said Officer, the name, age, sex, occupation and address of every person known by such medical practitioner to have Tuberculosis, within twenty-four hours after he has ascertained the fact of such disease.

Any medical practitioner who shall refuse or neglect to report any case of Tuberculosis shall be liable for every such offence to a penalty of not less than ten nor more than fifteen dollars.

2. The Medical Health Officer shall cause all reports made in accordance with the preceding rule to be entered in a register kept for the purpose. Such register shall not be open to inspection by any person other than the health authorities or officials, nor shall the name or identity of any person mentioned in any such report be divulged, except as may be necessary in the interest of the public health.

3. Every medical practitioner, whenever he becomes aware of the death or removal from any house or premises of any person having Tuberculosis, shall forthwith notify the local Health Officer, or the Magistrate or other person acting in the place of a health officer, of the said death or removal, in order that the necessary cleansing and disinfection of the premises may be carried out.

4. No person shall let or hire any house, or part of a house, which has been occupied by any person having Tuberculosis, until the said house or part of a house has been disinfected and cleansed to the satisfaction of the Health Officer, Magistrate, or other person acting in the place of a health officer.

5. Every person violating any of the foregoing Rules and Regulations shall be liable for every such offence to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month.

November, 1909.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, Nov., 1909.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$0.85**
 } **To 1.00**

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } **From \$1.10**
 } **To 1.50**

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, Nov., 1909.

Our New Agricultural Policy

Special attention of Farmers, Butchers and others is directed to the Manufacturers of Crosfield & Co. of Liverpool.

They consist of:—

Climax Cane Molasses Feed Meal: The best and cheapest ordinary winter feed for cattle.

Climax Dairy Meal: A special preparation for increasing and enriching the Milk supply.

Climax Fattening Meal: A preparation of special interest to the Butcher.

All excellent for enabling animals to withstand cold. Ask your Provision Dealer for "CLIMAX" brand.

FULL INFORMATION FURNISHED BY

JOB BROTHERS & COMPANY, Ltd.,

Wholesale Agents.

For Sale by F. McNamara, C. P. Eagan, W. E. Bearns, J. F. Wiseman, M. Caule, J. W. Campbell, Edwin Murry, and other Provision Dealers.

You Often Send A Mail Order to St. John's ;

May we ask you to give us a Trial Order.

We have everything that you require, and our prices are as low as any.

We will give particular attention to your order, and send you exactly what you need.

☞ Samples of Dry Goods, and prices of any line of Provisions, Groceries, or Hardware, we will let you have at any time, and the quality of all our goods is high.

BISHOP, SONS & Co., Ltd.

SAVE MONEY ✿ SHOPPING BY MAIL. ✿

At **McMURDO'S** you can obtain all Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Preparations, Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, and all goods carried by a first-class **Drug Store**, many of which cannot be procured at your local store for love or money. **Send to us!** We have them! We shall send them at once if you order them. We shall send

ABSOLUTELY FREE

our new **Cook Book and Almanac** for 1910 on receipt of your name and address.

T. McMURDO & Co.,

Chemists since 1823.

Water Street and Military Road.

Insurance ! ✱

Confederation Life

Association,



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Company,

For Rates, etc., apply to

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,

General Agent for Newfoundland,

Oke Building, St. John's.

HEARN & CO.

Wholesale Provision Dealers.

All the popular cuts of barreled

Pork and Beef

quoted at lowest market prices.

Large Importers of

Granulated, Cube and Soft Sugars.

TELEPHONE 12.

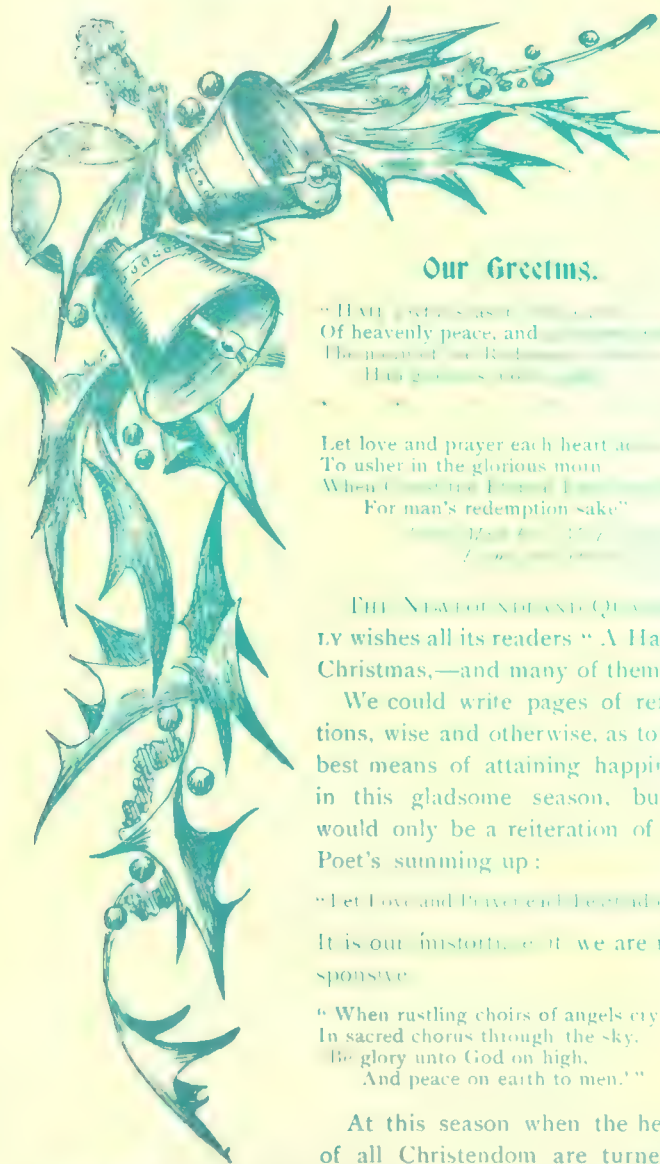
The Newfoundland Quarterly.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Vol. IX.—No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1909.

40 cents per year.



Our Greetings.

"Hail, joyous season,
Of heavenly peace, and
The morn'g of Rest,
Hail, glorious day!"

Let love and prayer each heart adorn
To usher in the glorious morn'
When Christ the Prince of Peace
For man's redemption came."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

wishes all its readers "A Happy Christmas,—and many of them."

We could write pages of reflections, wise and otherwise, as to the best means of attaining happiness in this gladsome season, but it would only be a reiteration of the Poet's summing up:

"Let Love and Prayer end Fear and Pain."

It is our first thought if we are irresponsible.

"When rustling choirs of angels cry
In sacred chorus through the sky,
Be glory unto God on high,
And peace on earth to men."

At this season when the hearts of all Christendom are turned to the lowly crib at Bethlehem, and the exulting millions are echoing the angelic chorus: "Glory be to God on high; Peace on earth to men of good will," we miss the joy of the

great festival, the benison of the blessed season, and the happiness that is our lawful heritage, if our hearts be not filled with Love and Prayer,—love for the little ones, for our friends, and neighbours; not forgetting the poor and outcast:—and prayer to Him who sent "the Sinless One to atone for our sins."

In the chaste words of the illustrious Newman:—"May He support us all the day long till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy

world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done.—Then, O Heavenly Father, may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace, and love."

Christmas.

When the angels sang
The glad tidings,
The shepherds came,
And the lowly babe
Laid in the manger,
The world was hushed,
And the fever of life was over,
And our work was done.
Then, O Heavenly Father,
Give us a safe lodging,
And a holy rest,
And peace, and love."

The shepherds in atnight
Beheld a wondrous light,
'Twas angel with good news allayed their fear,
Messiah promised long
In Seer and Psalmist's song,
And heaven proclaimed by angel voices clear

Spoken in words of great and small
King, shepherd, great and small
A child, a babe, a lowly one,
Pure, holy, full of love,
Gave us the gift of His Son.

What wonder we should sing
Our loftiest hymns of praise
And keep with sacred joy this Christmas Day?
What wonder we should sing
Through Him should find relief,
And like the snow in summer pass away?

Hail, blessed Christmas morn'
On which our Lord was born!
We want more love and loyalty to Him,
Who paid our ransom down
A kingdom and a crown—
Our love should soar beyond the Seraphim

The Epiphany.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, 1866

Bring gold for a Monarch is born
In David and Solomon's line:
Bring myrrh for the sorrow and scorn
Bring incense for He is divine.

He comes, and the heavens unfold,
He comes in humanity's day,—
The Saviour by prophets foretold,—
Jehovah is with us to day!

He comes and the shadows depart
From all the dark regions around;
He comes and each jubilant heart
With songs of salvation resound.

Mistaken Identity.

By Rev. Canon Smith, R.D.



YOU desire me, sir, to write for your Christmas Number something in connection with Newfoundland that is either "grave or gay"—historical or fiction. In view of the fact that in recent years so much has been written upon Newfoundland, I find myself in the position of a sportsman in front of game with an empty bandoleer. Unfortunately I do not profess the ability to overcome such a predicament in the way Lord Cochrane is said to have done on one memorable occasion in his life's history.

About 1817, the Chilians began to strike for independence. In the war they waged with Spain the—mother country—they

effect upon the Spaniards was startling and tremendous. They were scared out of their wits, for they thought that this new missile sent on board their ship was a particularly infernal invention in the way of shrapnell by "El Diabolo" himself, as they called Cochrane. They immediately struck their colours and surrendered.

Now, for my broadside—which is not composed of anything so filling and satisfying as cheese. It is but of barnacles—mere barnacles. The story is connected with the old town of Trinity. In 1812 war broke out between Great Britain and the United States. The coast of Newfoundland was visited by American privateers, and although most of these were captured by British



THE TOWN OF TRINITY.

made Lord Cochrane admiral of their small and ill-equipped fleet. Their ships were poorly provided with provisions and ammunition: Lord Cochrane met with a large Spanish frigate, much superior to his own in number of men, guns, tonnage, weight of metal, and well found in ammunition. Nothing daunted, Cochrane proceeded at once to engage the enemy's ship. In the very height of the action his officers reported to Admiral Cochrane, that while there was a little gunpowder remaining, there was not a single shot of any kind left in any of the ship's lockers. The Admiral proved himself equal to the emergency.

A few days before this action, Cochrane had captured a Spanish merchant ship. Part of this ship's cargo consisted of Dutch cheese. Now your readers know well that a Dutch cheese is round in shape like an old cannon ball, and that it has a thick rind or paring. This cheese was so especially thick-skinned that Cochrane and his men could make but little headway in masticating it. Cochrane promptly gave the order to have up these Dutch cheeses and ram them as shot in the ship's cannon. This order was immediately obeyed and a whole broadside of cheese fired into the enemy's ship. The

cruisers, yet occasionally one of them was more successful than her companions and did manage either to capture one of our merchants trading ships, or to enter a port and destroy fishing property.

The merchants at Trinity, among whom were Mr. George Garland, head of the great Poole firm of Garland & Lester, Mr. Robert Slade member of another Poole firm, Mr. Buchanan and others, became alarmed. Ably assisted by the Rev. John Clinch, M.D., who was not only the doctor and parson, but also the Magistrate at Trinity, these gentlemen at once set to work to repair the batteries at the Fort Point, Admiral's Island—so named because in former years the Fishing Admiral's stage stood there—and the battery on the summit of Ryder's Hill. Ryder's Hill is 350 feet high, situated at the back of the old town and commanding it and the harbor. They also proceeded to raise a local militia to man the guns in the various batteries. On the Fort Point were two batteries of cannon, the upper placed where the light-house now stands, the lower, which contained the heavier guns, being about 20 feet below the upper battery. The batteries were simply earthworks, the gun platforms of wood. On Ryder's Hill were three or four heavy cannonades which were

intended by a plunging fire to sink any of the enemy's ships that might—perhaps in a fog—slip past the guns on the Fort Point.

The militia needed drill. They had it. But inasmuch as their officers—the Commandant of the port being Mr. George Garland himself—were thrifty business men, the time for service at the heavy guns was Sunday afternoons. All the men went to Church in the morning. In the afternoon—there was no night service in those days—the men manned the batteries and left the women and children to go to Church. So it came to pass that Evensong had no organ accompaniment, but was sung to the deep diapason of roaring cannon. The Commandant, Mr. Garland, appointed Captain Richard Ash—grandfather of Captain Frank Ash of Greely-relief fame—to be master gunner and in charge of the artillery on the Fort Point. The drill and discipline of this militia was more on naval than military lines. Mr. Ash was a captain in the merchantile marine and in his day, like most other seamen of that time, had served some years in the Royal Navy. He was a good gunner and a straight shot. He married a Carbonear lady, a sister of that great native of Newfoundland who was one of Wellington's Major-Generals in the Peninsular War—our Sir Henry Pynn.

One beautiful Sunday morning in the spring of 1813, Mr. Garland and his men were as usual all in church. The prayers were ended and the parson had just commenced his sermon, when down over the building thundered the report of a cannon on Ryders' Hill. This was immediately followed by two more shots from the Fort Point—being the signal that an enemy's ship was in sight.

Mr. Garland and his men hastened to leave the church, launch the boats that were always ready on Sweet's Beach (now Stone-mans)—and now to the Fort Point. On arrival there, they saw in the offing about 6 miles distant and heading for Trinity a large and apparently well armed brig carrying about 14 guns, or seven on a side. She shewed no colours. Only a light breeze was blowing and the brig, though with all canvas set aloft, was making but at best about five miles an hour. When she arrived within three thousand yards of the fort which was about the extreme range of the cannon of those days,—Mr. Garland ordered a shot to be fired across her bows to make her show her colours or else "heave to." This was done with a long 24 pounder. Captain Ash pointed the gun and his aim was so true and the cannon carried so well that the ball actually cut away the brig's jib stay close by the boom. She heeded

not the shot but still came on. Then Mr. Garland shouted excitedly, "She's a pirate, train every gun in both batteries for a three hundred yards range, and when she gets there, send her to the bottom and her rascally crew to Tophet"—When the brig arrived within about a couple of hundred yards of the place indicated she came about and shewed her colours,—which were the British ensign at her peak, and Garland's own house-flag at her maintop.

It was a case of Mistaken Identity ; for she was no pirate, or even American privateer, but Mr. Garland's own ship all the way from Poole and loaded to the hatches with provisions and all the firm's spring shop-goods. A very valuable cargo but with not a penny of insurance upon either ship or cargo. After escaping all the perils attendant in that day upon a passage across the Western Ocean she had very nearly been sent to the bottom of the deep, just as she was about to enter the port of her destination.

When Mr. Garland and his men saw the brig's colours they stood astounded. For a short interval there was a deep and impressive silence—which was presently broken by shouts of laughter followed by ringing cheers from the men in the fort.—The laughter and cheers assured the good people in the town that no real danger threatened them. The guns were immediately run in, their charges drawn and safely stored in the magazine, for the officers in command were thrifty folk. When the tompion had been duly placed in the muzzle of each cannon, Mr. Garland ordered a double ration of grog to be served to the men at his own expense, on receipt of which they all went happily home to dinner.

When the brig had anchored in port, Mr. Garland sent one of his clerks with an invitation to the captain to come ashore and dine with him. But the captain would not come. He was very angry at his ship having been taken to be a pirate and fired at, and felt more like fighting Mr. Garland than dining with him. The captain did not at all relish the manner in which the ship he commanded had been made to figure so prominently in this case of Mistaken Identity.

Well—all the men who were present on this memorable occasion are now dead and their bones are dust. We may apply to them an adaptation of certain lines that Sir Walter Scott penned about the knights of old whose doughty deeds he chronicled,—and say—

"The men are dead—their arms are rust—
Their souls are with the saints we trust."



Photo by W. A. B. Slater.

TOPSAIL, KELLY'S ISLAND, AND BELL ISLAND.



Christmas in India.

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron
yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the riverside, each calling to his
fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.
Oh the white dust on the highway ! Oh the stench
in the byway !
Oh the clammy fog that hovers over earth !
And at Home they're making merry 'neath the white
and scarlet berry—
What part have India's exiles in their mirth ?
From "Christmas in India," by Rudyard Kipling.

Christmas Nearest the North Pole.



THE Newfoundland members of the *Roosevelt's* crew spent last Christmas, in the land of Santa Claus, where the Xmas festival had never been celebrated before.

Although Christmas did not, like the proverbial day, "dawn bright and clear," it was none the less enjoyable. Midnight darkness reigned supreme in these northern solitudes, and except for the twinkling light of the Northern Stars, and the fitful illumination of the Aurora Borealis, darkness and silence shrouded the great Arctic wastes. But it was none the less Christmas. The Spirit was in the air, and great preparations had been made for the feast.

The day's festivities began with the dinner. The cook rose to the occasion, and did himself and the day credit. The steward had spent his best efforts in preparing a banquet.

When at last the dinner bell echoed through the silent spaces, the Commander and crew, with their Esquimaux guests, sat down to a splendid feast. The menu consisted of viands that would tickle the palate of the most dainty gourmand, especially if he were blessed with the robust health and vigorous appetite that were our heroes. Large tureens of soup, fragrant musk-ox soup, the first course, followed by Calf's Head, a sirloin of musk ox; potatoes, tomatoes, corn and onions. For sweets they had Washington pie, Washington pudding, marinalades and jams, and a good, honest Christmas "figgy pudding" was the climax of this long-to-be-remembered dinner. When the dishes were removed, the Commander produced a small tot of "Old Scotch," supplied for the occasion by the then Governor of Newfoundland, Sir William MacGregor, and they drank right heartily the toasts of "Success to the Expedition," and "Absent Friends."

graceful folds near the head of the table.

The dinner made up in the abundance of good cheer, for the company were not only well supplied with the most fortunate in kindlier choices. The menu consisted of viands that would tickle the palate of the most dainty gourmand, especially if he were blessed with the robust health and vigorous appetite that were our heroes. Large tureens of soup, fragrant musk-ox soup, the first course, followed by Calf's Head, a sirloin of musk ox; potatoes, tomatoes, corn and onions. For sweets they had Washington pie, Washington pudding, marinalades and jams, and a good, honest Christmas "figgy pudding" was the climax of this long-to-be-remembered dinner. When the dishes were removed, the Commander produced a small tot of "Old Scotch," supplied for the occasion by the then Governor of Newfoundland, Sir William MacGregor, and they drank right heartily the toasts of "Success to the Expedition," and "Absent Friends."

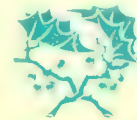
At the conclusion of the banquet, the company adjourned to the illimitable fields by which they were surrounded, and a series of athletic events were run off. There were running races between the Esquimaux men and women, and between the various members of the crew: there was a challenge race between three professors—McMillan, Borup and Marvin—over a hundred yard course laid out with tallow lanterns, assisted by the brilliant but uncertain electric light of the Aurora Borealis. There were tugs of war, between Northerners and Southerners, Esquimaux and Americans, and over all there was fun and laughter, and tricks and practical jokes; and the flashing eyes and merry shouts proclaimed that all hands were having a downright, Merry Old Christmas.

Prizes were distributed to the lucky winners in the various contests, and so ended this eventful day.

When at last they lit their pipes and turned in, you may be sure their thoughts travelled homewards. It did not take great effort of imagination for the St. John's boys in fancy, as they lay between asleep and awake, to picture the scene in their own beloved home,—the lighted streets; the music of the tinkling sleigh-bells; the soft mantle of snow falling, the cheery greeting as neighbour met and passed his fellow; the joy bells pealing

out the glad tidings of the Saviours birth, over hill and dale; the crowds hurrying over the city heights to Midnight Mass; the brilliantly lighted and richly decorated High Altar; the glad sweet strains of the *Adesti Fideles*; the kneeling mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart pouring forth her earnest supplication to the Great White Throne for the wanderers' return.

Laying aside their pipes, bidding each other a last "good night," and a "Merry Xmas and successful New Year," and with a sigh murmuring "God bless 'em all at home," they fell into a quiet slumber to enjoy again in dreams many a Happy Christmas to come with absent friends and loved ones.



Quidi Vidi.

By late Hon. T. Talbot.

A little vale nestled where the hills and God had rest,
And the hills rose up like sentinels on the waves.

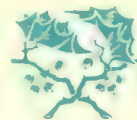
What a quaint little vale! with its knolls and its dells;—
Like a miniature ocean, it sinks and it swells;
With groves and green hedge-rows, all dotting the scene,
And streams gaily glancing, the meadows between.

But hedge row, and hillock, and meadow and grove,
And the bold cliffs around, and the light clouds above,
All were so gently and so peacefully within—
That mirror reclin'd on the lap of the glen.

Sweet beautiful lake! oh, what tongue could portray
Thy bosom's repose at the rising of day.

When the White Hills look out from thy clear depths below,
And the trees that, inverted, seem downward to grow;
When the town of St. John's lays her head on thy breast,
To calm down the sorrows that troubled her rest;
Or to chase back the visions that night had brought on,
And kiss 'neath the wave the bright rays of the sun.

Now, such was the landscape that gladdened the sight
A smiling and glowing in a corner of light,
And, while fondly I viewed all its bright features o'er,
I felt it ne'er look'd half so lovely before.



The Mahogany Tree.

By W. M. Thackery.

CHRISTMAS is here: winds whistle shrill
Icy and chill, little care we;
Little we fear weather without,
Sheltered about the Mahogany Tree.

Here let us sport, boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit flashing so free.
Life is but short—when we are gone,
Let them sing on round the old tree.

Evenings we knew, happy as this;
Faces we miss, pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true, gentle and just,
Forgotten and dead, we sing round the tree.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

Long Pond—From Nagle's Hill looking towards Town.



FLASHLIGHT PHOTO OF JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF ST. JOHN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY,

Taken on the beautiful stage of their own Theatre by Mr. James Vey, October 18th, 1909. The Picture includes the Archbishop of Newfoundland, the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland, the Chief Justice, the Premier, the Mayor, representative Clergymen of all denominations, and the representatives of all the local Societies.



YOUNG NEWFOUNDLAND.

Photos by W. A. B. Slater.

OFF THE NARROWS—UNDER FORT AMHERST.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D.

XXVIII.



Photo by H. H. Fraser.]

ST. MARY'S.



T. MARY'S BAY, may be called the first bay on the Southern coast of the Island, as Trepassey Bay is not much more than a bight. It is a beautiful inlet, and no doubt the early navigators had it in their mind to honour the Blessed Virgin Mary, in giving the name to this lovely sheet of water. The name was a very popular one among the early pioneers of discovery, especially the Portuguese, whose country is placed especially under the Patronage of "*Mary the Virgin*." We

have the name to a bay in Nova Scotia, and also to another small Bay in Newfoundland near Kirpon.

There is a Cape St. Mary's in the South of Portugal in the Province of Algarve, and the Portuguese gave the name to one of the group of islands in the Azores as early as 1336, and I have no doubt that it was they who named our St. Mary's Bay, and Cape St. Mary's. The devotion of both Spaniards and Portuguese, to St. Mary was very pronounced and enthusiastic. The name of Columbus's vessel was the

SANTA MARIA.

This devotion was not confined to the Latin races but was quite as popular in England and the whole country of England was dedicated the Virgin under the title of "*Mary's Dowry*."

Near Cape Pine a little to the east at the eastern point of entrance to St. Mary's is

BAKER HEAD,

a steep bluff about 360 feet high. It is no doubt called after a man's name. The name still survives in Marystown, Placentia Bay, and elsewhere as a family name. But as in the case already mentioned of *Tinker's Cove* (Article XXVI.) it has been translated on the French maps as "*Pointe au Boulanger*." There is a "*Baker Cove*" near North Harbor in Placentia Bay, and a "*Baker's Loaf*" near C. Bauld called from the resemblance of some boulder rocks. Under Baker Point or Head is a small cove where boats lie safely at anchor in certain winds. Just inside the Cape, west $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile is another cove called

ARNOLD'S COVE

we have this name repeated in the bottom of Placentia Bay, but

I have no idea of the origin of it.

About two miles to the S.W. of Cape Pine is the headland of

CAPE FREELS SOUTH.

In Article XI., speaking of Cape Freels North, in Bonavista Bay, I stated all that is known concerning the origin of this name which is Breton and is a corruption of the name *C. Fichel* a point on the coast of Brittany.

Inside of C. Pine are two coves whose names are somewhat difficult to trace, viz :—

ST. SHOTTS AND ST. SHORES.

Very unlikely as it may seem, I interpret these two names as corruptions of *St. Jacques* (St. James) and St. George's. In the broad and thick pronunciation of the Breton fishermen these names would sound to our English ears like *S. Jock* or St. Jots. An example of this particular transmutation of sound is found in the name *Arishot*, which the French (correctly) pronounce *Arichac* (or *Arishock*) The Bretons would pronounce St. George's as *Saint Shoarge* which would be easily corrupted into *St. Shores*.

There is next a very large bight in the coast between Gull Island on the south and Cape English at the north. At the bottom of this bight are situated Peter's River and Holyrood Pond, of which I will speak immediately.

To go back to Gull Island. The shore is very bluff here and the place is the scene of many wrecks, the latest being that of the schr. *C. B. Whidden*, which occurred this past month, Thursday, 28 day of October, and the story of the rescue of the crew of which is so thrilling.

At Gull Island there is another bluff head bearing the name of

SPURAWINKLE.

In Articles XV. and XXV. I have already spoken at length on this name. Some of the fishermen of the neighbouring settlement told me that the name was given by some persons from "the Norrid," probably from somewhere about Trinity. They said the Northern men called it "*Spurawig*."

From Gull Island the coast trends in eastwards. It is very steep and bluff and has been the scene of many wrecks. There is a cove called

MARINE'S COVE,

so called on account of a wreck of a frigate which occurred here many years ago. There were marines on board, hence the name was given to the cove. Among the wrecks which have made this place notorious were:

1—s.s. *Robert Low*, 1872; 2—sailing vessel *Isabel*, Feb. 22, 1881; 3—schooner, Dec. 2nd, 1881; 4—schooner, Oct. 30, 1882; 5—s.s. *Langshaw*, June 1, 1883; 6—s.s. *Canima*, Sept. 6, 1883; 7—s.s. *Gertrude*, June 15, 1886; 8—s.s. *Fernholm*, July 11, 1888; 9—s.s. *Delta*, Sept. 13, 1889; 10—bgt. *Lontana*, January 4, 1891; 11—s.s. *Astrubal*, June 20, 1892; 12—s.s. *Capulet*, June 22, 1896; 13—s.s. *Arbela*, June 10, 1898; 14—s.s. *Prodano*, Oct. 2, 1899; 15—s.s. *Heligoland*, June 10, 1900; 16—brigt. *C. B. Whidden*, Oct. 24, 1909. At the S.E. corner of this bight the large river named

PETER'S RIVER

flows from a pond of the same name into the Bay. I have not been able to trace the origin of the name, nor who the Mythic or Mystic Peter may have been. In looking over some French maps, however, I came across what may be a clue to the name. It is there called

RIVIERE DE PIERRE.

This may mean either "Peter's River" or "Rocky River." I am not quite sufficiently acquainted with the place to know whether the natural characteristics give any probability to such an interpretation. The French may have called it Riviere de Pierre and some Englishman may have translated it "Peter's River" instead of Rocky River. In the Exploits Valley, near Botwood, there is also a small bay called

"PETER'S ARM."

The New Railway, just built by the A. N. D. Co., runs round this arm or harbour on its course from Grand Falls to Botwood. At Peter's River there is a settlement of some 70 to 100 persons. They are well-to-do fishermen and most daring and hospitable life savers. The heroic deeds performed by them for the past century lie unrecorded on the pages of the world's fame, and are only to be learnt from intercourse with this brave and noble people, and even then it is not easy to get them to speak of the deeds of prowess and heroism performed by themselves or their ancestors. They never have been heard of by the "Humane Societies." No gold medals have rewarded them; indeed they have often been maligned and attacked, and that by some of their own countrymen as wreckers and plunderers. Sometimes, however, their noble deeds have been worthily appreciated, and I hope to be excused if I here break in on my voyage around the shore to quote a few words from a tribute paid to the people of Peter's River by the crew of the last wrecked ship to which I have already alluded, the *C. B. Whidden*:—

" . . . Molloy piloted all to Peter's River, the kindly people "made them take off their wet clothing gave them new and "warm inside wearables, and all the people of the place treated "them with the greatest kindness . . . their feet which were "bleeding and swollen from climbing the cliffs were looked after. "Both captain and crew say they will never forget the kindness "of the people of Peter's River."

Among these unrecorded heroes stood out conspicuously until recently one whose name will be long remembered, I mean the late

MICKLE LONDREGAN

as he was familiarly called. He has passed from the scenes in which he ever took a leading part. He has braved the storm and fought the raging billows for the last time, and has now, we securely trust, entered into the haven of rest and perpetual calm. He was a man of powerful physique, and noble mein, and many stories of his herculean strength and great prowess are handed down among the people. He was a great favorite with the "sports" from St. John's who came out annually to whip the streams or course the barrens. Once he went home to England with his wife who was ill. He created a great sensation by his splendid appearance and handsome face as he "walked down Piccadilly" or strolled the "Strand," looking at the shop windows. People stopped and turned to look at him. A photographer

once caught sight of him and his artistic eye told him he had got "something good." He tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, Sir, I think you're a stranger. I'll give you bob if you'll let me take your likeness!"

"All right, be gob," said Mick.

He used to show the picture with much pride, and I believe his genial countenance and distinguished figure may be seen to the present day adorning a show-window in the "Strand." Poor Mick died last summer and in a very sad manner. He fell over the dark stair-way at the General Post Office, and broke his neck. Yet as another proof of his great physical strength he lived for more than two days, though it would have caused instant death to an ordinary man. May he rest in peace!

In the N.E. corner of this bight or bay of St. Peter, is the very remarkable inlet of

HOLYROOD POND.

It is remarkable as having been once an arm of the sea or deep harbour, and now in consequence of the mouth of it being entirely closed up by a high beach of rubble stones thrown up from the bottom of the sea, it is converted into a large salt water pond. The ebb and flow of the tide keeps open a small gut at the southern end, and the pond which extends into the land some ten or fifteen miles, is teeming with fish. The settlement of

HOLYROOD SOUTH

or Holyrood in St. Mary's Bay, is a very neat little village of over 300 inhabitants. It is the birth-place of some of our worthy old vikings and seal killers. Among whom I may mention Captain Barron, father of the late Pierce Barron, and the renowned "Terry" Hallern.

This name, being a repetition of the name of the better known settlement at the foot of Conception Bay, has to be qualified by some such term as Holyrood South, &c. This is a pity as it causes some confusion. In Article XX. I gave a full dissertation on the origin and history of this name. I also there mentioned that the principal family residing at this place now bears the name of *Sancroix* which is the French form of Holyrood, or Holy Cross. It would be well if the Nomenclature Committee would take in hand this name and change it so as to avoid confusion. It might be changed yet keep all its original meaning and interest if it were called either *Sancroix* or *Holy Cross*.

The Northern Head of the bight of Peter's Bay is

CAPE ENGLISH

In writing of Cape Race (Article XXVII.) I have fully dwelt on this name.

On a very crude map in (Taverner) 1775 I find two names which I cannot verify at present, viz.: *Chinkhole* near C. Freels, and C. Mengloy, near C. English. This latter may be a mistaken attempt to produce the French C.L'Angloy (for *L'Anglais*).

Before coming to St. Mary's Harbour we have

POINT LA HAYE.

It is an important point marking the southern entrance to St. Mary's, and has a lighthouse. La Haye on the River Venne, in Touraine, was the birthplace of Descartes, the famous philosopher. The name was, therefore, well known to the inhabitants of the Valley of the Loire, who were among the principal of our early colonizers. The name is the same as the German

LE HAGUE,

a name become very familiar to us lately in connection with our Fishery Arbitration. It is the name of the capital of Holland. It means in Dutch (Den Haag) a fence or dyke. In English "Ha-ha" or "*Haw-haw*" a sunk fence or ditch. There is a very large *barachois* at this place, and this may have suggested the name.

At the southern entrance to St. Mary's harbour is a point which the people call

DOUBLE ROAD POINT.

At first I was puzzled as to the meaning of this name until, in conversation with one of the inhabitants, Mike Fagan, from whom I learnt a great deal concerning the names in St. Mary's, by listening attentively to the way he pronounced the word I got

the clue to the name. It is

DOUBLE ROTE POINT.

The fishermen are accustomed, in foggy weather, to find their bearings by carefully listening to the rout of the sea on the shore, which they (very correctly) call rote, or rut. According to the nature of the shore, whether, sandy beach, gravel, rocky caves, and so forth, a different rote is made, and the fishermen are wonderfully expert in detecting their whereabouts by this sign. Sometimes the rote is deep and hollow, like the bellowing of distant thunder or of artillery, as the water rushes into deep caves, again sharp and shrill as it rolls over moving pebbly beaches; again hissing and seething as it creeps over a sandy shore. This point at St Mary's has a sort of cave or gorge or split in the rock, so that after the sea strikes and makes its first rote, it then rushes into the fissure of the rock and again striking, it produces a second rote.

Captain Fitzpatrick, of the s.s. *Portia*, has suggested to me another and very plausible reason for this name. In about the middle of the entrance to St. Mary's Harbour, half-way between Double Rote Point and Crapeau Point on the north, there is a very good fishing "ground." It is called the Double Rote Ground, and the way to find it in a fog is to row out from the shore till you hear the *two rotes* one from Double Rote Point on the south, and one from Crapeau Point on the north, then you are on the "ground." The distance from point to point is about two miles.

Inside the Harbour of St. Mary's there are several interesting names. Certain black rocks which show above water are called

THE COAL PITS.

It is said that when a storm is approaching the Coal Pits emit a strange wierd noise. Above these on the eastern side is a place with the remains of an old camp. It is called

LANGLEY.

Tradition has it that an old Englishman lived here many years ago, in the time of the French possession. They called him "*L'Anglais*," the Englishman. This gave rise to the name. Above this still on the southern side of the harbour is a high bank, well wooded and where there are many farms and houses is a point called

COOT'S POINT.

This is the name of a bird of the duck species. Still I do not think the name is known in Newfoundland, and, moreover, I found a great uncertainty about the pronunciation of the word among the settlers, some calling it Cook's Point, some Goose Point, some Coors Point, &c. This latter seems to give the cue. The word is *Course* Point, pronounced by the people *Coorse*, and it is a sailing direction for taking the correct course on entering the harbour. On the north or west side of the Arm is a place called the

GRAVING BANK.

It is a sandy spit on which the French in olden times beached their boats. The name is derived from the French word *Grève* (pronounced *Grave* or *grahve*). Outside of this near the recently erected (and since abandoned) whaling factory, is a point called

LIZZIE'S POINT.

This is a peculiar corruption of Ellis's Point. Inside of Crapeau Point there is a large arm running to the northward, which is named

MAL BAY

This name is not as many think, derived from the French *Mal*, bad or ill, but from the word *Malue* which is a form of *Molue*, and this again from *Morue*, codfish. The name occurs in different forms on our coast, as *Point Mol* near Placentia. Although some may not be inclined to accept this derivation, yet there can be no doubt about it. At page 49 of the "*Voyages of Champlain*," dated 1603, we read as follows:—" . . . *Puis nous vismes une autre Baye que l'on appelle la Baye des Molues.*" (Then we saw an other Bay which is called the *Bay of the Molues*).

In a note to this we read:—" *Cette Baye est au Sud de Gaspe. On l'appelle aujourd'hui la*

"MALBAIE.

"*Ce mot parait etre une corruption de l'expression Anglaise, Malue Bay. Des l'an 1545 Jean Alfonse parle de la Baye des Molues, et de toute cette cote comme d'un lieu frequente depuis longues annees pour l'abondance et l'excellente qualite de la peche. 'Et ce est le poisson,' dit il 'meilleur que celui de la dicte Terre Neufue.'*"—Cosmographie Universelle.

(This Bay is to the south of Gaspé. It is at the present day called *Malbay*. This word appears to be a corruption of the English expression, *Malue Bay*. Since the year 1545, John Alfonse speaks of the *Bay of Malues*, and of all that coast, as a place frequented for many years, on account of the abundance and excellent quality of its fish. "And this is the fish," he says, "better than that of the said Newfoundland.")

Molue is a corruption of *Morue*, and this form is constantly used in Champlain and Cartier. On Champlain's grand map a veritable *cod* is shown under which is the word *Molue*. This Bay in St. Mary's Harbour is famous for its fish. There is another *Malbay*, at the mouth of the River of Ponds, on the West Shore, between Bonne Bay and Port Saunders.

The northern head of St. Mary's harbour is called

CRAPEAUD.

The meaning of the word is clear enough, but why it should be applied to any cape in this Island is not so clear as there are neither frogs nor trads in Newfoundland, (see Article XXIV. *Torrs' Cove*).

Some of the "Fishing grounds," about St. Mary's have rather peculiar names, thus, The Bowl, Cary's Ladder, Granny's Gulch, Bantam, Kittle's Bottom, &c., (see Art. XXII.—XXVI.)

In the middle of the bay are two islands called Great and Little

COLINET ISLANDS.

These are so called from a range of small serrated hills on the larger island. They are little more than hummocks. The islands give the name to the principal harbour at the bottom of the bay. The people from analogy with the word *colonel* call these islands by the name of

CURNET ISLAND.

Prowse, p. 185, gives it as *Coroneat*, but he does not quote any authority. On page 320, Prowse quotes a Proclamation from Governor Palliser in which mention is made of one

ANDREW COLINET,

a trader on the coast. He does not appear, though, to have been on the southern part of the coast. There are many other names in this bay which do not merit any special mention or which have been explained in previous articles such are *Admiral's Beach*, *Mother Ex* or *Rex*, now called by Rev. J. St. John, *Regina*, *Mosquito*, *Salmonier*, *Cape Dog*, *North Harbour*, *Mussel Pond*, *Pirate's Head*, foreshadowing some tale of treasure.

HARICOT

is a name whose meaning lies hidden. There is a narrow passage between an island and the main land which rejoiced in the not over euphonious name of

PINCH GUT TICKLE.

The Rev. Dr. O'Reilly's cultured ears were offended by this unpleasant name so he re-christened it

ASSUMPTION PASSAGE

after the Religious Mystery of the Assumption of the Virgin. A rather amusing corruption crept in which somewhat spoiled the asthetic idea of the learned clergyman for the people began to call it

CONSUMPTION PASSAGE,

getting back somewhat towards its original nomenclature. The people of *Regina*, principally *Daltons* and *Powers*, are men of gigantic stature. It is said that they never open a gate but walk over fences and gates with the greatest ease.

There is a pinnacle or "spear" of rock on the southern side of *Colinet Island* which bears the very musical name of

DURA LING,

though what the meaning of it may be, or what language it may

be, I can not tell. It sounds somewhat like Celtic. On the west shore of the bay is a place called

NANCY CANN.

This is a corruption of L'Anse a Cann, or Cann Cove. The word *cann* I believe to be a French effort to pronounce the English word *King*, which they would pronounce *Kang*, with a nasal twang, which our English people taking up, would convert into *cann*.

On the west side of the bay are John's Pond, probably a corruption. *Cape Dog*, possibly from the presence of seals or sea-dogs, or from the head at the entrance which from some points of view has the appearance of a Newfoundland Dog's Head. Somewhat inland is a round backed mountain named

MOUNT SEPOY

this name is also mysterious. There is only a narrow passage between Great and Little Colinet Islands. On the Great Island is a head called

BRIMSTONE HEAD.

The origin of the name I know not. On the Little Island is a remarkable rock which from its appearance is called

HORSE'S HEAD

It is one of the numerous places in this bay which has a

HIDDEN TREASURE STORY CONNECTED WITH IT.

It is said that in days gone by a man named Paddy Mahony lived here in a solitary hut. It was revealed to him in some way that the treasure was to be found in a certain place. He commenced working, and as it was rather *lone* and wiewd work, he brought his daughter with him. She sat on a rock looking at him working. When he was coming close to the money, in fact just as his shovel struck something hard—and the iron-bound chest appeared exposed to his view; just at that moment he heard a great roar like thunder, and a scream came from his daughter. He turned around and saw a raging bull dashing from the woods and rushing, with tail erect and head down, straight for the girl who was sitting on the rock. The old man ran with shovel in hand ready to cleave down the bull, when it suddenly disappeared. But so had the chest also, and he saw at some distance from the shore a small boat rowed by one single man, and he was a huge blackman, and in the stern of the boat was a large iron-bound chest.

Coming out the Bay, on the northern or western side, is a small settlement named

BECKFORD.

The origin of this name is unknown. In Article X. I mentioned that one of the Outer Wadham Islands is named Peckford, which would seem to be the same name, and I suggested that it may be the name of an officer of a man-of-war or surveying ship.

Next comes the important settlement of

BRANCHE,

a name which also awaits an explanation, the French maps give it as Les Branches, possibly woody. Outside of Branche come the following coves, Red Cove, Gull Cove, Lance Point, probably called from the presence of the small fish of that name, we have many coves so called all over the coast. There are three rocks some distance from the shore named the

BULL, COW, AND CALF.

Vessels may sail between them and the land. Near the land in this vicinity is the celebrated

BIRD ROCK

it is like a piece of the cliff riven from its place and standing out alone. It is always covered with myriads of birds, gulls, gannets, &c., so that its top looks as if it were covered with perpetual snow. Between this and Cape St. Mary's is

GOLDEN BAY

another place famous as the traditional site of hidden treasure. The last story connected with it dates about thirty years back (1879). Two strange looking men appeared at the place, having walked all the distance from Placentia. Each of them carried a bag on his back, apparently loaded with something heavy. They took Tom. Downey of St. Bride's with them as a guide or pilot. He brought them to the place called Redland, so called from the purple colour of the porphyritic rock of which the cliffs

are formed. This Redland is indented by a cove, which from time immemorial has been known as Golden Bay. The tradition is that many years ago some pirates landed and buried gold here. As soon as the men laid down their bags, and took certain measurements, they began to dig, having come provided with tools, picks and shovels. They availed of the services of Tom. Downey for a certain time, but when they got down a certain depth they sent him off to Branche, some seven miles away, on the plea of getting a bottle of rum. When he came back he found them tying up their bags. They had emptied out what was in them, and he saw it was only stones. They started back to Cape St. Mary's carrying the bags still on their backs. They had brought them merely as a blind, lest the people, seeing them come empty handed and going back loaded, might be roused to suspicion. Tom. Downey is still alive at St. Bride's, and can vouch for the truth of this story. I had it also confirmed by Mrs. (Captain) Fitzpatrick. She was a little girl at the time, and was living at Cape St. Mary's. She remembers seeing the two strange men and hearing the story. The men made their way back to Placentia, where they remained the winter, and it is said they were lavishly generous with their money. What became of them afterwards I have not heard.

Next article will treat of the Grand Bay of Placentia.

† M. F. H.



LOGGING IN WINTER.

Christmas in Olde England.

By George Wither (1588—1667).

So now is come our joyfull'st feast :

Let every man be jolly :

Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Though some churls at our mirth refine,

Round your foreheads garlands twine,

Drown sorrow in a cup of wine

And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimney smoke,

And Christmas blocks are burning ;

Their ovens they with baked meat choke

And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let sorrow lie ;

And if for cold it hap to die,

We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,

And ever more be merry.

Then wherefore, in these merry days,

Should we, I pray, be duller ?

No, let us sing some roundelays,

To make our mirth the fuller :

And, while we thus inspired sing,

Let all the streets with echoes ring :

Woods and hills and everything,

Bear witness we are merry.



HARBOR BRETON.



ROSE BLANCHE.



BAY OF ISLANDS FROM BIRCHY COVE.

The above three Photos by Chas. O'N. Courroy.



Photo by James Vey.

S. J. EBSARY, CO. SERGT. INSTR., C.L.B.,

Winner of 10 Medals for Rowing, and 20 Medals for Steering;
Rowed for 3 Cups, won; Steered for 2 Cups, won.



Photo by W. A. B. Slater.

CLODE RIVER FALLS, BONAVISTA BAY.

The Miner's Christmas Eve.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

OUTSIDE the red of the sunset long has been quenched by the night's black cloud ;

And over the rocky hill-tops the stars shine clear and bright ;
And down by the dreary land-wash the chill waves cry aloud ;
And the path to the guttered mine shows gray where the snow lies white.

But there's warmth here within my shack and light, and my kettle on the stove

Sings to my dream-tuned ear a song of the long ago ;
Of the dear old 'Varsity days, with the English skies above,
And the darting swallows that glance o'er the Isis' steady flow.

On the shelf in the dusk are my precious books—some yarns, and some verse in Greek,

A Latin poet or two, and a mineralogical cram ;
And my rod and my gun in the corner are easy enough to reach ;
And an iron hook in the roof bears my ration of spicy ham.

How I cursed when, an unloved nephew and heir, (for they could not break the entail)

I was cast on this shore they thought was a God-forsaken land ;
But I laugh at their pitiful scheme, for what could their scheming avail,
'Gainst what *must* have been God's will and the work of His ruling Hand ?

For the mail came yesterday—the quick wire does not stretch as far north as this—

And I found I had come to my own, and knew I could speak my mind—

And knew a few hours would bring despair or the depth of bliss ;
'To-night I have bliss the deepest that e'er a man's heart can find.

For Nellie, the Manager's lass, is young, and her eyes of the purest brown
Glowed into my own with love when I told her I loved her well,
And I said she would make a belle, the fairest in London town,—
But she sighed when she knew I must bid her a little while farewell.

To-morrow the Priest will come, in furs, with his dogs and cometick,
And read us the dear old words about "Peace and Good-will to Men ;"
And the school-chapel gay will look with evergreen bright and thick,
And Nellie will sing her sweetest and look her happiest then.

When the steamer arrives from North—she'll be back, bar ice, to-morrow night,

I start for the Old Land again, to return when the hills are green :
Will Avalon ever forgive me for taking her pride and delight ?—
Yea, this is one of her gifts to Britain, the Empire's Queen.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.]

CATHOLIC CADET CORPS RELAY TEAM.

J. Green, S. Kearney, Dr. Howlett, W. Hart, J. Higgins.

Winners—Inter-Brigade Relays ; C. E. I. & C. L. B. Sports ; Mount Cashel Sports ; Highland Games.
(The Mount Cashel Cup does not appear in the photo.)

Christmastide, and What It Suggests.

By A. A. Parsons, J.P.

HURRAH for the wild Christmas weather
When the nights pass so gaily along,
As we sit by the fire all together,
And drown the loud tempest in song.
Hurrah! let the peals of our laughter
Arise and be heard far away;
Our lives may be gloomy hereafter,
Then let us be glad while we may.

And hurrah for the wild Christmas weather
The summer has bright leafy bowers,
But 'tis by the yule-log all together
Young and old spend their happiest hours
Hurrah! let us all swell the chorus
Till it rise and be heard far away;
Perhaps some dark cloud gathers o'er us,
Then let us be glad while we may.



THIS coming season brings to my mind many pleasing recollections of how Christmas used to be observed at Harbor Grace in "the good old days gone by." Our "Second City," as the Bay Metropolis is still called, was, in the early sixties, famous for its hospitality and, I might say, its conviviality as well. Nor were the "Christmas merry makings" of that time confined to December 25th and January 1st, as in these more strenuous days when all men's time and energies are needed to obtain a livelihood. Our forbears were too fond of Social enjoyment to limit their festivities to the two days mentioned. They began to "hail the happy event on Christmas Eve, and they kept on "hailing" it with increasing enthusiasm till midnight of the 6th of January. For twelve whole days business was practically suspended, and people did little else than go from house to house drinking each other's health and exchanging "the compliments of the season." The "flow of soul," as well as "the feast of reason," continued without interruption during all that time, and the cares and anxieties of life were forgotten while the animosities of the Old Year were drowned in the wassail-bowl as we joyfully welcomed the advent of the New.

There were comparatively few total abstainers at Harbor Grace in those days. That town then had not the proud distinction, which it claims to day, of being the capital of a Local Option district. Yet, strange as it may seem, very few *serious* cases of drunkenness were brought before the magistrate there. The drinking of that time was characterized by an exuberance of good feeling not adequately appreciated by people who imbibe nothing stronger than tea and coffee. It was no unusual thing at midnight (there were no "vexatious early-closing laws" enforced in those days) to see coming out of Mrs. Keefe's popular little tavern on "Gas House Hill" half a dozen or more of the "City Fathers" shaking hands, embracing and giving other outward and visible signs of the inward and *spiritual* grace that influenced their actions.

But drinking was not then looked upon with *suspicion*, as it is to-day. On the contrary, it was universally regarded as an indispensable source of social enjoyment. Even the clergyman and the doctor (the two most important persons in the community) did not deem it an unpardonable sin to take a glass of toddy and a "churchwarden" before going to bed. "Grog" was

cheap in those days. The Merchant Princes of Harbor Grace (Messrs. Ridley, Munn and Donnelly) shipped, in their smaller vessels, cargoes of fish to the West Indies, and received, on their return, consignments of good, honest and unadulterated rum and molasses. Both these "prime articles of consumption" were, it is needless to say, then placed within easy reach of the "planter," who always took care to include in his "winter's provisions" an ample supply of high proof "Old Jamaica." It was a favorite beverage with our ancestors, because they maintained that it made them happy at night without giving them headache in the morning. But things in general were widely different in the New Year.

Harbor Grace had a population of scarcely 150,000, and the revenue did not need a revenue of fully \$3,000,000, to meet the requirements of the Public Service. A considerable portion of this large revenue is derived from alcoholic liquors, the best qualities of which are taxed beyond the planter's reach. Hence his inability to

buy shillings a gallon and whiskey five and sixpence. The inferior substitutes he now uses, and for which he has to pay ten shillings a glass, do not benefit him mentally, physically or financially; and no matter what Anti-Local Optionists may say to the contrary, the fact remains that the cost and poor quality of

use advisable from either an economic or hygienic point of view.

It will thus be seen that various circumstances have conspired, these late years, to lessen the enthusiasm with which we anticipate the "joyful Christmastide" and to modify the hilarity of our greetings during its stay with us. And perhaps it is right that it should be so. There is a religious as well as a secular side to this "season of good cheer," and the former must not be lost sight of in our anxiety to gratify the inclinations of the latter.

With the end of the coming week we shall witness the closing of the Old Year and the opening of the New. And just here, while we stand on the threshold of the untried period and bid adieu to 1909, we cannot (in spite of the happy influences by which we are surrounded) altogether subdue the feeling of sadness that comes over us as we say "farewell." For, with all its faults, it has been an excellent friend to many of us. Business, on the whole, has been fairly good, the present outlook is not discouraging, and we see no reason why we should be apprehensive as to the future. Then—as we "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest"—as we think of those who have passed out of sight since this time last year—as we "sigh for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still"—let us try to make the best of things all round, and when the time comes for *us* to embark for the "Great Beyond," may we be able to say in the touching lines of Tennyson:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

The British Budget and Land Taxation.

By John L. Slattery, Sec. Municipal Council.



THE Budget now before the Parliament of England, and which will in all likelihood be submitted to the constituencies in the very near future for a pronouncement from the people, is regarded as the greatest reform measure in the present century. The proposals contained in the Budget call for a tax to the State on Land Values, or in other words, to bring land within the area of taxation and to compel it to pay its just share of the cost of National Security and Government. It is held

the landed classes of England are unwilling to bear their fair share in the burden of public expenditure, and as the House of Lords is composed largely of the landed classes, and who, as several writers have stated, own one third of the land of England or say 15½ million acres, they naturally are offering strenuous opposition to the proposals and are, it is said, simply refusing to pay to the Exchequer a fair portion or percentage upon what is termed the "unearned increment" or unearned profits coming to them as the result of the labours of others.

It is claimed by the present proposals that the taxation of land values will secure to the community, Government, or Municipality a part of the values which the people or community create or make. In an article published in the Ecclesiastical Review by Dr. Ryan of St. Paul's Seminary he stated that "Ground rent, what the user of land (exclusive of improvement) is obliged to pay the owner annually is for the most part a social creation. In towns and cities it is practically all due to the economic and social advantages connected with the growth of population." From this it would appear that public funds or revenue should be got from a fund that is created by Society or the public, that is to say a fund not earned or produced by any individual effort on the part of the owner of land but entirely the result of the improvement or added value through the growth of the community in industry, business, or other activities. It may give some idea of the immensity of the values of land in England to know what the Landlords have received at the expense of the industrial life of the people of the Kingdom when it has been stated that over and above the market price of land the Landlords have secured a sum by way of unearned profits on land sold, nearly equal in amount to the National Debt, from Railway Companies alone, not to speak of profits or unearned increments through other causes. This being so it is claimed that those who have profited so largely out of the efforts and industry of others should give something towards the welfare of the community at large. According to Cobden, speaking of Landlordism sixty years ago, "that exactly 149 years before when the landed aristocracy got possession of the Throne at the Revolution they got rid of all the feudal tenures and services which yielded the whole revenue of the State, etc. etc. These incumbrances were given up for a bona fide rent charge upon the land of four shillings in the pound and the land was valued and assessed 149 years ago at nine millions a year and upon that valuation the land tax is still paid."

The Budget of Lloyd-George proposes that all the land in England or in the Kingdom is to be valued at its present value and any increase hereafter in said values is to be charged a 20 per cent. tax provided the added value or increment is not due to any action, activity or expenditure by the owner. A half-penny in the pound is to be exacted from the owners of undeveloped land, or in other words, a tax on vacant lands to that amount.

Several cases are mentioned to show to what extent the owners of land have charged when lands were required for public improvements, and what charges were made for renewals at the expiry of leases of the duration of 40 years and over. From the *London Daily News* of July 19th the following clipping is made:—"The Railway was made from Sheffield to Rotherham, the Duke of Norfolk opposed the making of it and did every-

thing to prevent its coming. Then when it did come he lets, in one case, two acres of his land on the side of the railway, which he had been letting at some £2 or £3 an acre, for £85. Now surely he will get a good share of the improvement, and from that he pays nothing whatever towards the carrying on of the Municipal business of Sheffield." It will be seen here that the value to the Duke was not brought about by any effort on his part.

The Duke of Westminster gets a rent of £365,000, a year for land let to an ancestor of his for a shilling an acre. By the enterprise and industry only of the tenants on this estate this land has become so enormously valuable. I understand also that if a tenant on this as well as other estates require a renewal they have to pay a fine to have the lease renewed, besides the rent doubled in most every case. In London a 50 years lease at a rental of £120 expired in 1900 and was renewed at a rental of £700. The land where the Glasgow Town Hall is built was bought in 1900, for £800. In 1899 it was bought by the Corporation for £175,000. Land in Richmond which was assessed at £4 on the rates was bought at £2,000 an acre for dwellings for workmen. The following speaks for itself:—

"One of the most notable cases of the miraculous increase in the value of land yet brought to our notice, says the *Daily Chronicle*, was revealed as the result of a transaction in Denbighshire a few years ago.

"The Birkenhead Town Council wanted 2,000 acres of moorland to extend its new waterworks in Denbighshire by enlarging the reservoirs, etc. The adjoining land, which was well adapted for this purpose, belonged to a Mr. Evans, who had bought it—3,000 acres in all—for £5,000 a few years previously.

"The Corporation served the usual notice to treat. Mr. Evans was prepared to treat—on the basis of receiving £100,000 for two-thirds of the property which had cost him £5,000. The matter went to arbitration. Sir Edward Clarke was umpire, and, with certain small sums for compensation to displaced tenants, he awarded Mr. Evans £27,000 for his 2,000 acres.

"No doubt the land was worth it, but what a marvellous increase in value, caused in great measure by the coming of the water works, and the "adaptability" of the land for their extension. Had the Budget land clauses been in operation, the public would have obtained one-fifth of the increment, and the landlord would still have come out of the transaction very handsomely."

Two hundred and ninety two acres is owned by Lord Howard in London from which a rental per annum of £2,900,000 is received. The present Duke of Portland through favors bestowed on an ancestor, a page boy to William of Orange, has about 183,000 acres with an income of £500,000 per annum. The Duke of Northumberland is taxed on land rated at fifteen shillings an acre but he is asking for the said acre of land to sell £900 an acre. These are a few examples of those who have grown so immensely rich on the enterprise and industry of the tenants and business people within the area of their respective holdings and not through any act of the individual owner or proprietor.

The proposal to alter the present condition has in view the betterment of the common people of England, because it is the great land monopoly that puts a fancy price on urban and suburban land and creates what is known as the city slums, as well as many other grievances which the masses complain of and suffer. It is a forward movement for social advancement particularly for the workers who by activity, energy and expenditure are the real cause of the immense sums of money drawn annually by the wealthy landowners—a few thousand who really own England.

Here in St. John's in a smaller way but with the same effect or results, the unearned increment is a proper subject for public consideration. The landlord—absentee or otherwise—the former particularly, has not or is not doing anything towards

forwarding the city or paying a fair contribution towards the Municipality which gives protection to his land and by the expenditures for sewerage, streets, drains, and other public improvements, gives the land a value which it otherwise would not have. The landlord has simply to make out a lease as he has done, draw the rental, make a covenant in the lease for "the tenant to pay all present and future taxes," sit idly by and watch the land grow in value and at the end of the lease all the buildings and improvements fall in to him. In other words the buildings on the land, the result of the industry of the tenant become

entirely the property of the landlord, without an item of expenditure or contribution on his part towards public improvements in any shape or form. The several lots on the south side of Water Street, owned by outsiders, the tenants of which have encroached on the waters of the Harbor, will at some future time be the cause of some trouble. Whatever justification there may be in permitting the present occupants to use the waters for shipping facilities, any structure beyond low water mark should not be permitted to be taken as part of the property by the owner of the land in front.

"EUREKA!"



OUR or five pages of foolscap on any local subject"—such is the puzzler the worthy editor of the one and only NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY has put to me!

Do I know much about local subjects? Let me think. The Fisheries?—ah! that's a man's province, and I am no suffragette; so I will merely echo the inscription on an old copper coin I have seen—"Success to the Fisheries and God Speed the Plough!" Next? Well, Grand Falls? I am sure that would supply further exploiting, only I have never been there; but from some who were present I have heard that the opening of the pulp works was a scene never to be forgotten. The Parson's Pond oil wells? The manganese mines? The D. I. & S. Developing Company? "The Dear Old Southside Hill?" Nay, a more graceful pen than mine has rendered that theme immortal. "The Cabot Memorial?" I am afraid Judge Prowse would accuse me of plagiarism on that subject! "Guy's Landing?" I don't like Guy—never did—he was my one ogre at school; but I do like Mosquito, and the Valley of Mosquito, quite as lovely as the "Valley of Cashmere," I think, as one sits in the train which now skirts its beautiful shores, and on to the picturesque historical and thriving town of Carbonear. "Saddle Hill," overlooking the Valley of Mosquito, figured in a tragic scene many years ago. Looking up at its peaks, as the train speeds along, one is reminded of a miniature picture of the "Pyramids of Egypt." It is really a lovely bit of scenery—defiant, rugged, grand; and one can easily imagine buried "mummies" beneath these mounds!

But I have not yet found my "local subject." Shall it be "Where the Humber Floweth?" No, that has been sweetly CARROLLED already; so I can't venture there, unless it be to camp by its beautiful shores or *canoe* on its translucent waters!

"Our Cross Country Railway?" Well, would that be poetry? It may not; but it shall certainly be truth. I travelled through from Port-aux-Basques early last March, and enjoyed every moment of it. I was surprised at the comforts—the attendance, the menu—the more so, as I had met so many who had nothing but ridicule to offer on similar experience.

Of course I did not expect to enter the "New York Central," "The London and Brighton," or the "Dover-Calais-Paris Express"; all these memories had left me before I joined the Sydney train, between that town and Halifax; AND I WAS COMING HOME! I had made the voyage across from Liverpool in one of the most luxurious-boats afloat—the *Empress of Ireland*; but a glimpse of the *Bruce* by the pier at Sydney, and then the day after, the Reid-Newfoundland Company's "cars" at Port-aux-Basques, was dearer to my sight than all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental travelling!

It is all a pleasant memory—from the shrieks of the *Bruce*, on her midnight prow, to the crossing of Canso Strait where little or no ice was met; but the sun shone and the waters danced as in a midsummer revel!

I had heard such adverse criticism to the "cross-country train"—its "horrid" rocking—its "shocking" catering, in fact its all-round discomforts, that I was dubious, nay, sceptical of coming by this route at all, and only decided because it was "Hobson's choice."

Is there any feeling on earth compared to that which one experiences, when after weeks of "knocking round" we find ourselves on *terra firma*, surely and certainly on the road home? Oh! 'tis just splendid!—the "all aboard" from the conductor with the "now then we're off" from the passengers, as we settle ourselves in our cosy corners and are whirled rapidly along! And when night comes, our couches glide down to us, reversing the order of things—the *bed-coming* to the sleeper!

In the morning, as soon as we are ready, a most appetising breakfast is served—fried smelts, cod-steak—beautifully cooked, —ham, beef-steak and "chips," &c., &c., and yet I had heard this cross-country trip described as a "starvation journey!"

The attendance, too, we find excellent. As for "Charlie," his services are indispensable.

It is most interesting to look out at the different "stations" as the Conductor calls them out as we bowl along: "Little River" (Codroy), "Harry's Brook"—celebrated for its salmon fishing—soon the "young men's feet will be turning hither, as the Red Gods make their medicine again!" Bay of Islands, whose waters someone has said "are bluer than the Bay of Naples"; in summer this must be a glorious scene!

The beautiful, but now silent Humber fast in its icy chains! "Deer Lake," "Grand Lake," we note them all as each brings us nearer home. "Gaff Topsails;" ah! here's the rough section, where the train "hands" have to fight many a "drift?" "Grand Falls," "Glenwood," "Gambo" with its fine hotel just by the frozen sea; this is a lovely spot, too, needing only the magic touch of summer to clothe its shores and awaken the surrounding waters! Solemn and Grand like sentinels they stand, look the dark forests; and the effects of the early March dawn on the fleeting landscape, are simply indescribable! "Beautiful as a forest in spring when the leaves unfold their virgin blossoms; beautiful as in summer, when the wandering sunbeams, falling through the foliage, checker the mossy carpet beneath; beautiful as in autumn, when the painted leaves hang pail! It is more beautiful still, when the tall pines and gnarled oaks stand in the deep stillness of a winter's noon, their long arms and fantastic branches heaped with the feathery burden that has never caught one 'stain of earth.'"

"And when night comes—(and who ever saw the glories of a winter's night save in a northern clime?) out come the stars, countless and burning, studding the deep blue sky. Perhaps the Borealis, with its pale yellow light, streams over half a hemisphere; or perhaps the winter moon, full and high, looks down from the brow of night spangling with ten million stars the beautiful net-work thrown over the low world!

"Something approaching the phenomena presented by a northern clime in summer, may be witnessed in other countries; but the splendours of a winter scene belong only to the higher latitudes."

My quotation is a marvellous bit of pen-painting; but it does only justice to the scenic effects—the lights and shades of sun and cloud on rock and wood and headland; on the silent ice-bound lake and pent-up river; the dark forests and the denuded spaces, one more sublime than the other along the route of the Reid Newfoundland Railway.

A trip in summer must be full of enchanting interest!

E. C.

MISSA CANTATA



By Dan Carroll.

As on its breast the shadows, one by one,

And as we look we think the God who gave

Italia's skies ne'er wore a deeper blue,

Thin looks to day in Gambo's waters to
Behold their beauties full reflection there.

Laden with scent of fir and grasses sweet,
Our camp fire's smoke, like Israel's incense floats
Above the trees, as loath to seek retreat,
While from the sylvan shades the full-toned notes

Of feathered choristers their matin's

Till in us wakes the whisperings
of the Word :

"The rites of Moses pleases Him
no more
Melchisedech is chosen of the
Lord."

Then lo! from out the tent that fronts the sun,
Slowly a priestly form is seen to pass,
On altar rude, by hands devoted raised,
He sets the sacred chalice of the Mass.

Then all the camp moves towards the lake-side shrine—
Here in the woods the soul harks near to God,—
And all seems prayerful, willow, ash and pine,
And the low grasses bent along the sod.

"*Introitus te.*" the canticle of praise
In triumph swells, for now in accents clear
The worshippers responsive voices raise,
While fern and orchid lift their heads to hear.

The lake with golden light is all aglow,
And wavelets from its breast by soft winds fanned
Now reach the margin bright with murmurs low,
Telling the pebbled rosary of the strand.

"*Credo.*" entones the priest, and from the grove
The song-birds gather closer round the shrine,
"We believe, we believe in Him the God of Love"
They sing : the earth and heaven the chorus join.

For here, while Nature pours her heart in praise,
The consecrated Host is raised on high ;
Rapture and awe thrill thro' the woodland maze,
And deeper splendour spreads along the sky.

A deeper splendour falls on all around ;
The hills afar like prophets old appear ;
The spell of Tabor fills the calm profound—
All things attest His white-robed Presence here.

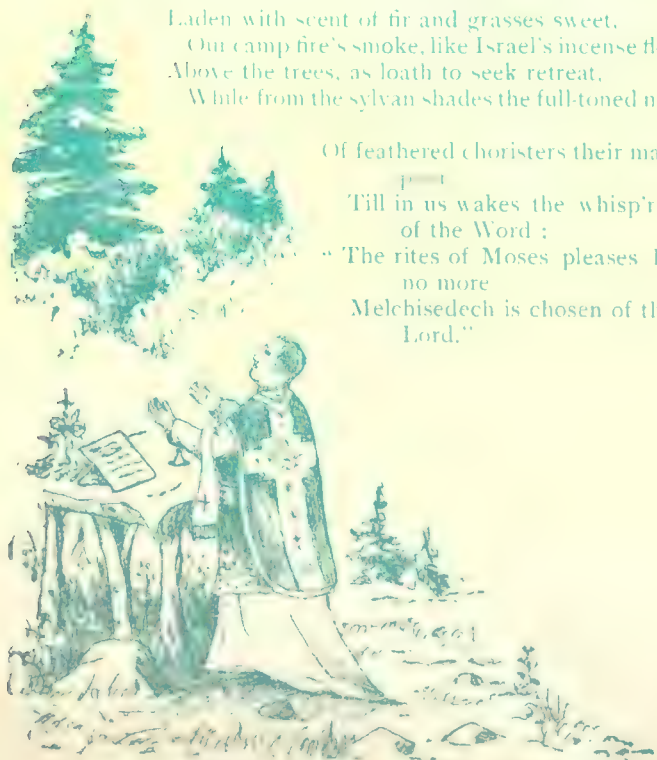
That hymn whose lofty strain so oft has rolled
Thro' grand cathedrals of the earth, and stirred
The hearts of multitudes within the fold,
Now rising on the breeze of morn is heard :

Full from the souls of those assembled here
It bursts, and from the sedges dreamily,
A whispered echo trembles to the ear,
"Nearer my God," in mystic melody.

"Nearer my God to Thee," rings loud and clear
Above the diapason of the stream,
Adown the woodland aisles the echoes hear
And softly wake, like voices in a dream.

How lovely now each wildwood blossom seems—
The purple distance listen all athrill ;
A white cloud lit with mornings' lustre gleams
Like host angelic hov'ring o'er the hill.

Yes, here in time the pillered fane may rear
Its graceful spires, that wealth and art adorn :
Shall hearts within excel in fervent prayer
The woodland worship of this Sabbath morn ?

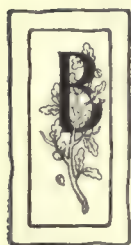


The Agricultural Possibilities of Newfoundland.

The Christian Brothers' Farm at Mount Cashel.



The Orphan Boys at Mount Cashel, St. John's, who sowed, reaped and threshed 600 bushels of oats this year at Mount Cashel.



ACK to the land! This is the cry to-day in the Old Country; and the reason it is little more than a cry is that the land costs too much to acquire. Rents are high in the Mother Land, but in Newfoundland the best freehold property is at the disposal of every settler for nothing. And it must be remembered that the land requires little or no clearing, and from what he will clear the settler will obtain sufficient wood with which, at the cost of the labour only, he may erect his house, barns

and stables. The soil consists mainly of a sandy loam, in which grain crops will grow quite as well as in the stiff clays of the Old Country, and with the further advantage of not requiring more than one or two ploughings, as against the three or four ploughings necessary to break up the clods of the clay.

Heretofore, only the fringe or land within a couple of miles of the sea-coast has been cultivated. The fisherman has not settled down to farming. He is content with sowing a few vegetables—sometimes only scattering turnip seed over the yard in which he chopped his winter's firewood, and returning from the fishery in the Fall to find that sufficient turnips for the year have grown to perfection during his absence without any care on his part.

He does not take kindly to the soil. The lure of the sea, near which he was born and on which his fathers have for generations toiled, ever calls him. When times are hard and the fishery a failure, he betakes himself to Canada or the United States, and as a labourer or mechanic earns sufficient to tide his family over the winter. Sometimes he never comes back, but sends for his family and becomes practically an immigration agency for his adopted country. Every servant girl who leaves this colony sends for others, and those who should be the

mothers of the future people of this country, leading happy, independent lives at home, are instead the drudges of American plutocrats and exposed in early maidenhood to all the perils of their new environment. Soon none but the aged will remain.

The worst part of the country for agricultural purposes is that on the east coast nearest the sea—the scene of the fishery operations—and especially near St. John's, the capital. The attention of the readers of this article is, however, drawn to the photographs which appear on this page. They show us what has been done by the orphan boys under the Christian Brothers at Mount Cashel—about a mile outside the limits of St. John's.

The rotation of crops on this farm is as follows: first year roots, second year grain with grass seeds, third, fourth and fifth years grass, sixth year grain on lea ground. Two varieties of wheat have been successfully grown, namely, white chaffed red and red chaffed white. The average yield is 30 bushels to the acre, which is the general average in the Old Country. Oats yield over 50 bushels to the acre. They are allowed to stand until the chaff begins to loosen on the grain, when they are thoroughly ripened. The white oats are the best for fattening purposes. According to Mr. Beach-Thomas, the agricultural expert of the *London Times* who visited this farm when in St. John's, these oats make the best oatmeal. After being made into sheaves, stooked and capped, the oats remain out-doors to dry thoroughly, till ready for threshing. The threshing machine, in use on this farm is a two-horse threadle machine; but the Brothers have improved it by using, instead of horses, a steam-engine that does the work of three or four horses. The average yield of oats is fifty bushels per acre and one ton of straw. The cost of ploughing and cultivating the ground, and sowing, reaping and threshing the oats comes to about forty cents a bushel. Against this may be set the value of the straw, which is about twenty dollars a



One of the fields of oats at Mount Cashel, St. John's, visited and inspected this autumn by Mr. Beach-Thomas, the Premier, and the Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

ton. The local straw is in great demand—the imported article not fetching one half of this amount. The Government are taking steps to import a couple of portable threshers, to be run by horses. The intention is that the oats are to be threshed at cost price. If the enterprise is successful, other machines will be imported.

The yield of barley at Mount Cashel averages forty bushels an acre, and if sufficient were raised in the country the proprietors of the breweries would cease to import malt. Barley is a splendid feed for cattle and pigs, and the general use of it would mean that nearly all, if not all of the amount now sent to foreign countries for indian meal, bran etc., would remain in the colony. When we recollect that that the pork, bacon, ham, etc., imported into this country means an expenditure of nearly a million dollars annually, we can see that we have in this industry alone a source of greater income than five or six great pulp and paper industries, such as Harmsworths at Grand Falls, would produce for the benefit of our people. Attention has already been drawn to this fact by the Premier himself,

All kinds of root crops grow well in this country. Immense turnips, weighing 11 and 12 lbs. each—solid to the core and sweet as sugar. Cabbages, white and hard, one of which this year weighed over 31 lbs. Carrots, parsnips and beet grow to giant size and are sweet, toothsome and without a trace of stringiness. There is no reason why a beet-sugar industry should not be successfully operated in Newfoundland.

Potatoes are sowed in drills about 30 to 32 inches apart, the seeds being about a foot apart. They are earthed up with a plough two or three times. At Mount Cashel 100 barrels an acre, from 6 barrels of seed (or 16 barrels from a barrel of seed), is accounted a good yield. The writer has himself seen twenty potatoes, grown near St. John's, fill a quarter-barrel measure, and has eaten some of them, finding them perfectly solid and floury. Turnips yield at Mount Cashel from 150 to 200 barrels an acre from 5 or 6 pounds of seed. The market price of turnips is generally about from five to seven shillings, and has gone as high as ten or even fifteen shillings a barrel. Hay yields, at Mount Cashel, 2 tons to the acre and is sold on the market from \$24 to \$30 a ton, according to season. About 30 pounds of Timothy, and from 5 to 10 pounds of clover seed are sown to the acre. The ground must be made particularly fine and the seed is sown in the same plot with oats or barley. As this crop follows a root crop no manure is needed until after the grain has been cut, when a top dressing is put on the stubble in the fall, which protects the seed from frost.

Newfoundland is the ideal country for the small farmer and

dairyman. The sheep-raising industry is one that will also pay. Natural grasses, both for winter and summer feed, are to be found, in the interior, in abundance. Two or three cows per acre will manure the worst lands of the Colony. They cost the settler absolutely nothing in the summer season, as pasturage is free to all. An ordinary cow, of no special breed, will feed herself and give at least two gallons of milk a day. Fish manure, in the dearest of places, St. John's, mixed with peat and loam, will not cost more than six pence a load. In most of the outports fish offal is thrown away. An excellent fertilizer is made at the whaling factories. Lime quarries exist all over the country and only require a demand to make them paying industries.

Every year Newfoundland sends away \$3,000,000 for agricultural products which could easily be raised in this country. The market is here, the soil is free, railway lines pass the very doors of settlers and railway connecting roads are being made. A policy of progress has been inaugurated. Heretofore there has been little but talk. A railway has been built and not a family has been settled near it.

Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge, of the Rhodes Scholars' Committee at Oxford, has come forward with a proposition to settle children in this country and train them as practical farmers. The spirit of Cecil Rhodes still lives in his "scholars." This is so practical, that the Premier, Sir Edward Morris, made the Rhodes Scholars' Committee an offer of 50,000 acres of virgin soil. Under experienced teachers the boys and girls of England will be given a chance to become intelligent and practical farmers and well educated citizens. Brought here at the age of eight or ten years, they will have the benefit of a healthy upbringing and early be given a voice in the management of the affairs of their own institution.

The Salvation Army has also placed at our disposal the resources of the social side of its wonderful organization. Commissioner Coombs met the Premier in London and was induced by the latter to come here. He visited the interior of the country and is charmed with its possibilities. He has taken away samples of the soil to be tested. The Army is certainly, in matters of business, an up-to-date institution.

A step in the right direction has been the reduction of rates by rail and steamer on local produce, so that nowhere in this Island, whatever the distance, will the rate exceed 25 cents a barrel or sack. This was readily agreed to by Messrs. Reid and Bowring at the request of the Premier. As trade increases, there will, no doubt, be a further reduction in these rates.

The distribution of good seed at cost price is a matter to which



One of the fields of oats at Mount Cashel, St. John's, showing the oats in sheaves, from which 600 bushels were threshed this autumn.

the present Government is, the writer understands, giving attention. An expert on agriculture will also visit the Colony during the next few months. Another gentleman, a Mr. Kershaw, a cold-storage expert, will also pay this country a visit in the near future. While coming here, primarily in connection with the preservation of fishes by cold storage, he will also give his attention to the application of the method to vegetables, especially cabbage—two-thirds of which crop is lost each year for want of means of preserving it.

With such a healthy climate as ours, where neither the excessive heat or cold of Central Canada and the United States is to be met with, there seems to be no reason why this country should not produce its beef, mutton and pork, eggs and poultry, grain and vegetables and many of its fruits. The wild berries which are left to rot all over this country will make unrivalled preserves. Strawberries, raspberries and gooseberries grow wild. Whorts, cranberries and partridge berries may be literally raked

into the basket. Apples, plums, greengages and damsons, cherries and currants, red and black, ripen in gardens even near the bleak headlands. In the sheltered bottoms of the bays hazel-nuts grow wild.

Verily, this Newfoundland of ours has been "lost in the fog," and yet the fog has only encircled us. It lies in great banks fully 200 miles from our shores; sometimes it visits our coasts, but is seldom or never seen in the interior. A London fog would frighten a Newfoundlander. There are hundreds of children in this country who have never seen an iceberg, and hundreds, alas! who have never seen a horse, for fishermen will never walk or ride when they can go from place to place by boat.

Back to the land! Let this be our slogan. Let the orphans at Mount Cashel be our teachers, and let us learn from them and what they have accomplished, hope for the future of our common country. Newfoundland is still a new land which is being found again.

✻ My Consort-Ship. ✻

By A. J. W. McNeily. K.C.

Nec timuit preceipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyades, nec rabiem Noti.
HOR. OD. lib. I c. 3.

I.

THE cloud-flecked heavens were bright; a favouring gale
Sung in our cordage, and our hearts beat high,
That golden day in June when we set sail
Out on Life's sea, my Consort-Ship and I.
Joyous we watched the coursing billows fly
Backward, toward the Isle of Long Ago;
Ah God! that far-off Isle was then so nigh
That the warm land-breeze wafted us its glow.

The landscape faded from our wistful sight,
We lost the land we never more might find;
Still sailed we on towards the Harbour Light—
When suddenly—a rushing mighty wind
Smote my sweet Consort, and has borne her far
Beyond my gaze, within the Harbour Bar!

II.

And now I sail alone.
The nights are dark,
The days are lowering, and a sullen sea
Seethes over me; but no companion bark
Shall share the darkness or the day with me:
No signal pennons waft their sympathy,
No lights flash out their messages of cheer;
I drift towards the Great Infinity,
Whilst under darkling skies my course I steer.

But though for many a weary league I fare,
And many a solitary vigil keep,
Yet shall I find my gallant Consort where
O'erpast are all the perils of the deep;
'Mid the far mystic Islands of the Blest,
In the Fair Haven of Eternal Rest.



The Late Brother Slattery.

DIED AT OUR LADY'S MOUNT, CORK, NOV. 8, 1909.

By Dan Carroll.

"Sitting sometimes on a green Irish hillside, my eyes will follow the sun, wandering westward; my heart will fly over the waters to you, dear friends, and to all your people."

"And as I watch that line of light that plays
Along the blue waves, towards the burning west,
I'll long to tread its golden path of rays,
And think 'twill lead to some bright Isle of Rest.—(Nfld.)

Extract from farewell address of Rev. Brother Slattery.

IF e'er the spirit on its way to heaven,
Paused o'er that spot of earth, it best beloved,
To which in life its noblest work was given—
Thy soul, I wean, above our city moved
That day when from its earthly bondage free
On pinions bright it rose.

How oft thou'st sat and gazed across the sea,
And dreamed with yearnings deep, full well we know :
Thy heart forever in this land would be.
For westward o'er the waves thy thoughts would go :
This Isle of ours that thy life's value knew
Should also see its close.

* * * * *

"Yes, I love this old land well,
More than tongue of man can tell,
But my soul is drawn by force it can't withstand,
O'er Atlantic's waters blue,
On every breeze to you,
My hearts dear adopted country, Newfoundland."
—Extract from poem by Mr. D. Carroll.

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for Wife, Mother, Sister, Sweetheart than an
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We also aim to give our customers Good Value,
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exactly as required.

It pays us to give our mail order friends every
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and aim to please.

Won't you give us an order? We can supply
anything you will need for the Holiday Season.

Yours truly,

ROBERT TEMPLETON,

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and Excelentes Cigars.

Rambling Notes on Old Families.

By H. W. LeMessurier.



LOOKING through some old documents, ranging in date from 1736 to 1823, I find the names of many who were at one time engaged in Commercial pursuits in this Colony, or were in either the Army or Navy, or connected with the Government of Newfoundland. The names of many are familiar to the older generation, and some of their descendants are still in the Colony, but many are unknown to the people of the present day. Among those who occupied prominent positions in Commercial circles, and also in the Government of the district now known as that of Ferryland, were the Carters, Westons, Trees, Knox, Moreys, Sweetlands, Stabbs and Windsors.

The Carters were very early settlers of Ferryland, and came from Sydmouth, Devonshire, England. It was due to the great courage and able command of Mr. Robert Carter that Ferryland was several times saved from French attack. At his own expense he fortified and garrisoned the Isle au Bois. When the French devastated Bay Bulls and captured St. John's, Ferryland successfully resisted them, and in 1796 when the French ships of war appeared off this coast in force, they found Ferryland so well fortified, and provided against attack, that they did not care to face the batteries which had been erected on Isle au Bois. The Imperial Government subsequently gave Mr. Carter a grant of this Island. Both Mr. Carter and Mr. Weston were Justices of the Peace for that district, and sat with the Deputy Governor as a Court for the trial of offenders. The Carters have been long connected with this Colony, and have occupied prominent positions in its government, its commercial and its social life.

The founder of the Carter family in this Colony was Robert, who came to Ferryland from Sydmouth early in the eighteenth century, carried on a mercantile business which his son Robert succeeded to. He was made a Justice of the Peace and Keeper of the Rolls in 1750. In 1763 he successfully commanded the defending garrison when it was attacked by the French. He had two sons—William and Robert. William was Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court. His sons were—Peter Weston Carter, Senr. Magistrate in St. John's for some years and the father of Sir Frederick Carter; Robert Carter, who entered the Navy in 1795 and retired as a Captain, was Colonial Secretary of the Colony under Crown Rule, also Colonial Secretary under Sir Hugh Hoyles and his nephew; Wm. Carter also entered the Navy and was killed the day of his promotion to a Post-Captaincy; and Arthur Carter, who carried on business at Ferryland.

The other son of old Robert Carter—Robert Junior—carried on business in 1820 and subsequently, in Ferryland; he was the father of our esteemed Sheriff, James Carter.

Among some of the oldest merchant adventurers who settled in St. John's were the Bulleys, whose descendants are still engaged in commerce here, represented by the families of the Jobs and the Rendells. The Bulleys were from the County of Devon, in England. Old Mr. W. Bulley established a business very early here. His son John Bulley carried on business where Job Bros. & Co's premises now are. The firm was first Parker & Bulley, then Bulley, Job & Cross, then Bulley & Job, then John Job and now Job Bros. & Co. John Bulley had one daughter—Joan who married Daniel Codner, of the firm of Codner & Jennings. He was a son of John Codner, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Bulley and Mary Codner. John Bulley had also two sons—John and Samuel. Samuel's eldest daughter, Sarah, married John Job, from whom descended in succession Thomas B. Job, Thomas R. Job and W. C. Job. The elder John Bulley had three brothers Robert, William and Thomas and one sister. Robert and William carried on a business on the South Side of St. John's near Goodfellow's premises, under the title of Bulley & Co. Robert was the grandfather of George Bulley, who carried on a business in New York for many years. William was the grandfather of J. B. Bulley who was for some

years Secretary of the old Commercial Society in this city. Thomas married Mary Codner, and their daughter Fanny married John Rendell the grandfather of the late Hon. G. T. Rendell. The Codners and Bulleys intermarried. Daniel Codner, sr., married Joan Bulley and their sons Daniel, who was drowned in St. John's, and Samuel, both carried on business here. Daniel Codner, who was in partnership first with a Mr. Tracey, and afterwards with Mr. Jennings, occupied a premises where Bishop & Sons office and wharves now stand. Samuel Codner, who never married, carried on a business at Pye Corner, where the late Mr. Rogerson did business for many years. Mr. Samuel Codner founded the Colonial and Continental Church School Society. The cove opposite Adelaide Street is known as Codner's Cove after Mr. Daniel Codner.

Mr. Samuel Codner's business was known by the firm title of Codner & Co. When Mr. Codner left the country Mr. John Bond, the father of Sir R. Bond, acted as his agent until Wilson and Maynell purchased Mr. Codner's stock in trade. The work of the Society which Mr. Codner founded is a living monument to his name and was first established to give an education to the children of the fishermen of this Colony.

Another family which was identified with the garrison as well as the social and commercial life of early St. John's was that of Williams. This family descended from George Williams, of Silverdale, Swansea, who married the sister of Dr. Samuel Butler, the author of the celebrated poem—*Hudibras*. A monument to Dr. Butler's memory may be still seen in St. Paul's Church, at Convent Garden, where his remains lie. George Williams had three sons—John, Griffith and George, and one daughter—Emma. Griffith was a Colonel of Artillery and with his nephew George, who was born in Newfoundland, served under General Burgoyne in the revolution of the British Colonies in America. Griffith was the author of a pamphlet, addressed to the British Government, which protested against the terms given the French in Newfoundland by treaty, and prophesying that the concurrent right of fishing would in a short time be claimed by the French as an absolute prerogative. After retiring from Newfoundland he died in Woolwich.

George Williams, who married Mary Monier, 1st June, 1762, settled in Newfoundland, was Chief Magistrate here, and died 7th January, 1805, aged 75. He had a large and distinguished family. His children were John, who carried on business here, and died in 1819; George, who was born here and educated in England, entered the Army, and served in the Royal Artillery under General Burgoyne at the battle of Saratoga; Henry entered the Navy and was a Lieutenant in active service at the battle of Trafalgar; Thomas married Mary Spurrier Broome the daughter of John Broome, Supreme Surrogate and Chief Magistrate of Newfoundland. He was a partner in business with his eldest brother John, who was Captain of the Rangers Co., and died here in 1851, aged 81 years. Through Mr. Thomas Williams marriage with Miss Broome, the Skinners, Hogsetts, Vicars, Cowans, Talbots, Blackmans, McBrides, Mooneys, and Alsops became connected. The fifth son of George Williams was Monier, who married Anna Brown. He was educated in England, entered the East India Service and became Surveyor General of Bombay. He died in 1824. His eldest son was Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., the celebrated Sanscrit scholar. Mary Williams, the eldest daughter of George, married George Hutchings, and had a large family of eleven children whose descendants are represented by the Hutchings, LeMessuriers, Proctors, Carters, Tessiers, Bennetts, Clifts, and others. Hannah—the second daughter—married General W. Bentham, R.A., and Anne married Thos. Skinner, Lieut. R.E., who died here in 1849. A tablet is erected to his memory in St. Thomas's Church. Mr. Thos. Williams had a family of four daughters; the eldest—Marianne—married Captain Richard Vicars, R.E.; Julia married the Rev. Chas. Blackman; Louisa married R. J. Pinsent, sr., and Caroline was the first wife of W. F. Rennie. Capt. Richard Vicars was the father of Capt. Hedley Vicars, who was known as the Soldier Saint, and the late Lord Rayleigh was his (Capt. R. Vicars) grandson. In the Church of England Cathedral Parish registers are recorded the Baptisms of the children of George Williams, and the date of the burials of those whose remains were laid to rest in this town.

John Sullivan, J.P., Inspector-General Constabulary.



WHEN tardy recognition came to John Sullivan, Esq., J. P., and he was Gazetted as Inspector General, he received the sincerest congratulations from large numbers of his pleased countrymen, both at home and abroad. The promotion that was due him, was long in coming, either through political expedience, or other causes, but his friends and admirers whose name is legion, rejoiced with him when it came at last. From the very nature of his services as an efficient and conscientious official, in the course of a long



INSPECTOR-GENERAL SULLIVAN.

and active career, it would be impossible to expect that at certain times and under certain given conditions, such a man would not have aroused active antagonism, but no one yet has accused Mr. Sullivan of ever having brought personal spleen or malevolence into his daily work. He has always done his duty fearlessly and without favour, and his record in the service proves, that he always did it without undue severity. While Superintendent of Police, he was a tower of strength to the Force: the public felt that their interests were safe in his keeping, while his subordinates looked up to him with confidence, and knew that no matter what secret influences were at work, the Superintendent would show them British "fair-play." As a Police Official he has been more or less, directly connected with every *cause celebre*

for nearly forty years. Many celebrated cases, which will readily occur to the minds of our older readers, but which we are not going to re-open at this festive season, were conducted solely and brought to a successful issue by the astuteness and intelligence of Mr. Sullivan. Several very important cases of a serious criminal character, were successfully brought to justice, by his own, almost unaided efforts, but the praise and rewards did not always follow. A typical Newfoundlander—like Capt. Bob Bartlett, who pioneered the path to the Pole, then "fell back a pace to the rear," to let others reap the results and benefits of his brain and brawn,—the Inspector General often did the hard work, and then modestly retired, and let others gather in the rewards. For such a keen-witted, active man of affairs, who has so often witnessed the benefits of extensive advertising in forwarding selfish interests, he is singularly averse,—as the saying goes,—to "blowing his own trumpet." Many of his friends and admirers claim that had he done this judiciously, long ago he would have occupied the position he so worthily fills to day. His work in the force; his activity and intelligence in enforcing the Bait Act in the early and more unpopular days of its enactment, as well as other services that were placed to the credit of his record by the public utterances of successive Chief Justices and Crown Officers, all marked him as a man of superior force and insight. On several notable occasions, especially once, when the unconsidered action of some fishermen, at Long Harbour, Fortune Bay, nearly precipitated a grave international crisis between Great Britain and United States, and again in enforcing the prohibitions of the Bait Act among a discontented and antagonistic people, his tact and knowledge of men, and his *suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re*, proved him to be an administrator of no mean order. The Force was never in better condition than it is to-day; the peace and harmony existing in the community; the almost total absence of serious crime; the disappearance from our streets of certain unsavoury characters, who were ever tarnishing the fair name of our city, are all conspicuous evidence, as to his eminent fitness, for the position he now so ably fills. He has now been nearly forty years in the Constabulary: without undue pressure or outside wire-pulling, but by his energy, ability, and attention to duty, he has forced his way from the position of Private to that of Inspector General. One of his strongest claims on the regards of the citizens of St. John's, is the prominent part he took in organizing and perfecting the details of our present up-to-date Fire Department. It was principally through his splendid ability as an organizer, that this Department was converted from the obsolete system that obtained up to the time of the great fire, to the present well-drilled and well equipped organization that we now possess, and which compares favourably with the fire fighting force of any city in America. He has deserved well of his fellow citizens and has got his reward as far as they could do it. He has fulfilled every requisite during his long term of service, and by his recent promotion, for obtaining the Imperial recognition, that His Gracious Majesty grants to all deserving civic officials. The QUARTERLY has much pleasure in drawing the attention of the powers that be, to the fact that Inspector General Sullivan, has well and faithfully earned his I. S. O. We believe, with the majority of his friends, that if he does not get this well-deserved honour, till he presses his own claim, he will never enjoy it in this world. And it is principally for that reason that the QUARTERLY urges it. Our people with their insularity and false modesty are too prone to stand back, and let others reap the results of their work, and in this case Mr. Sullivan is a conspicuous type of thousands of his fellow countrymen.

THE QUARTERLY trusts that he will be long spared to serve his native land, and in wishing him the compliments of the season, further trusts that this magazine will be in a position, at a not very distant date, to congratulate him on his accession to the ranks of the Imperial Service Order in Newfoundland.

Eating and Drinking.

Reflections Upon Christmas Feasting.

By Joseph E. Ray.



WHEN Moses descended from the mount (as history recordeth) bearing those tablets of stone, I am afraid the First Commandment written thereon quite overlooked the fact that there was another God besides those made of wood and stone, to which human beings of every race and clime are tempted to bow down and worship. You may preach yourself hoarse against the worship of the great god, belly, but you will never persuade one of the congregation to resign his membership. The worst of it is, bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge, find the same amount of pleasure in worshipping at the shrine of this all-powerful god. It is the only shrine at which worshippers congregate willingly and regularly. The more prolonged the service the more pleasing it is to the congregation. How they linger at this shrine, lest haply they should miss the faintest odour of the incense blazing on the altar. How unwelcome is the benediction! These are happy worshippers indeed! None of those sombre shadows that flit across the faces of your ordinary saint, but a glorious blaze of sunlight perpetually permeating their visages. Not a heterodox member in the whole congregation. Everyone conforms to the time-honoured ritual, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

CELEBRATED EATERS AND DRINKERS.

The peril of popularity is the price paid for it. If once a man becomes popular, it is the privilege and duty of his biographer to set down in black and white not only his virtues, but also his vices, so that posterity may know what manner of man their idol is. There is always a Boswell at the hem of a great man's garment, and that Boswell is certain to record what ye eat, what ye drink, and wherewithal ye are clothed. That Doctor Johnson was in the habit of eating voraciously we know only too well, for it is recorded in those undying volumes written by that human leech, Boswell, king of Biographers. He appears to have eaten "like a wolf, savagely, silently, and with indiscriminating fury," relates another of his biographers. He was totally absorbed in the business of the moment, and would eat until the veins of his forehead swelled out. With regard to his beverages, he used to say, "Claret is for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy." In justice to Dr. Johnson, however, it should be noted that he was a total abstainer (from intoxicants, not food) from 1766 to the time of his death; and it must not be forgotten that he kept poor Mrs. Thrale up till four in the morning on more than one occasion making tea. There can be no doubt, however, that Dr. Johnson thought his belly worthy of profound and reverent worship. Moreover, when invited to dine out, he was not above criticising the meals provided for him. On one occasion he said to his hostess: "For my part, I mind my stomach very studiously and very carefully, for I look upon it that he who does not mind his stomach will hardly mind anything else." On another occasion he said: "I, madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home, for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook, whereas, madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge."

THREE-BOTTLE MEN.

The days of the three-bottle men are no more. They passed away with those interesting characters who figure so largely in the novels of Thomas Peacock. "Heel-taps" and "Skylight" are meaningless to modernity. We no longer breakfast in bed, like Dr. Folliott, on cold pie and beer, or repeat "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," like Dr. Gaster when he turned up the

empty egg-shell. Dr. Opimian, a temperate man in Peacock's estimation, makes a large hole in a round of beef at breakfast, lunches on cold chicken and tongue, and only abstains from drinking more than two sorts of wine in the middle of the day lest he should spoil his zest for the bottles of Madeira and claret with which he swills down his sumptuous dinner. And we all remember the Homeric capacity for drinking in "Pickwick." The House of Commons is now a sober assembly; but I do not know that it is more virtuous. Certainly it is not so intellectual. Pitt and Fox may have pandered to their stomachs, but their brains were never called upon to discharge the debt. Why should it be considered a vice to get drunk? There is not nearly so much harm in an occasional overdraught of wine as there is in the fanatical denunciation of him who takes the overdraught. When true-born Englishmen cease to vie with each other for the honours of the pavement, at least one phase of laudable humour will have passed away.

CHARLES LAMB.

Probably no more genial and charitable spirit ever inhabited a tabernacle of flesh than the spirit of Charles Lamb. What a devoted brother he was to poor Mary. Yet an occasional overdraught of wine has commended him to the pity of a church-going, if not a Christian posterity. If his character needed redemption at all then Augustine Birrell has redeemed it. Writing of this weakness of Charles Lamb, he says: "Be truthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow; rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned, and, remaining sober, you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken of as a worthy person. But if ever, amidst what Burns called 'social noise,' you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have laboured and saved; talk not of the love of friends or of help given to the needy; least of all reference to noble self-sacrifice passing the love of women. For all will avail you nothing. You get drunk—and the heartless, and the selfish, and the lewd claim the privilege of pitying you, and receiving your name with an odious smile."

HAIL! FELLOW WELL MET.

I have frequently noticed what an influence a good meal and a bottle or two of wine have upon the temperament. It puts every-body into the best of humours. If, when we were on the verge of some international crisis, the potentates of the affected nations could be convened to a sumptuous banquet, I am inclined to think that the blast and blaze of war would be less often heard. The joy and bonhomie so dominant at Christmas-tide is due, not so much to family reunions as to the license everyone takes at the dinner table. No one says to the belly, "I have set a bound that ye may not pass over. Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

It is a well-authenticated fact that if you wish to successfully conclude a commercial transaction with a man of business, there is no more opportune time to meet him than after a hearty meal, and a bottle of Moët and Chandon. And should you ever submit an article for the "consideration" of an editor, woe betide your article, whatever its virtues, if that editor peruses it just as the gnawing of his stomach telegraphs to him the news of its vacuity. It would be ungrateful, indeed, to say a word against vegetarians, but I number a few of them among my acquaintances, and they must pardon me if I say that neither their physique, nor intellect, nor temperament, could be accepted as an attractive advertisement for the cause of vegetarianism. Your truly typical "Hail! fellow well met" Englishman is he who instructs his stomach in dietetic elegancies, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry." And "may good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

Westminster Abbey.

Henry VII. Chapel, November 11th, 1907.

By James Carter.



ACCORDING to tradition, the first Church on the site was built between the years 605 and 610, by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and was consecrated by St. Peter himself, who suddenly appeared for the purpose, rewarding the ferry-man who carried him across the river with a miraculous draught of salmon. Being built on the West side of the City of London, it was called "The Westminster." Edward the Confessor is, however, usually regarded as the founder of the Church. He was crowned in the Abbey, and every Monarch since, down to Edward VII., with the exception of Edward V., who died uncrowned. It is impossible, in the space at our command, to give an adequate description of or enumerate the monuments. It by no means follows from the existence of a monument that the person commemorated was actually interred in the Abbey. The Abbey itself, built in the form of a Latin cross, is one of the most interesting places of the kind in the world, and an hour or so can always be spent there with profit. In this short article, I must confine myself principally to Henry VII. Chapel.

On entering the Chapel one is entranced by the grandeur of the architecture and the elaborate beauty of the sculpture, and at the rich and costly tombs scattered about in profusion, and in the variety of their design. These are indeed gems in themselves, each teeming with the genius and superlative arts of past centuries. As we lift our eyes, the beautiful fretted, vaulted roof overpowers us with its exquisite forms and delicate ornamentation, its wealth of detail that seem to float so airily suspended aloft, as if by magic, and appear to be crystallized foam or lace work, with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb. This fairy net-work of stone is almost unrivalled for the beauty of its conception, relieved of its weight and density by the cunning science of the chisel. The elegant stalls appertain to the Knights of the Bath, whose banners are suspended above. The lower seats are for the Squires. The entrance gates are of bronze, mounted on oak, and embellished with roses, united by the marriage of Henry with the Princess Elizabeth of York. The portcullis is ornamented with the fleur-de-lis and other Tudor badges. At the eastern side is the handsome tomb of Henry VII., (1501) and his wife, Elizabeth of York. The south aisle contains a fine monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded 1587. In the vaults of this aisle lie Charles II., William III., Mary II., Queen Ann, Lady Arabella Stuart (1615, &c. &c.)

In the north aisle are buried Queen Mary (1538), Queen Elizabeth (1603) and the princes murdered in the Tower; the body of Oliver Cromwell, together with three or four of his family and six officers, was buried in the vault at the end of Henry VII. Chapel, but their remains were removed with every possible indignity at the Restoration. There has always existed a lurking tradition that when Cromwell's body was dug up from its grave here, and thrown into a ditch at Tyburn, it was not allowed to remain there by his followers, but that they carried it away, and secretly gave it the rites of a decent sepulchre. It has often been said that the place where it was laid is the centre of Red Lion Square, Bloomsbury. Others state for greater security it was thrown into the Thames. The secret of his last resting-place will not be known till the great last day of all. Against the stone screen at the other end of the chapel representing scenes in the life of the Conqueror, are placed the Coronation chairs. That on the right was made for the Coronation of William and Mary; the other, of far greater interest, was made for Edward I., and has beneath it the stone of scone which was brought from Scotland in 1297, and led later, on the

accession of James I., to the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy :

"If fates go right where'er this stone is found,
The Scots shall monarch of that realm be crowned."

Although indisputably a block of Scotch sand-stone, tradition declared it to be the identical stone in which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel. Upon it the Kings of Scotland were crowned for many centuries, and it has served the same purpose for every English Monarch from Edward I., to EDWARD VII. The stone is 26 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 11 inches thick, and is attached to the chair by clamps of iron. On Coronation Day, the chairs, then covered with cloth of gold, are removed to the other side of the screen, before the High Altar; between the chairs are the sword, seven feet long, and the shield of Edward III. In later generations the Abbey has become much more than the last resting place of Kings and Queens, for room has been found for England's leading Statesmen and Warriors, Poets, Artists, and men of letters, all in fact whom the nation delight to honour, so that now the Abbey is the national mausoleum, and as Washington Irving has well said :—

"We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled the earth with their renown."

The memorial to Sir John Franklin, 1847, has Tennyson's fine epitaph :—

"Not here! the White North has thy bones, and thou
Heroic sailor soul
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Towards no earthly pole."

Since which more than a half century has rolled over us, and the present unseemly wrangling has taken all the poetry out of our natures, and left us poor indeed. In the Poet's corner, one of the most recent is that of Sir Henry Irving, who died October 13th, 1905. In the middle of the transept a white slab marks the grave of old Par, who died in 1635, at the reputed age of 152 years contemporaneous with ten sovereigns. When above the age of a hundred, he did penance for immortality. In the sanctuary, the space within the Altar rails, all the Sovereigns of England since the Conquest have been crowned. The altar and reredos were designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, in 1867; the seats for the officiating clergy rest on a part of the tomb of King Selbert, the Saxon founder of the Church. In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor lie the bodies of six Kings and six Queens; all the kings are placed, not below, but above the ground. On a plain stone near the side entrance, is an inscription of the name of the Baroness Bourdette Coutts. The marble sculpture in different sections of the Abbey are magnificent, and superb; they are principally of white marble, although it cannot be denied that some of them are theatrical, but the impression produced by the interior, with its soaring columns of marble, narrow pointed arches, vaulted roof and richly coloured windows, is very striking, and like all our great churches, has been the growth of centuries. As we make our careless, and perhaps superficial, promenade from Chapel to Chapel, we are almost bewildered by the number and variety of the huge edifices, rather than monuments, which record the memory of the great Seigneurs who repose below, all of grand and solemn proportions, great, gloomy, pillared archings, and entablatures, high altars below, tiers and galleries and Angelic or kneeling figures. The materials are of the very richest, costly, deep-toned marble and bronzes, connected with each is a regular history, which chroniclers like Dean Stanley and others, have set out at great length. Indeed a full history of Westminster Abbey would fill many a portly volume.

Being unable to follow in the laborious steps of these learned historians, I trust that these few glimpses may not be found uninteresting.

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The Holy Sepulchre.

The Pope's Desire to Have it Brought to Rome.



IN connection with the interesting article on the above subject which appeared in our last issue, written by Sheriff Carter, the following from an English contemporary will be read with interest. If it were possible to make the subject of our Lord's Tomb of more interest than ordinary, to Christians the world over, the negotiations at present pending for the removal of this most holy relic, from Jerusalem to Rome, would arouse it.

An apparently well informed writer in a recent issue of *T. P.'s Weekly*, London, gives the following interesting information on the subject:—



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

A few days ago the morning paper contained a singular paragraph. Ghalib Pasha, who accompanied the Ottoman mission to Rome on the accession of the present Sultan, was conversing with His Holiness respecting the establishment of a Nunciature—a Papal embassy—at Constantinople, and while this official point was being debated the Pope asked the Turkish diplomatist whether the Sublime Porte would consider the question of selling the Holy Sepulchre, with a view to its being transferred from Jerusalem to Rome. Ghalib Pasha, it is reported, said that he had no authority to treat on this subject; but it is added that the Holy Father intends to persevere and to seek the good offices of the German Emperor, with a view to securing for Rome the holiest of all Christian relics. And it is curious to think that a somewhat analogous proposal, coming from a different quarter, brought about the Crimean War of fifty odd years ago.

A SHRINE WITHIN A SHRINE.

The Holy Sepulchre is a true Holy of Holies. It is the inmost and most sacred shrine of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is, as it were, a nest of hallowed places and chapels and memories and objects—a pageantry of the mysteries of the Christian Faith. Here are to be found the tombs of Adam, Melchizedek, Joseph and Nicodemus, forerunners and attendants of the Cross; here, too, are the graves of Godfrey and Baldwin, the great warriors of the Cross in the Middle Ages. Here the faithful are shown the sacred places of the Passion and Resurrection; here are the chapels of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the Mocking of Christ, of St. Helena, of the Penitent Thief, of the Invention (or Finding) of the Cross. And all the rites of Christendom have here their recognition and their several altars; Latins, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Maronites, Syrians are represented, and I believe that of late years the Anglican Liturgy has been celebrated at one of the altars of the Eastern obedience. And the heart of all this is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. You enter the antechamber through a low door, and see a representation of the stone that was rolled away from the door of the Tomb; and then, within, is the true Chapel of the Sepulchre—a cell six and a half feet long, six feet wide, and very low. And here is the hollow in the rock—the new tomb which St. Joseph of Arimathæa placed at the service of the disciples of the Lord. Before the Sepulchre forty-three lamps burn continually. Such is the Great Relic which the Pope wishes to add to the holy possession of the Roman See.

TRADITION AND HISTORY.

Before we trace the history of the Holy Places, it must be said, by way of explanation, that the early Christian Church was profoundly sacramental in its feeling, in its teaching, and in its practice. That is to say, it was always seeking for an inward and spiritual grace beneath an outward and visible sign. Differing from the Gnostics—whom certain very foolish persons of our days pretend were the only real Christians—the Church held that the material was good, as the immaterial was good; that the material owed its virtue to the fact that it was both the manifestation of the spiritual and the veil that covered it. And sometimes the outward thing was the very channel by which the inward grace was conveyed. Thus, the sick, we are told in the Acts of the Apostles, were healed by handkerchiefs which St. Paul had touched. By a natural consequence, the outward sign was regarded with a certain reverence: thus the Christians, from the earliest times, preserved with veneration the relics of the martyrs—as in the case of St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John the Divine. And thus, from the first ages, the Christians went on pilgrimage to places hallowed by their associations, and above all to the scenes of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ. We have no authentic history of the Holy Places for the first few centuries; tradition says that they were defiled by heathen temples being built on them. A chapel of Jupiter, they say, occupied the place of Resurrection, and an altar of Venus that of Crucifixion. But, when persecution ceased Constantine the Great directed that a splendid church should be erected over the sacred sites, and this church was consecrated in the year 335.

CROSS VERSUS CRESCENT.

Of course, the whole question of the site has been disputed; but, waiving the intricacies of this debate, which is rather for experts than laymen, there is certainly no a priori impossibility or improbability even in the existence of certain place traditions for three hundred years. There was a Fairy Rath in Ireland which had always been held to be a fortress of the "little

Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the **Crown Lands Act, 1903**, are published for general information:—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for Agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6,400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of \$5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions:—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) to clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of \$6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of \$2 per square mile, an annual rental of \$2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. ~~per annum until paid.~~ *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of \$100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent \$5 per square mile for first year; \$3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filled with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is \$10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, \$20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, \$30; for next period of five years, \$50; and for following years \$100.

Upon expenditure of \$6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

S. D. BLANDFORD,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,

St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1909.

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No. 15



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms, and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
ASSISTANT COLLECTOR.

CUSTOM HOUSE,

St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1909.



Published by Authority

NOTICE is hereby given that the **Modus Vivendi**, with respect to the **Newfoundland Fisheries**, concluded 1st July, 1908, between His Majesty's Government and the Government of the United States of America, has been renewed, pending the arbitration proceedings before the Hague Tribunal for the settlement of the Atlantic Fisheries Question.

ARTHUR MEWS,

Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,

October 12th, 1909.

people"—flames had been seen to issue from the summit of it. And a few years ago the hill was excavated, and it was found that the "little people"—the primitive Turanians—had really lived there, and that flames had no doubt issued once on a time from a choked-up shaft which led from the place of the fire. But that "once on a time" must have been nine hundred years ago! However that may be, from the time of Constantine the tradition of the Holy Places becomes history. The church was the central point for the devotion of the whole Christian world; it was at Jerusalem that a lady named Thuria saw the bishop using incense towards the close of the fourth century. The first shock came at the beginning of the seventh century, when the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was desecrated by the Persians, who carried off the True Cross and took the Patriarch of Jerusalem prisoner. In 635 it is said that the succeeding patriarch, Modestus, recovered the Cross and restored the church. But later in the same century came the Saracens, who captured the city and the church, restoring the latter to the Christians, in the hope of propitiating Charlemagne. On his death the infidels again took possession, and finally the Turks became the masters of the Holy Places, and, it would seem, only refrained from levelling all to the dust on account of the tribute which they exacted from the unceasing stream of pilgrims. But they were not content with tribute; the pilgrims were subject to insult and outrage, to every kind of danger and ill-treatment. Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, who made the pilgrimage in 1035, describes his journey to Jerusalem as a journey to Paradise under the conduct of devils; and no doubt, if a great feudal prince suffered considerable discomfort at the hands of the Mahometans, a poor man would suffer very much worse things. And so came Peter the Hermit, the Knights Hospitallers, the Templars, and the Crusaders. One can read in history—and in "The Talisman"—of the great exploits and adventures of Christian and Paynim Knights, of how whole armies of crusaders perished on the way for want

of direction, how others went marauding over the lands and cities of their fellow-Christians of the East, and how, after a possession of about eighty years the Cross fell before the Crescent in 1187. It is possible that the loss of the Holy Places accounts, in part at least, for the sadness with which most of the great Legends of the Graal (which were being written in those days) close the story of another Relic. The Crusades, indeed, continued, but without any useful result, and the last of them was led by our Edward I. in 1270. Ever since the year 1187 the Holy Sepulchre has been in the possession of the Turks. Still, the pilgrimages have never ceased, and the Pope's desire to add the Sepulchre to the local treasures of the Roman Church is evidence that the old devotion is as great as ever.

SENTIMENT?

And the brief moral is that all this history that I have compressed into such a dry and desiccated condition—all these singular actions, from the fervent devotion of the earliest pilgrims who travelled through wild and evil days to see the holy place, from the great Church built by the Roman Emperor, from the growth of Templarism, from the long wars of the Crusades, even to yesterday's ambition of the Roman Pontiff—all these things were done and endured and desired from the merest sentiment. It may be said—I am quite sure that it has been said—that true Christianity is an inward and spiritual life, consisting in the holding of a certain faith, in the performance of certain actions, and in the abstinence from certain other actions—not in travelling a long way to look at places which may be wrongly located, or to kiss objects which may possibly be forgeries; that in any case the money and energies expended on pilgrimage would be better bestowed in the service of the poor. Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that the devotion to the Holy Places is a sentimental devotion. And I would merely ask my readers to imagine—if they can—a world wholly devoid of sentiment.

M.

How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar.



ONE of the most touching Christmas Idyls in the language, is Bret Harte's story of Christmas at Simpson's Bar.

The North Fork had over-flowed its banks; the Rattlesnake Creek was impassible; Simpson's Bar was isolated and desolated. Times were poor; none of the miners had "struck it rich" for many a day, and "lack of

money and whiskey had taken the zest from even the most illegitimate recreation."

Mr. Hamlin, the professional jack-pot adept, summed up the situation in these historic words:—"Ef I was asked," he remarked upon his leaving for pastures new, with his wallet unusually lean, "ef I was asked to pint out a purty village where a retired sport as didn't care for money could exercise hisself frequent and lively, I'd say Simpson's Bar; but for a young man with a large family depending on his exertions it don't pay."

Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar, surrounded by most of the male population, was sitting in dogged silence before the stove in Thompson's store, when the Old Man came in and invited the bunch to his cabin.

Johnny, the Old Man's child, was sick; in reply to Dick, he diagnosed his ailments, "I've got a fevier. And roomatiz. And chilblains. And biles."

The Old Man produced his store of whiskey for the boys and Dick Bullen led the revels. They were a rough, coarse blaspheming lot, but the Spirit of Christmas sprinkled them with his torch, and their rugged gnarled characters, like the remoter peaks of Simpson's Bar, were "touched with the rosy warmth of ineffable love."

It was nearly midnight, when the festivities were interrupted. Johnny woke up in pain and called the Old Man to rub him. The old man disappeared into the child's room, closed the door, and prepared to rub Johnny with the heeltaps of some of the glasses; the company were quiet and the following dialogue was distinctly audible:

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yer and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny:

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

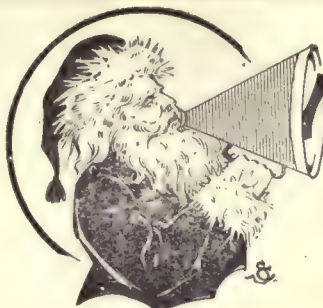
"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer's Chrissmiss,—ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little fuder down. Wot's Chrissmiss, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

1859



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1909

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A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
November 5th, 1909.

"Oh, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrississ, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimney night afore Chrississ and gives things to chillern,—boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes! Thet's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to,—thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, didn't she. jest to aggrewate me and you? Don't rub thar. . . . Why, dad!"

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct. Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on, "Don't you take on now, for I'm gettin' all right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through. His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins and a lean buckskin purse on the table. "Bettin on suthin—some little game or nother". "They're all right," he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

"I'd like to take a hand and win some money," said Johnny reflectively after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of money, &c., &c.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't. And whether you strike it or I win it, it's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty cur'o's about Chrississ—ain't it? Why do they call it Chrississ?"

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest. "I've heerd of *him* before. Thar, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go to sleep." To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket and, grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the canon on a little *pasear*. They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man?" he added with a forced laugh; "do you think I'm drunk?"

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued, as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeves from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "Good night" to his host, and disappeared. The Old man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it: it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it *was* small, weak, and emaciated he changed his mind and drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him—asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. "Are you ready?" said Staples. "Ready," said Dick; "what's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it?"—it's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon." "I reckon," returned Dick shortly. "Whar's the mare?" "Bill and Jack's holdin' her at the crossin'." "Let 'em hold on a minit longer," said Dick.

He turned and re-entered the house softly. By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open. He stepped toward it on tip-toe and looked in. The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his head pulled over his eyes. Beside him, on a narrow wooden bedstead, lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration. Dick Bullen made a step forward, hesitated, and glanced over his shoulder into the deserted room. Everything was quiet. With a sudden resolution he parted his huge moustaches with both hands and stopped over the sleeping boy. But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chimney, rekindled the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow from which Dick fled in bashful terror.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing. Two of them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which, as Dick came nearer, took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff *machillas* of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious eyes, in her protruding underlip, in her monstrous colour, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane, and mine ye get your off stirrup *quick*. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness. "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back unless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill. We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Mulla! Go!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

* * * * *

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Bullen! Sing, O Muse, of chivalrous men! the sacred quest: the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and gruesome perils of the flower of Simpons Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will have none of this buckling brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him in prose, afoot!

It was one o'clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections, and practised all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentatious oburgation and well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away. Nor need I state the time made the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and, holding her well together for



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a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new, freshly-painted meeting-house at the crossing of the county road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly-springing grasses, flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to smell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the plain. Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto boss,"—an event sufficiently notable for remark. At half-past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flagstaff, and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *riata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville, and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record. Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses; but avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small water-proof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. But here he was waylaid by Beauty,—Beauty opulent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent! In vain she repeated the invitation in "Excelsior," happily scorned by all alpine-climbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras,—a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh, and his last gold coin. And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street, and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires, and the flagstaff sank into the earth behind him again, and were lost in the distance.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half-past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the country road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for steady ascent of five miles more; but Jovita gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded the second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson. I know you, you d—d thief! Let me pass, or"—

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and

the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slacking his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he completely forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in the saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run Jovita; linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognise his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled, a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpsons Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

* * * * *

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No; but, Dick?"—

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whisky, quick!" The Old Man flew, and returned with—an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack, and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it quick."

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys,—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water, and on the third—ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick ruefully.

"But it's the best we could do. . . . Take em', Old Man, and put them in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know,—hold me, Old man"—The Old man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh.—"tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so bedraggled, ragged, unshaven and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

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Plain Cake, &c.

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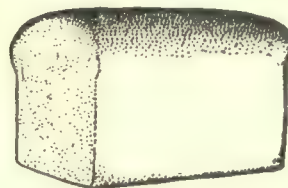
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as a 7 pound cotton bag
or in 14, 24, 49, and 98
pound sacks. Also in
barrels and half-barrels



Purity may cost a little
more than some flours
but you'll find its more
than worth the difference.
To be genuine,
must bear the Purity
trade mark.

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Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon

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Everybody tries to put the best foot foremost. Everybody tries to have things a little nicer than usual—especially things to eat. The way to make your Bread, your Tea-Buns, Pastry, Cakes and Puddings extra good is to use **THE BEST FLOUR.** That is unquestionably

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

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and People.

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NOTICE!

IN accordance with Act 9, Edward VII., Cap. 3, entitled "An Act for raising by loan a sum of money for the Public Service of the Colony," I am authorized to raise upon the credit of the Colony, by sale of Debenture Bonds with interest Coupons attached, the sum of Four Hundred and Thirty Thousand Dollars, interest to be at the rate of four per cent. per annum, payable half yearly on the first days of January and July in each year. Bonds to mature on the 1st day of July, A.D. 1959. The following denominations will comprise the issue, viz.: \$250.00, \$500.00, \$1,000.00, \$10,000.00.

M. P. CASHIN,

Minister of Finance and Customs.

St. John's, Nfld., Nov. 25th, 1909.



J. J. O'GRADY,

Painter and Glazier,
House and Church
Decorator.

Scenic Cabinet Work
a Specialty.

Workshop:
Foot Carter's Hill.

P. O. Box, 216.



THE . . .

Newfoundland Quarterly.

12

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX.—No. 4.

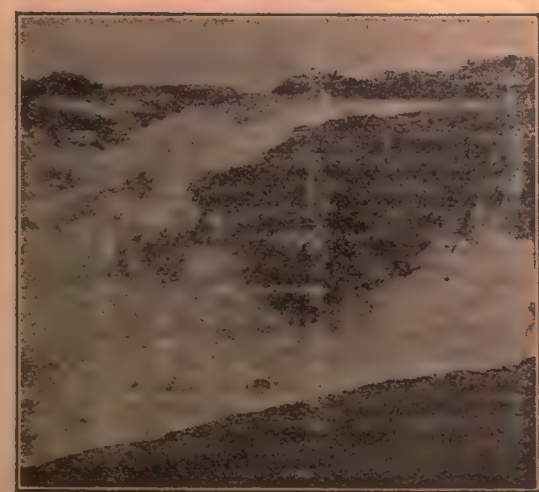
SPRING NUMBER, 1910.

40 CTS. PER YEAR.

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TARIFF CHANGES.

1. A drawback on sugar equal to the duty paid thereon, when used in the manufacture of preserves and confections for export.

2. Galvanized block straps, bottom cushions for sheaves for blocks, and galvanized sheaves for blocks, when imported by block-makers, to go on free list.

3. Brin for bags, etc., in any manufacture, to be admitted on the same terms as for bread, rope and nails.

4. Boats or launches, propelled by electricity or other mechanical power, will be charged 35 per cent.

5. Canvas of 6 oz. cotton duck and upwards, used extensively by fishermen, 5 per cent. Under 6 oz., 35 per cent.

6. Duty to be charged 40 per cent. on confectionery in fancy packages, including value of said packages.

7. Duty on Dory Lumber, which was \$1.00 per 1,000 ft., to include planed as well as unplanned.

8. Comptometers and Adding Machines 35 per cent.

9. Surgical and dental instruments, etc., 25 per cent.

10. Pressed nails, pressed spikes, galvanized nails and spikes, $\frac{3}{8}$ of a cent a pound, instead of 1 cent, as at present.

11. New machinery for pulp companies, which cannot be locally manufactured, to be free; thus placing all concerns on the same basis as the Harmsworth Company.

12. Machinery for the original installation of saw mills, free, subject to approval of Governor in Council.

13. All artificial substitutes for human organs, free.

14. Casings and copings and lockings for timber of dories, free.

15. Solling paper, free.

16. Paper wrappers for local manufacturers' goods, free.

17. Material for wireless telegraph aboard ships, free.

18. Importation of second hand clothing for sale is prohibited.

19. Purchases in other lands of personal effects by travellers, to limited to be \$50.00 for free entry.

20. Drawback of one third of duty paid upon oil used in local manufacture of oil clothes.

21. Duty on wheels to be 35 per cent., instead of one dollar and 20 per cent.

22. Excise duty on cigars, locally manufactured, of 50 cents a pound.

M. P. CASHIN,

Minister of Finance and Customs.

St. John's, Nfld., March 23rd, 1910.

Extract from The Merchant Shipping Act Referring to the Naming of Ships.

Regulations made by the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs, under Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906.

Under the provisions of Section 50 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1906, the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Customs hereby make the following Regulations relating to ships' names, and direct that they shall come into force on 1st January, 1908:

1.—Any person who proposes to make application for the Registry of a British Ship shall give notice in writing of the proposed name of the ship to the Registrar of Shipping at the intended Port of Registry at least fourteen days before the date on which it is contemplated to effect the registry.

7.—When it is proposed to register the ship at a port not situated in the British Islands, the Registrar to whom the name is intimated may proceed with the registry of the ship if he satisfies himself that the name does not appear in the Current Mercantile Navy List; but if the name does so appear, the Registrar shall transmit the application to the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen, and the case shall be treated in the manner laid down for registry in the British Islands.

*Department of Customs,
2nd January, 1908.*

H. W. LeMESSURIER,

Assistant Collector.



Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to reserve from the operation of the Crown Lands' Act, all timber on land lying within one mile from high water mark in the harbour of St. Anthony, District of St. Barbe. The public are therefore notified that the cutting of timber on the said reserved area for any purposes whatever is strictly prohibited, and any person so cutting will be liable to prosecution.

R. WATSON,

Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Feb. 22, 1910.



Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	FOR NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.	FOR UNITED KINGDOM.	FOR UNITED STATES.	FOR DOMINION OF CANADA.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	\$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	\$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	weight.
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding \$10	5 cts.	Over \$50, but not exceeding \$60	30 cts.
Over \$10, but not exceeding \$20	10 cts.	Over \$60, but not exceeding \$70	35 cts.
Over \$20, but not exceeding \$30	15 cts.	Over \$70, but not exceeding \$80	40 cts.
Over \$30, but not exceeding \$40	20 cts.	Over \$80, but not exceeding \$90	45 cts.
Over \$40, but not exceeding \$50	25 cts.	Over \$90, but not exceeding \$100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, \$100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, Mar., 1910.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents**, and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$0.85
To 1.00

A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs } From \$1.10
To 1.50

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, Mar., 1910.



New Goods! New Goods!

WM. P. SHORTALL'S

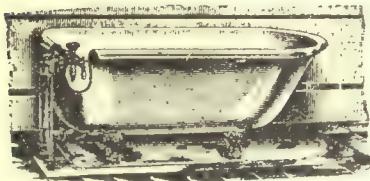
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Our first arrival of New Goods are now opened.
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General Agent for Newfoundland,

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The Bland Inverted Gas Lamp

With a consumption of
3 feet of gas per hour,
costing $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent,
gives 80 candle power.
The cheapest and most
effective method of
lighting.



**Use Gas for Lighting, Heating & Cooking.
ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT Co.**

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom
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W. J. ELLIS
**Contractor, Builder,
and Appraiser.**

Dealer in Cement Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes,
Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass.

Also on hand, a large quantity of Good Second-Hand Brick.

Estimates Given for all kinds
of Work at Shortest Notice.

Manufacturers and Real Estate Owners contemplating
any addition to their present holdings, or the erection of new
structures, will find it advantageous to get our estimates and
terms.

The Newfoundland Consolidated Foundry Company, Limited.

Manufacturers of Cooking,
Parlor, Hall and Church
Stoves, Gothic GRATES,
Mantelpieces, Windlasses,
Rouse Chocks, HAWSER
PIPES, and every variety of
Ship and General Castings,
Churchyard or Cemetery
Railings, Crestings, and all
Architectural Castings.....

HON. JAS. ANGEL,
President.

S. WILL. CORNICK,
Manager.

The Newfoundland Quarterly.

Vol. IX.—No. 4.

MARCH, 1910.

40 cents per year.

Captain Robert A. Bartlett.

By Allan O. Nurse.



AS the news of Commander Peary's great achievement in reaching the North Pole, was first flashed across the wires from continent to continent, the skilful and daring Newfoundland navigator, Captain Robert A. Bartlett, in Command of the s.s. *Roosevelt* occupied but a secondary place on the roll of honour to which the party was entitled.

Although having been obliged to return after "blazing the path" for Peary to within one hundred and twenty miles of the coveted goal, Captain Bartlett has an undisputed record of having travelled farther North than

tion and later entered a Nautical Academy at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he proved himself the possessor of more than ordinary ability.

He first went to sea as an "able bodied" seaman on the sailing-ship *Corisande*, making voyages from Saint John's to Brazil.

On the return from his first trip the *Corisande*, during a storm, was stranded on the Newfoundland coast and became a total wreck, the crew barely escaping with their lives.

Not to be daunted by such an experience "Bob" engaged on another ship, where, advancing step by step, he remained until the necessary examinations had been passed, and a first mate's ticket secured; after which he joined the s.s. *Strathavon* as chief officer, and later the s.s. *Grand Lake* in the same capacity, running between New York and Jamaica in the fruit trade.

His first trip to the Arctic was made in the s.s. *Windward*, on which he occupied the position of mate, his uncle Captain John Bartlett being in command and singular to say although each of his uncles had charge of ships, this was the only occasion on which he sailed with either of them.

On his return from the North, he was awarded a master's certificate and for some years after commanded a steamer at the seal-fishery.

During the winter of 1904 he remained in New York, personally superintending the building of the s.s. *Roosevelt* and when Peary sailed on his 1905-6 expedition Bartlett was given charge of the ship.

Proving himself then to be the right man, he was again engaged in the same capacity on this last expedition of 1908-9, and the valuable assistance rendered has justly earned for him a name to be handed down in history to future generations.

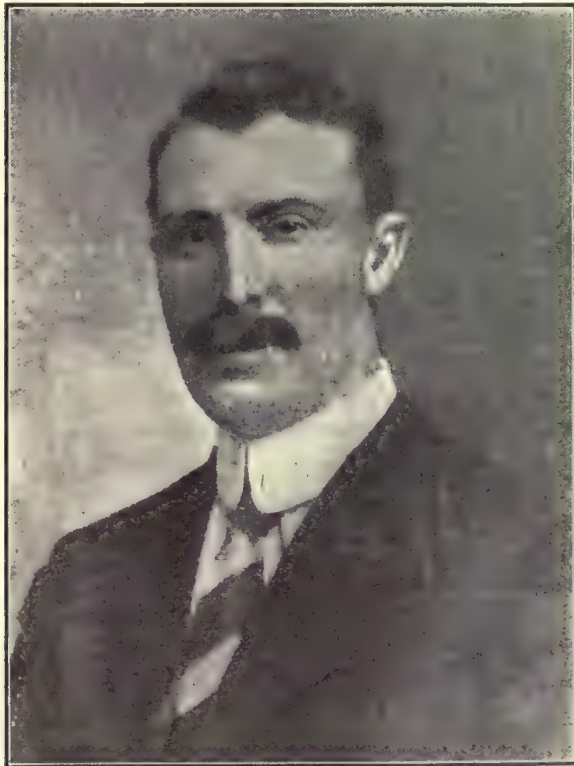
Not only will he be remembered in connection with Arctic exploration but also as a sealing master, where he showed the same dauntless, persevering spirit, to which much of his success is due. During his years at the seal fishery he commanded, on different occasions, the strs. *Kite*, *Nimrod*, *Algerine* and *Leopard*. One of his most unpleasant experiences probably being the loss of the latter in the spring of 1907 while on the way to the ice-fields in search of seals. In connection with this incident a story is told which serves to show the fearless spirit of the young captain.

During a severe storm the s.s. *Leopard* was driven onto the rocks near Cape Race on the Newfoundland coast and damaged so badly as to necessitate the crew leaving her as quickly as possible. This was accomplished with some difficulty, and Captain Bartlett who had been the last to land attempted to make his way again over the loose pans of ice to the ship, which he succeeded in doing without mishap.

Entering the cabin he set up a small stove which had been overturned and proceeded to refresh himself with hot coffee and "hard tack," which he claims to have enjoyed heartily.

The sight of the waters closing over his ship a few minutes after he had made his escape apparently did not disturb him in the least, and he was heard to remark on his "hard luck" at losing the "little *Leopard*" (as he termed it) on a coast with which he was so familiar, after successfully navigating the s.s. *Roosevelt* the previous year, from the far North and mooring her safely in New York harbour.

Captain Bartlett's genial good-nature has made him a general favourite amongst those with whom he comes into contact, and his unassuming and retiring manner immediately convinces one that he is "just Bartlett."



CAPT. R. A. BARTLETT, S.S. "ROOSEVELT."

any living British citizen, and to his dogged determination in overcoming obstacles, and capacity to endure hardship, much of the success of the expedition is due.

Robert A. Bartlett was born at Brigus, Newfoundland, in the year 1875, and descends from a line of noted navigators; his father, Captain William Bartlett, being famous as a sealing captain, while his uncles John and Samuel have on different occasions sailed in command of Peary's ship during former expeditions to the Arctic.

After receiving the elementary portion of his education at the High School, Brigus, he proceeded to St. John's where he entered the Methodist College and continued his studies.

Having by this time developed a strong inclination to follow the vocation of his fore-fathers, he took up the study of naviga-



The Micmacs.



By Rev. M. F. Power, P.P., Harbor Breton.

[THE following interesting article on the Micmacs came to hand for Christmas, but as we had not received the illustrations, we deferred publication till this issue. Since Governor McGregor and J. P. Howley, Esq., F.R.G.S., visited the Indian Settlement and reported on its present status, a renewed interest has been awakened in this interesting remnant of a once powerful tribe. The rev. author of these notes includes the Micmac amongst his parishioners, and from the interest displayed by him in the settlement at Conne River, it is safe to assume that, for the future, the history, legends and traditions of these neglected wards of ours, will receive closer attention. We welcome Fr. Power amongst our local literary lights, and hope, in the future, the QUARTERLY will be in a position to give many more valuable sketches of the Micmacs from the pen of the learned author.—ED.]

"They would be free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of Servitude began,
When wild in the woods the noble savage ran."



URING the year that the present Natal Season farewells with its storied blessings of the "Happy Night," an awakening has taken place. The broad-based principle of interhuman love, inspired by the eternal, brilliant Star of Bethlehem, has had an intensely sympathetic application.

It has come to pass that the pale-faces, who live by the sea, have had their attention directed towards a dark-hued compatriot, who, dwelling in the depths of the noble and majestic insular forests, calls him

Gubernatorial essay precipitated a merited sympathy amongst all classes for a picturesque and historic portion of our inhabitants that had erstwhile been unbefriended, unhonoured, imposed upon, neglected and ignored. The first fruits of the Vice-Regal effort are evident when we find the Earl of Elgin about to safeguard the reserve, and the Colonial Executive supplying Micmac texts to preserve the dialect.

Since these things are so, evidently a future McDonald will not lament our treatment of the Micmacs so bitterly, as his prototype does in "Songs of Avalon" the conduct of our forefathers towards the unhappy Redman;—

"Unknown, unsung, in a modern tongue
Are the deeds of his earlier age
Ere the white man came, with deeds of shame
And conquered his heritage."

Here then a further word is cast upon the joyful ebb and merry flow of the QUARTERLY'S Yuletide. May it follow a charitable current and touch only a shore peopled by those who will sympathise with the limitations and not unkindly misinterpret the intentions of the writer.

When the Micmacs had their landfall is, at least from a legendary standpoint, a matter of more or less conjecture. We can attempt only an approximate date for their crossing the Gulf and subsequent domestication.

Some eighty years ago Peter Sylvester, ranging the fertile and Alpine regions enclosing the magnificent indraught basin of Bay du Nord, chanced upon an Indian camp long since deserted. Nearby he saw a large cross, ingeniously and superbly traced, with miniature pebbles, on the solid whinstone ledge. The old woodman hastened to report his find to his Chief, describing the cruciform as ancient and well past its century.

The Indians of to-day, viewing the cross as a hallowed shrine, visit it with great respect and regard it with every reverence. The Indian guide will tell the curious pilgrim that the Almighty placed the sign of His Holy Rood to bless poor "Injun mans" and his avocations. May be so! Who can say?



Photo by Jas. P. Howley.

SIR WM. MACGREGOR INTERVIEWING THE MICMACS, MAY, 1908.

self a Micmac.

Not since the days of the unique and highly cultured description of an Indian meeting and consequent greeting, by a reverently remembered Catholic Prelate, has any man, of Imperial or Colonial celebrity, given more than a fugitive and indifferent thought to the interesting wigwamed river, whose emerald banks have been for years the alluring Mecca of practically all the nomads of Terra Nova.

A timely resurrection was surely effected by the admirably thought-provoking State Paper graciously and egregiously sketched by our past and Queensland's present Royal Ambassador.

Received at home and elsewhere with particular favour, the

Should we regard its origin as ancestral, we might with some probability imagine it as a mortuary monument guarding the pass to the happy hunting grounds—the Indian synonym of Heaven. If that be so, we can say that more than two hundred years have rolled by since the Micmacs made their Æneas-like arrival upon our shores.

The method of migration is mythically and vaguely recounted by the tribal traditions. The old Micmac relates the martial glories of the past—and ruefully describes its disasters. Many a long drawn battle was won against the Mountaineer foe and not until domestic differences weakened the fighting column did his fathers know defeat. Divided from the main camp the forebears of the Conne River folk were driven before the ruth-

less pursuer down through the Maritime Provinces to Cape Breton shores.

Between the enemy and the sea was their awful dilemma—and they instinctively chose the latter. Down to the sea they went in a hastily constructed flotilla—and an ominous calm was over the water. Penetrating this dreadful silence the voice of an aged patriarch could be heard invoking the Great Spirit's help. The Omnipotent, ever responsive on such sublime occasions breathed over the deep, and the sails were drawn by an off shore draught that soon placed the rude and perhaps first flying squadron beyond the range of the deadly arrow of the now arrived and sorely disappointed Mountaineers. Under the guidance of so benignly propitious a Providence, land was made on the lee somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Ray. Thus began the Indo-Newfoundland adoption and so ended a thrilling adventure and a marvelous escape.

During many years and traversing many "countries" the restless tribe wandered, before its greater part chose Conne River for a quasi-permanent meeting place.

There you find them to-day numbering some 130 souls. No more charming spot is in nature's bounteous store-house. It is truly a native Hiawatha,—and the "laughing water" is but a reflection of the happy faces on its banks.

Ruled by a Chief, they practice the basic social canon of authority. To watch the venerable Ruler, with his official gold medal prominent on his aged breast, passing through the village, is an object lesson on the milk of human kindness. Ever moving amongst his subjects, encouraging, soothing, advising and betimes paternally chiding, he is an ideal leader of his kind. Like father, like son, and the Micmacs reflect the virtues of the Chief. Mutually helping at home—the Micmac is often the subject of grateful anecdotes amongst the white settlers whom he has befriended. Withal they are deeply religious, and

the Priest (Pallias) finds them tractable, respectful and grateful.

Materially speaking, they are poor—yet Conne River has a beautiful church in construction, a school and many tidy cottages.

It would be superfluous to add a word about the "Injun" in the forest. There is he truly at home and thrice happy,—no peer has he in following the chase. Many tales of the woods—of encounters with larger game, of hair-breath escapes from Bruin wounded and at bay, of romantic swimming feats, of weird woodland whisperings, of astounding phenomena, of skilful rapid shooting—could I tell, but my glass is run!

Generally summing, let me say, that morally and physically the Micmac is a valuable national asset—and the tribe is a model for a self-deceived civilization (?) to copy. At any rate, arousing ourselves, let us endeavour to preserve the race and language, and likewise the strange yet beautiful traditions of the children of the forest.

Recalling finally the hallowed teaching of the gentle Saviour on the brotherhood of man—let us, in spirit, offer the old, old wish to our Indian brothers and compatriots. On behalf of the Micmacs, I send a Happy Xmas, and I feel it will find a cordial welcome in the generous hearts of the white-faces to whom it is cheerfully and Christianly addressed.

Harbor Breton November, 1909.



Lovely Spring!

O lovely, lovely, lovely Spring!
O robed in sunbeams!—bridegroom, king!
Breathe on my heart and bid me sing,
Or rather praise and pray,
For emblems are these sunny hours
These golden meads, and streams, and flowers
Of everlasting May.



Photo by Jas. P. Howley.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT—WIDOW OF CHIEF MAURICE LEWIS—AGED OVER 90 YEARS.



Photo by Jas. P. Howley.

CHAPEL OF THE MICMACS, CONNE RIVER.



THE S.S. "PORTIA."

The Song of the "Portia."

By T. Hanrahan, S.C.S.



Air: The Man Behind.

THE latest song the Captain sings is called "The Man Behind";
He sings it well; he thinks 'tis fine, and I'm much of his mind,
Although to be "The Man Behind" it strikes me forcibly,
May be all right in music, but 'tis bad philosophy—
The man behind—the man behind
Had better hustle or he'll surely find
The truth of what I state, before it is too late,
'Tis foolishness to be—The Man Behind.

Just take that politician, whose heart within him burned
To win a legislative seat if he should be returned;
What chance has he if, in the count, the 'numerators find
He simply isn't in it for, he is The Man Behind—
The man behind—the man behind,
'Twas the wrong political party that he joined,
And now he has no seat, but miserable defeat,
And all because he was—The Man Behind.

I know a certain sealing Captain—need I tell his name—
For long ago he writ it large upon the Scroll of Fame
What time the white-coats were in thousands on the frozen sea,
He never was the Man Behind Oh! no my friends, not he
The man behind—the man behind
Had nothing left but carcasses to find;
While Kean, with planksheer down, is speeding off to Town,
For the Bowings do not like The Man Behind.

Purser Colton, of the *Portia*, is a thorough gentleman,
Who makes the service popular by every means he can;
If he should lose his passage, then what comfort could we find,
The trip would be no trip at all with Colton left behind.
The man behind—the man behind
Will never be Sam Colton, that you'll find,
He has a manner funny, and gets all the passage money,
Which he wouldn't if he were The Man Behind.

We all know *Mr. Miller's prowess at the checker-board,
In fact 'tis said that only *once* was Charlie ever floored
By a man who came on board the *Portia* at St. Anthony,
And won the game because he was a move ahead you see!
The man behind—the man behind
Can beat Joe Moore whenever he's inclined;
But the game he lost that day, he lost it in this way,
Because he was one little *move* behind.

And now a word about the Mate we call him Skipper Joe,
We know when he's upon the bridge: he gives a longer blow;
But when the Captain leaves the deck, Joe's duties are defined,
For in spite of all our music he's the man that's left behind.
The man behind—the man behind
When Captain Kean retires, we hope to find,
Whatever breeze blow—our first mate Skipper Joe—
As *Captain* he will be The Man Behind.

The next one is the Stewardess to come into this rhyme,
She guards the tender round-trip maidens in vacation time,
And makes them all retire at ten—they're sometimes not inclined—
But says to all the married ladies—"Leave your babes behind."
The man behind—the man behind—
We know there's someone chasing Mrs. B.;
But hurry up young man, and catch her while you can,
Or certainly you'll be—The Man Behind.

A word of praise to Mr. Whitely and his engineers,
Who live below with crashing engines sounding in their ears;
If the Captain be the *body* of the *Portia*, then I ween,
The man behind the throttle is the *soul* of the machine.
The man behind—the man behind
In overalls with smoke and soot begrimed;
While passengers are sleeping, their lives are in the keeping
Of the watch on deck and engineers behind.

*Chief Steward.

The Royal Colonial Institute.

By the Hon. Robert Watson, M.E.C., F.R.C.I., (Honorary Corresponding Secretary for Newfoundland.)



THE existence of the Royal Colonial Institute practically dates from June 26, 1868, when a meeting was held in London under the Presidency of Viscount Bury, to promote the formation of a "Colonial Society."

The meeting, which comprised influential representatives of Colonial interests, and members of the Imperial Legislature who had taken a prominent part in the discussion of Colonial questions, unanimously agreed that it was desirable to establish an institution, above all mere party considerations, where persons from all parts of the British Empire might exchange experiences, and where trustworthy information might be imparted to all inquirers. A provisional committee was appointed, which drew up rules—substantially the same as those now in operation—and reported to a general meeting, when the Colonial Society became constituted by the adoption of such rules for its government and the election of the first President and Council.

A deputation of the Council afterwards waited upon the Duke of Buckingham, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Sir Stafford Northcote, Secretary of State for India, with the object of obtaining their official sanction and support, which was most readily conceded. These Ministers undertook that the Governors of the several Colonies should be addressed in favour of the Institute, which undertaking was carried into effect by their successors in office, Earl Granville and the Duke of Argyll.

On March 10th, 1869, the inaugural dinner was attended by the Prime Minister (the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.), the Secretary of State for the Colonies (Earl Granville), and many other distinguished guests, and was regarded as a most successful demonstration in favour of the Colonies and the unity of the Empire.

In 1869 the prefix of the word "Royal" was graciously sanctioned by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Inconvenience arising from the similarity of the initial letters to those of the Royal College of Surgeons, the name of the Society was the following year changed to the "Royal Colonial Institute."

The Duke of Manchester was shortly afterwards elected President in succession to Viscount Bury, who retired, and in 1878 His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (our present King) was pleased to accept that office, the Duke of Manchester maintaining his connection with the Institute as one of its Vice-Presidents and Chairman of the Council up to the time of his death in 1890. Queen Victoria in 1882 granted to the Institute a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

On his accession to the throne in 1901, His Majesty the King became Patron, and he was succeeded in the office of President by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. The Vice-Presidents to-day include H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Rosebery and Lord Strathcona.

In 1883 it was decided to acquire a permanent home for the Institute, in lieu of the very inadequate premises hitherto occupied. The lease of a site in Northumberland Avenue—the freehold of which has since been purchased—was secured, and

after a total expenditure of \$250,000 the present substantial and commodious building, in what is perhaps the most central part of London, was occupied two years later.

The objects of the Institute are to provide a place of meeting for all who are connected with the Colonies and British India and others taking an interest in Imperial affairs; to establish a Reading Room and Library, in which recent and authentic intelligence upon Colonial and Indian subjects may be constantly available, and a Museum for the collection and exhibition of Imperial productions; to facilitate interchange of experiences amongst persons representing all the British Dominions beyond the Seas; to afford opportunities for the reading of Papers, and for holding discussions upon Imperial subjects generally; and to undertake scientific, literary, and statistical investigations in connection with the British Empire. No paper, however, is permitted to be read, nor any discussion to take place, tending to give to the Institute a party character.

The Institute consists of about 1,400 Resident and 3,000 Non-Resident Fellows. The Entrance Fee for Non-Residents is one guinea, and the Annual Subscription is also one guinea. There are no other fees.

The privileges of Fellows include the use of the Institute building, which comprises Reading, Writing and Smoking Rooms; a Library containing over 73,000 volumes and pamphlets relating to history, government, trade, resources and development of the British Colonies and India; and a Newspaper Room in which the principal journals, magazines and reviews—Home, Colonial and Indian—are regularly received and filed. Books may be borrowed—subject to the Library regulations—and the correspondence of Fellows may be addressed to the care of the Institute. The Journal and the Annual Volume of Proceedings are forwarded to all Fellows.

During my recent visit to London I was elected a Fellow of the Institute, being proposed for membership by Sir Francis Hopwood, the Permanent Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and seconded by Sir Frederick Young, one of the Vice-Presidents. I was made very welcome by Sir Frederick and the Secretary, and attended the November monthly dinner at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, at which a paper on "Signs of Imperial Solidarity" was read by Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., the subsequent speakers on that occasion including Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Brassey, Sir Frederick Young and myself. After the dinner I was introduced to His Excellency Sir Bickham Sweet Escott, Governor of the Leeward Islands, who is one

of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Institute, and to Sir Daniel Morris, and had quite an interesting conversation with the latter on the subject of our trade relations with the West Indies. I also met several distinguished representatives of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

At the urgent request of the Institute Council I have consented to act as Corresponding Secretary for Newfoundland. In that capacity I shall be glad to receive applications for membership. The value of the Institute to Colonists visiting the Old Country, for whom it has become a recognised centre, is beyond question, for through its instrumentality they are not only enabled to meet old friends, but to form new friendships, and to exchange experiences with fellow Britishers from all parts of the Empire.

In conclusion, I may say that the support of all British Subjects is earnestly desired by the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute in promoting the great objects of extending knowledge respecting the various portions of the Empire, and in furthering the cause of its permanent unity.



HON. ROBERT WATSON,
Colonial Secretary.





[Photo by J. C. Parsons.]

The C. C. C. Band, October, 1909.

Top Row:—J. Courteney, C. O'Keefe, J. O'Grady, Corp. P. Courteney, L. Carter, Staff-Sergt. T. Fennessey, H. Neary.
 2nd Row:—Lance Corp. R. Alsop, Sergt. L. Walsh, J. Sage, J. Fitzhenry, M. Fitzhenry, M. Myler, J. Darcy.
 3rd Row:—H. Bennett, F. O'Keefe, J. O'Reilly, Lieut. C. Hutton, Lieut. A. Bulley, E. Higgins, W. Fanning, Sergt. P. O'Grady.
 4th Row:—M. Fewer, M. Tobin, C. Rawlins, J. Ross.



Newfoundland Name-Lore.



By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D.

XXIX.

PLACENTIA BAY.



On rounding Cape St. Mary's we come to the mouth of the magnificent Bay of Placentia. This is undoubtedly the finest and most splendid bay in Newfoundland and may almost be dignified with the name of a "sea." It is seventy miles wide at the mouth and penetrates into the land in a North-Eastern direction for about the same number of miles in depth. About two miles more, at the bottom of Come-by-Chance, and it would have united with the waters of Trinity Bay at Bay Bull's Arm, thus severing Newfoundland into two parts and leaving the Peninsula of Avalon a complete Island. I will postpone consideration of the name Placentia till I come to describe the town and harbour of same.

On rounding Cape St. Mary's and turning into Placentia Bay there are some small coves uninhabited or having some one or

maps it was called

LE STRESSE,

apparently a French name which became corrupted into

DISTRESS.

This name not being of pleasant sound, was, as mentioned, superceded by St. Bride's.

The northern head of the bight of St. Bride's is called

POINT LA PERCHE.

La Perche is the name of a town and province in Normandy. It is from there that the celebrated breed of horses known as "Percheron" come. Many of the early French emigrants to Canada and Acadia came from there. The fertile valley of St. Bride's (Le Stresse) may have reminded them of *La Belle Normandie*.

A little further on is a cove named

CUSTLET.

In some maps it is called Curstlet. The origin of the name is unknown. The same may be said of

ANGLES COVE

or Angels Cove. Then comes a point named

POINT BREME

or Brim. This is the name of a well known fish, the sea-bream, (*Pagellus centrodontus*) of the genus *abramis*. (See Art. XVI.)

Next comes

PATRICK'S COVE.

Then

GOOSEBERRY,

called no doubt from the prevalence of those wild fruit which grow numerously in certain parts of Newfoundland. Each of these coves is peopled by a few families. They live in an almost patriarchal manner, and are nearly related to each other, but in each cove there is one family which gives the *tone* to the place and the head of which is honoured with the rights and respects of a quasi chief. Thus at Angles Cove the "Coffeys" predominate. Old Paddy Coffy is a famous character. He was a mighty hunter in his day. But whether "before the Lord" or not may be questioned.

Some of his transactions might not perhaps

bear the test of too severe a scrutiny. All this shore is a most celebrated hunting ground, the "barrens" being well supplied with partridge, grouse, ptarmigan, &c." The sporting gentry of St. John's come out here in the fall of the year, and making their headquarters or "base of supplies," in one of the coves, go in over the hills for days and weeks camping out. They take as guides some of the inhabitants, and so these are all expert campmen and hunters. The leading family at Gooseberry are the Doyles, and at Patrick's Cove the McGraths. Old "Batty" McGrath who lived to a patriarchal age, (indeed I am not sure if he is not still in the land of the living) was a most intelligent and interesting old man. He told me many thrilling tales of adventure, and described his journeys to St. John's in the olden times, which occupied three or four days. They travelled over the marshes and barrens without, of course, any road but a mere footpath. They went by North Harbour and John's Pond. Thence across the "tickle" to Haricot. Or if the weather was stormy, by Colinet to Quigley's, Hurley's, Carey's and on to Holy Rood, thence to St. John's. In returning they carried a heavy load on their shoulders, several stone of flour and other necessities.

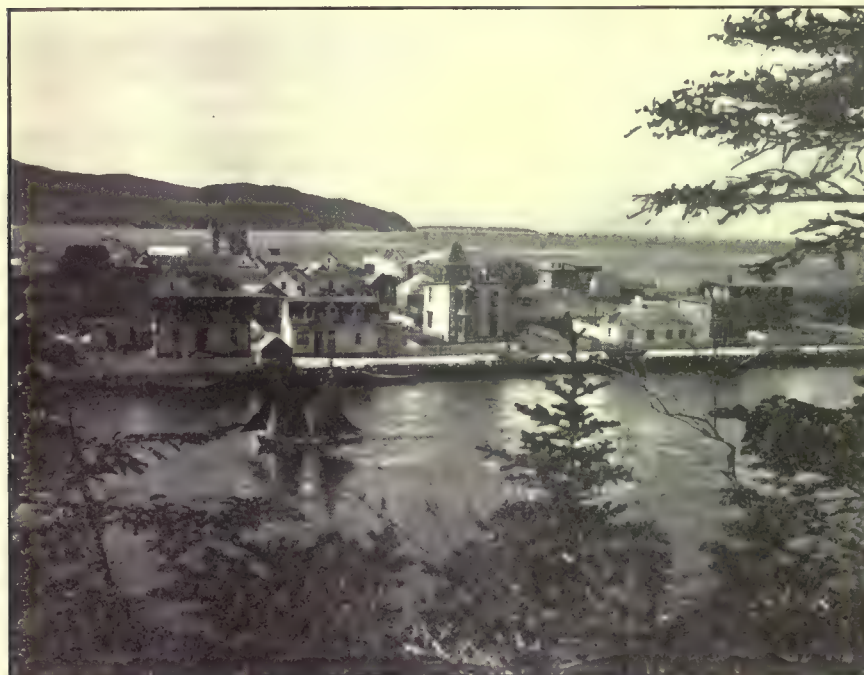


Photo by P. Doyle]

PLACENTIA, FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

two families only. The coast is precipitous, and these coves are only *gulches* or *drooks*, i.e. gorges cutting into the perpendicular cliffs.

The first is named

IROKENE

or *Irokeen*, the *i* pronounced as the word eye. I have no idea of the meaning of the name. Then there is

BRIERLY COVE,

possibly called after the name of a person or family, though no such family has ever been known to have lived there. Then comes

LEAR'S COVE,

also of unknown origin. Then

ST. BRIDE'S.

This is the first settlement of importance on the coast. It has a church, school and presbytery, and is the residence of the Priest of the Parish. It possesses a fine tract of agricultural land, and the people all have numbers of sheep and cattle and the place is famous for its excellent wool and butter. The name of St. Bride's is quite modern, and was given from the titular Saint of the Church of St. Bridget. On more ancient

There is a reef of rocks or small islands off Patrick's Cove called the

"VIRGIN ROCKS,"

and about a mile further in the bay is another group of rocks called by the people

"THE GIRL AND THE FALSE GIRL."

In Maxwell's Survey, however, these are called the *Girdle Rocks*, and the *false Girdle*. I think this is a mistake from not understanding the accent of the people. The people of this shore have a very peculiar intonation of voice, and by no means unmusical. Their pronunciation amounts almost to a *patois*.

"THE VIRGIN ROCKS"

are thus described in Maxwell's Survey: "Three black rocks "above water, one of which is 18 feet high lie $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from "the shore, and S.W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Verde Point "light house." To the less nautically trained mind it might be a clearer description to say that they are situated about a mile and a half off the mouth of Big Barasway.



PLACENTIA, FROM JERSEY SIDE.

In Article XX. when writing of Holyrood, I mentioned that the name of the Virgin Rocks was given by Columbus to a certain group of Islands in the Carribean Sea.

The great Discoverer was, as we know, steeped in religious sentiment, and constantly gave the name of Saints and Mysteries of Religion to the places discovered by him. On his second voyage, after having discovered the island to which he gave the name of *Santa Cruz*, Holy Cross, he came to a large group of beautiful islands which he called

"THE VIRGINS,"

or the Eleven Thousand Virgins. This name was given in honor, and remembrance, of St. Ursula and her companions. St. Ursula was a British Saint of the V. Century. When the Saxons over-ran Britain, many of the inhabitants fled to the Continent. Some went to the Netherlands and formed a settlement at the mouth of the Rhine. Among these was Ursula, a holy virgin, daughter of King Dionoc of Cornwall. She was followed by a large number of other nuns, the number is variously stated as from five hundred to eleven thousand, and even twenty thousand, but this is allowed by all historians to be greatly exaggerated. They were afterwards martyred by the Huns, in defence of their Virginity. They were buried in Cologne, and a great church was built over their tomb. The Order of the Ursuline Nuns was instituted under her patronage by Pope Gregory XIII. in the XVI. Century, and became a great teaching Order.

As mentioned by me in Article XX., the early cartographers of the new discoveries of North America confounded the dis-

coveries of Cabot with those of Columbus. Hence, on there maps we have a curious mingling of the names given by Columbus in the West Indies with those of the Cabots, Cartier and others on the coast of Newfoundland. Thus on the map of Majollo, 1527, the Point which represents Cape Race is called *P. de Cruz* (Cross Point) or Holy Cross Head, and immediately to the west of it a group of Islands called "*Veze Mil Virgenos*," Twenty Thousand Virgins. The position of these imaginary islands was not clearly understood in those days and so we find it shifting. Thus on Vaughan's (the so-called Mason) Map, 1625, we find the name given to a group of islands in the position of the Burgeo group of to-day *I. Vierges*, and a cape in the situation of LaPoile is called *C. Veiges*.

The name has survived in the small group in Placentia Bay as well as in the much better known reef of the

VIRGIN ROCKS

in the Atlantic. It consists of a rocky bank extending about nine miles, N.N.E. and S.S. W. and about two miles wide. The water over it gives a depth of from three to thirty fathoms. It is in Latitude $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ or almost that of Cape Race and stands about 120 miles from the shore. It breaks in rough weather. The ledge is a very famous fishing ground, but is very dangerous to ocean crossing vessels.

The southern side of the entrance to the grand roadstead of Placentia is guarded by the

POINTE VERDE

which stands out prominently as a long grayish rampart, on the extreme end of which is a light-house. I understand that the Government contemplate putting a fog alarm on this Point, and nowhere on the whole coast would one be more opportune. The fog is sometimes very dense at this point, and the point being low, only a heap of beach stones thrown up by the sea, it is very difficult to see it from outside. There is also a dangerous rock called

GIBALTAR ROCK,

only five feet under water, which stands about one mile and a quarter off the Point W. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. There is another rock named

MOLL ROCK

near the northern entrance of the Roadstead, thus making the entrance extremely dangerous in foggy weather. I understand the apparatus for the fog whistle was procured by the late Bond Government

as well as one for Marticot Island on the west shore of the Bay. It is to be hoped that these whistles will soon be put in place.

The summit or ridge of Pointe Verde is covered with a beautiful grassy sward. Hence the very appropriate name of *Green Point* (*Pte Verde*). The entrance to the Road is open, and being nearly a mile wide it is not a safe harbour for anchorage, at least with a westerly wind. Though large numbers of craft lie up here during the fishing season, when an easterly breeze drives them in from Cape St. Mary's or when as Saturday night comes they run in to pass the day of rest in harbour and attend Divine Service. Should the wind veer round to the westward they must, the smaller class, run in the "gut" to the splendid harbour of the N.E. Arm. Unfortunately this gut has a bar. According to Capt. Orlebar's Survey it has not more than fourteen feet at low water, though Capt. Cook in his survey of 1765 shows twenty feet. The bottom is shifting. In case of a breeze as mentioned above, the larger sized craft have to weigh anchor and "scud" for Marquise, the splendid harbour of *Argentia*. After passing the entrance to the Roadstead the land is higher on both sides. On the the south side it presents a comparatively level ridge about 400 feet in height, and covered with wood.

The land on the north side is more uneven and picturesque. There are several rounded peaks which rise in succession. The first is

SIGNAL HILL,

about 377 feet, with bare yellowish sides. The next is a hill

called by the people

PRIVECURE.

This is a corruption of the French

CREVEZ COEUR,

or *Break-heart*, so called from the steepness of its sides which renders it difficult of ascent. Between Signal Hill and Castle Hill there is a bight or cove called

FRESHWATER COVE.

Off this cove is the best anchorage in the Road. This cove was the scene of a battle in the year 1692, when Baron Lahontan commanding the French troupes (Basques) repulsed an attack of the English, under Admiral Williams.

Further in on the north shore of the Roadstead, and immediately north of the town, stands the splendid height of

CASTLE HILL.

It is about 400 feet high, and wooded almost to its summit. The rounded "skull," however, shows some green grassy plots. On the summit of this hill are still to be seen the ruins of an old fort, or redoubt which give the modern name to the Hill. The fort occupied a most impregnable position. It commanded the whole range of the Roadstead as well as the great fort of

ST. LOUIS

on the tongue of beach at the north or larboard side of the Gut on entering the harbour.

The town of Placentia is situated on the northern or western end of a long beach which stretches nearly two miles from the Block to the Gut or Narrows. The houses are neat, and many of them stylish in architecture, and are clustered around the splendid Catholic Church—a modern building of excellent archi-



PLACENTIA, FROM DIXON'S HILL.

the Sea Society, the Court House, the Anglican Church, the Convent Schools, and a number of excellent mercantile stores and premises. Immediately behind the town rises the most beautiful hill of all known as

MOUNT PLEASANT

from which the place takes its name. This is indeed a very charming mountain. It rises at the base sheer perpendicular from the bed of the rushing current of the South East Arm. Showing a grim and picturesque surface of rock, twisted and contorted into the most fantastic and gnarled strata by prehistoric geological upheavals. The natural pink colour of the rocks has become weather worn and time-stained so as to show an endless blending of colours, from deep brown-black to delicate grays, every shade of purple, pink and yellow, which at "slack tide," when the water is quiet, reflect their images in the glassy surface, reminding us of Scott's immortal description of the Trossachs, which with a few alterations might be applied to the scene.

"Crag, knolls, and mounds confused by hurled
The fragments of another world
Fox gloves and night shade side by side
Emblems of punishment and pride
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain
With boughs that quaked at every breath
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath
A wildering forest feathered o'er
The ruined sides and summit hoar
While on the north in middle air
Fort Louis showed its ramparts bare."

Truly a more beautiful and fairy-like land and water scape it would be difficult to imagine than that which Placentia presents when bathed in the opal light of a setting sun. Hence its name

PLACENTIA.

Until quite recently it was generally thought that the name was first given by the French as

PLAISANCE,

and afterwards, though unaccountably, became changed to its present Spanish or Portuguese form. Thus Bishop Mullock in his "Lectures" on Newfoundland, writes, "The environing hill; the two arms of the sea, with rapid tidal current reminding the French of the 'Arrowy Rhone' in their own land, &c." I showed in one of my Lectures how this supposition, beautiful and all as it is, cannot be accepted. We have no record of the French coming to Placentia till about 1660, whereas the Portuguese were here more than a century before that time.

Immediately after Cabots discovery of Newfoundland in 1500, the Portuguese sent out Gaspar de Cortereal who re-discovered and claimed the New-found-land, and the English seem to have abandoned all claim to it, or at all events all interest in it. In 1521 Joao Alvarez de Fagundez made a voyage. He coasted



R. C. CHURCH, PLACENTIA.

tectural design with lofty tower and cupola. The town has an old-fashioned European air about it, reminding one of some of the mediæval cities of Europe, clustering around the central Basilica or Duomo. The Church stands on the site of the ancient and unpretentious chapel founded by the French Franciscan Friars in 1660. There are also several other very fine buildings in the town, such as the Convent, the residence of the Curé—Rt. Rev. Monsigneur Reardon. The Hall of the Star of

along the Southern Shore, discovered Placentia Bay and, I believe, gave the name. Placentia is the name of a town in Portugal on the River Tagus, so named on account of its pleasant aspect, the beautiful scenery of Placentia Bay would have reminded him of his own country. Mr. Gosling, who has studied exhaustively these early voyages and possesses a splendid collection of ancient maps, informs me that he finds the name as far back as 1546. On a Portuguese Portolano (Map) it is given as

PLASAMSE.

It is next mentioned in the Atlas of Nicholas Vallard of Dieppe in 1547, where it appears as *Plaisance*. Here we see it already modified or gallicised. Again on Descellier's map, as early as 1553, it appears in its French form of *Plaisance*. The same on the map of Jacobscz, 1621: while on Mason's map, 1625, we come back to the present form of the word. This map gives the word twice. First in Latin for the whole bay *Fretum Placentiae* and second in English for the Port, Placentia Harbour. Dudley's map of 1647, has a medley of names Latin, English, Spanish, Italian, &c. The name appears three times for the Bay, the Cape and the Gulf in a sort of Italianized French twice as Plaszencia and once (evidently by mistake) as Pliazencia. On Seller's map, 1671, we have another variation Platientia. The names on this map are mostly English with some French. It would appear that each of these early voyagers felt justified in spelling the names as appeared convenient to him. Thornton, 1689, has it as we spell it to-day. Friend's map, 1713, has it also the same. This is important as it was made at the date of the French occupation, yet shows that the name, at least among the English, had taken firm hold. But a French map, of about the same date, yet after the departure of the French, still gives it as Plaisance (T. Cour Lotter's, 1720). Moll's, an English map, 1735, gives *Placentia*.

I think we are justified in believing that the name was originally given by the Portuguese.

† M. F. 11.

The Sealer's Wife.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

WHITE stands the Lighthouse on a point that juts
Beyond the harbor far into the bay ;
And farther looms the great white sea beyond,
Tranquil beneath the fiercest wind that blows
Till the spring winds shall laugh away the ice,
And set the waters free. All motionless
Stretches the vast expanse—yet from the tower
(The keepers boast a precious telescope)
To northward can be seen the smoke of ships,
And sometimes moving creatures small as ants
Black on the white flat deep. So hither comes
A woman daily to the light-house tower ;
(Youth has not left her lissome figure yet,
Her hair is dark, her eyes of gray still bright,
Simple her dress, which shows a neatness which
Can yet consist with honest poverty)
One of these ships, they tell her—who can say
Which one it is for certain?—holds the one,
A simple, hardy, handy, fisher-lad,
Whose name she bears. So to the Point she comes,
And gazes through the glass which brings him near,
In her imagination, to her eyes.
One of these tiny speck perchance is he,
Absorbed there in his perilous fight for bread
Where the red "pans" lie round him. Till a day
When the horizon dark and empty loomed
Beneath a lowering heaven ; and they knew
The ships had sailed unto their distant port,
With reeking decks and gunwales rolling low.
Then she with joy goes to her humble home,
And kisses both their children in her glee,
"For father comes," she says "to bless his home ;
He will be with us in a little while,"
Yet sighs again (how short a time has Joy
In this our world) and murmurs "Labrador."

March, 1910.

Rejoice 'Tis Spring.

By Fred. B. Wood.

REJOICE ! O Earth, long desolate—
Behold thy lover Spring !
His kiss, e'er now, is on thy cheek,
His arms about thee cling !

Rejoice ye waters rushing forth
Freed from the frost-kings thrall—
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! in rippling streams,
Or thundering waterfall !

Rejoice ! ye fields, late so bereft
No sign of life was seen,
For Spring is come, and ye shall wear
Rich robes of living green !

Rejoice ! ye trees, still gaunt and bare ;
Spring bids your hidden root
Send up the sap ; ye shall bring forth
The leaf, bud, bloom and fruit !

Rejoice ! ye flowers many-hued,
Chaste lily, flaming rose,
Your loveliness, not yet revealed,
Spring's kiss will soon disclose !

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! ye swift-winged birds
The while ye soar and sing,
Let your glad notes to all make known
The joyousness of Spring !

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! ye storm-scarred heights,
Wide plains, and valleys low ;
Kine soon shall draw their strength from thee,
While lambs skip to and fro.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! all living things !
Exult with every breath !
The voice of Spring, awakens thee
From sleep like unto death !

Ye sons of men, throw off your cares !
Join ye the glad refrain !
For health, and strength, and happiness,
Are of Spring's goodly train !

O hopeless heart, Spring shall impart
The gift of hope anew !
Behind those heavy clouds there is
The sun, and skies of blue !

O soul of mine, lift up thy voice !
Lift up thy voice, and sing
With all the strength thou canst command,
The joyousness of Spring !

O Spring ! thou dost earth's darkest spots,
With life, and light illumine !
Yea ! thou dost bid the dead come forth,
From Winter's cold, white tomb !

O Thou One Source, of all that is—
We would, Thy praises sing !
Of Thee the Light ! Of Thee the Life
Made manifest in Spring !

St. John's, Nfld., March, 1910.



Mr. Archibald Macpherson,

President of The Royal Stores, Limited.



Mr. Harold Macpherson.

Secretary of The Royal Stores, Limited



WHEN the late Campbell Macpherson—President and founder of the Royal Stores, Limited—passed away his mantle fell upon the shoulders of his brother—Mr. Archibald Macpherson,—and on no worthier or more capable shoulders could it have descended.

Nearly thirty years ago the present President, then a young lad, joined his brother, having previously been at the Methodist College as pupil of the late Mr. Holloway. Three years later he went to Glasgow, where during two years he obtained a complete insight into the most up-to-date methods of the modern Departmental Stores. Although not yet twenty-one years of age, he was, on his return from Scotland appointed buyer for his brother's business.

When The Royal Stores were founded in 1895, Mr. Archibald Macpherson became a partner and buyer, and on his brother's death succeeded to the Presidency. During his tenure of that office he has not only continued the successes of previous years, but has gained the entire confidence of the employees. A significant fact, illustrative of the remarkable growth of the business of The Royal Stores, under Mr. Macpherson's management, is that where as formerly one buyer was sufficient to meet the requirements of the trade now three are necessary to do the work, and for the first time in the history of the Company a Lady Buyer has been sent to England to assist in purchasing goods for the Show-room and Ladies' Departments.

Mr. Macpherson last year, married Miss McNeilly, second daughter of the late I. R. McNeilly, one of the best known and most regretted members of the Newfoundland Bar.



R. HAROLD MACPHERSON belongs to the younger generation of business men, but has already displayed marked adaptability to the varying requirements of one of our largest commercial concerns in the country. His quiet, but thorough mastery of the details of the business points him out as a worthy successor of his esteemed father, the late Campbell Macpherson, who occupied so prominent a position in the trade and commerce

of the country. Mr. Harold Macpherson was born in 1885, and received his education under the late Principal Holloway of the Methodist College. At the age of fourteen he commenced work at The Royal Stores. In 1904 he went to Montreal, where for a year he sought and gained experience in one of the largest Retail Hardware houses in that city. In the spring of last year he visited the Old Country as buyer for the Hardware and Crockery departments.

Mr. Harold is of a retiring nature. His recreations are rather those of the student; although his knowledge of animal life, and his love of horses and dogs afford that out-door element which makes study a physical, as well as a mental benefit. He is only across the threshold of his career, and it needs no prophet to fore-shadow that career as a brilliant and successful one.



St. John's Choral and Orchestral Society—From a Photo taken by J. C. Parsons—at the Methodist College Hall, Feb. 4, 1910.

Conductors: Chas. Hutton, W. Moncrieff Mawer.

Soloists: Miss Gertrude Strang (Soprano), Mrs. J. D. Ryan (Contralto), Mr. W. Moncrieff Mawer (Bartone).

Chorus.—**SOPRANOS:**—Mesdames N. N. Bradley, Walter Clouston, T. Curran, P. J. Dalton, M. Davidson, M. Dwyer, W. Frazer, T. P. Jackman, F. Martin, J. D. Mathieson, Moncrieff Mawer, W. Piery, Rodgers, R. H. Spry, Geo. Somerville, W. H. Tobin, Thomas, Waterman; Misses Aylward, Rose P. Atwill, Helen Adrian, Marion Ayre, Eleanor Barnes, Barrett, May Benedict, Mabel Bowden, Helen Brown, H. A. Burnham, Blatch, May Carter, Bessie Coady, L. Devereux, Duder, Elsie Ellis, Mott F. Ellis, Mollie Fitzpatrick, Mary Gowans, L. Higgins, S. Irving, May Jackman, A. Kavanagh, Laracy, B. V. Ledingham, M. Mott, Kathryn Murphy, M. McKinley, I. B. Noonan, Olive Nurse, M. O'Driscoll, Emily O'Reilly, Theresa Power, C. K. Power, A. Renouf, A. Russell, Ethel M. Searle, Sophie Shaw, Sparks, N. E. Spry; Master S. R. Steele; Misses Laura Short, Gertrude Strang, J. Smyth, Nina A. Tapper, Clarice Taylor, A. F. Templeman, J. Vey, Worrell, N. Wright.

CONTRALTOS:—Mesdames W. F. Butler, L. Curtis, W. G. Gosling, Ed. Murray, J. W. McNeilly, J. D. Ryan, James Thomson; Misses Nellie Barnes, Minnie Bates, Edna Blair, Alice Burnham, Nan Connolly, E. Hughes, A. Ledingham,

Morris, Elsie Smith, M. Steele, E. J. Stirling, Flo. Thomson, H. Maud Vey.

TENORS:—Messrs. F. Aylward, Alex. Bryden, H. J. Cornick, M. J. Donnelly, A. G. Gosling, D. Gordon Grant, Stanley Lumsden, M. F. Murphy, S. March, W. H. Peters, V. J. Ryall, T. P. Smith, M.D., R. G. Smith, J. J. Strang, Hedley Taylor, W. T. Young.

BASSES:—Messrs. H. A. Anderson, H. A. Bastow, F. L. Bradshaw, Gordon Bulley, W. Colley, W. Cornick, H. E. Cowan, W. T. Courtney, James Donnelly, A. G. Gilbb, Fred. E. Haddon, C. Hammond, J. C. Hepburn, R. F. Horwood, H. LeMessurier, H. E. Maunder, A. H. Martin, W. G. Montgomery, Alfred Northfield, Dr. Reay, John L. Slattery, S. Smith, R. H. Spry, O. W. Steele, R. H. Tait, W. Thomas, W. A. Tucker, Chesley Woods, Lloyd Woods, Sydney Woods.

ORCHESTRA:—First Violins—Miss Sybil Johnson, Mr. F. W. Bradshaw. Second Violins—Misses Bradshaw and Warren. Flute—Mr. J. H. Penman. Clarinets—Messrs. T. Fennessy and J. Ryan. Cornets—Messrs. P. O'Grady, H. Neary, T. Fanning, C. O'Keefe. Horn—Mr. Arch. Bully. Timpani—Messrs. C. O'Keefe and T. Halley. At the Grand Organ—Mr. Gordon Christian, L.T.C.I. At the Pianoforte—Mrs. R. F. Horwood. Conductors—Messrs. Charles Hutton and W. Moncrieff Mawer.

“The Southern Shore.”

By I. C. Morris.



HERE is no part of the New World that possesses more imperial links of early history than Newfoundland, and there is no part of Newfoundland that the impress of these links

is more in evidence than the Southern Shore, or the District of Ferryland.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the real spot first colonized in Newfoundland, there remains no doubt whatever that in a general sense, the Southern Shore was settled long before any of the great bays, which lie north and west of it.

In the days of its commercial development, Ferryland was a sort of capital, and the trade of the district was so closely identified with St. John's, that one was almost a rival of the other. There were several reasons for this, the principal reason being the enterprise of the neighbouring hamlets of Renew's, Aquaforte and Fermeuse. Those places, with others adjacent, were among the first to supply St. John's with new fish; and because of this the competition was quite keen in business circles.

During this period many strange and quaint transactions took place; and if some of the history that was made during those halcyon days of the Southern Shore, were compiled and published, it would certainly prove an interesting volume to the



FERRYLAND, FIRST COLONIZED IN 1623.

present generation. We know none too much of this history, nor do we prize it sufficiently. It is the record of perseverance and faith, of industry and fidelity; such as makes empires, and fosters loyalty. From its earliest history the Southern Shore has had connected with it the names of men who stood high in their times, and whose character was admired by their contemporaries. Such men as Calvert, Faulkland, and Kirke, when looked at in their best, give a halo to the work which they accomplished, and add lustre to our early colonization, as well as worth to our more imperial ancestry.

It has been the writer's privilege to see the Southern Shore both by land and water, and from his impressions of it he is grateful to be able to state, that its homesteads stand for comfort and frugality, and its Schools, Presbyteries, and Churches, bespeak of life in its higher and better interpretation. In every place the marks of zeal and toil on the part of devoted men and consecrated women, are to be found; and when all is taken into account, these principles mean more for a community, than the mere getting of dollars and cents.

At the same time we do not wish for a moment to be understood as undervaluing the worth or importance of trade or commerce. No! We really wish to see more of this, as there is room all along this shore for greater expansion of business, and for three times its present population. Even if the fisheries be not prosecuted with any further increase, the possibilities of peat areas and sheep runs, are sufficient to justify such a forecast. Perhaps there have been drawbacks in the past to these newer industries, but now that the district is to be opened up by a railway, it should certainly awaken a keener spirit of enterprise among the people, and tend to develop some of the resources that have so long lain dormant. The railway has transformed the entire conditions of life in Newfoundland, and therefore it is only reasonable to claim that the district of Ferryland will derive equal benefits from this same agency. Its deep indrafts and fine harbours, and comfortable homes, with its many spots of charming scenery, will be the better known, and therefore the better appreciated; and all these things taken together will tend to bring about a better day for Newfoundland from East to West, and North to South. Thus will the faith of those men, and the devotion of those women, who colonized the Southern Shore, be seen in its truer and better light, and the vision of a Baltimore of the seventeenth century, be realized by his successors of the twentieth century.



Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

INTERIOR OF R. C. CHURCH, TOR'S COVE.



Photo by J. C. Parsons.

Hon. M. P. Cashin,

Minister of Finance and Customs.

Member for Ferryland District.

HON. MICHAEL P. CASHIN, our local Chancellor of the Exchequer, was born at Cape Broyle September 29, 1866, was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools and at St. Bonaventure's College, acquired a commercial training in the employ of the late Michael Thorburn, and then went into business on his own account at Cape Broyle, where, by his industry and energy he has built up one of the most successful enterprises in our outports. The ideal of a far-seeing and progressive merchant, his word is his bond, and his achievements are an inspiration to others. He entered political life in 1893 as an Independent Liberal and was elected at the head of the poll in his native district Ferryland, a distinction he has invariably won in each succeeding contest. He is regarded as

unbeatable and in the General Elections of 1904 was the one candidate in the whole Island who was unopposed.

Few men in our public life have "found themselves" so speedily or so completely, as Mr. Cashin. In his case, essentially, the hour produced the man. For many years he had been modestly content to occupy the position of an ordinary private member, speaking very rarely, but always to the point, and being regarded as an authority on fishery matters. When the session of 1905, however, began, and Sir Robert Bond brought in his famous policy for the exclusion of the Americans from baiting privileges and the West Coast herring fishery, Mr. Cashin proved his mettle. He left the Bond party, then thirty strong, and crossed the floor, on which side there were but six men. He beamed almost the head and front of the opposition to the Bond policy; and the occasion demanding readiness of speech, closeness of research and a mastery of the whole question of the North Atlantic Fisheries in their international aspects, he developed a hitherto unsuspected mastery of these matters, and in a single session took rank as one of our foremost debaters and an expert authority on the whole subject. With unerring judgment he pointed out the sequence of events that would follow, and session after session saw his predictions verified. It may be said of him that he galvanized into renewed activity the sentiment in the Island hostile to the Bond Government; and made possible, in a larger measure, the overturn which was witnessed a year ago. He became a merciless critic of the whole policy of that Administration, displayed conspicuous ability as a speaker and a Parliamentarian in the four sessions that ensued, and earned himself a degree of popularity among the people of the whole country, which few of our public men approach to-day. In two or three instances that came to pass during this period, in which his veracity was called into question he was able to prove conclusively his good faith and his truthfulness. His accurate recollection of circumstances which were in dispute won an admission from his critics in each instance of the correctness of the contentions put forward by him. When the Morris Government took office he was entrusted with the portfolio of Finance and a few days ago had the honor of delivering in the Assembly a Budget Speech which is conceded to have been the greatest since Responsible Government was granted to the Island,—a Budget Speech showing the largest in all branches of our revenue that ever has been recorded, and the largest surplus as well, a round quarter million dollars in a single year. Mr. Cashin married Miss Gertie Mullowney, of Witless Bay, daughter of the late Captain Pierce Mullowney, the famous seal killer.



Photo by P. F. Doyle.

A WHALER AT CAPE BROYLE.



Photo by J. C. Parsons

Philip F. Moore,

Member for Ferryland District.

ONE of the most popular men in St. John's is Mr. "Phil" Moore. He is held in universal esteem by people in and out of the city, of all classes and conditions. Educated at the Christian Brothers' School, at an early age he left, and learned the business of plumbing and heating. Having served a term here with the late C. Ellis, he spent some time in the United States, where he made himself familiar with the very latest developments in his trade. He returned to St. John's and in connection with Mr. W. Gough he started the firm of Gough & Moore before the great fire. The firm did a first class business, installing plumbing and heating apparatus in some of the finest buildings erected in the city after 1892. Upon the retirement of Mr. Gough on account of ill health, Mr. Moore in connection with Mr. S. Walsh started the present firm of Moore & Co.

By their skill, moderate prices and superior work, they have now assumed a leading place amongst the plumbing establishments in this city. The firm of which Mr. Moore is chief and managing partner does more work, and employs more help than any similar one in the city. More than the average share of the high class work done in Newfoundland, is performed by Mr. Moore's Company. The last job, the new Gazette Building, with the most modern and up-to-date heating and plumbing appliances, was only finished by them a short time ago.

All the work in the magnificent buildings at Grand Falls, the Log Cabin, and all the principal residences in that town, were done solely by Moore & Company. The work there was so satisfactory that when the new buildings were erected at Bishop's Falls for the A. E. Reed Co., Mr. Moore had no difficulty in securing the contract. As a contractor he has a name for thoroughly reliable work, well done at fair prices.

Socially Mr. Moore is a prime favourite. For over twenty years he has been a prominent member of the Benevolent Irish Society. For several years he has had the honour to sit at the table as a member of the Executive board of that venerable body, in the capacity of Chairman of Review and Correspondence and other offices. Gifted with talent as an amateur actor that would have raised him to a high place in any professional troupe, had he chosen the stage as a profession, he has literally spent himself, and devoted without stint his great talents to the cause of charity. In Irish Comedy he has no equal locally, and his name on any bill is almost sufficient to pack a house. For years he has given all his talent and much of his time to benefit the Schools of the Christian Brothers, and he and other volunteers associated with him, by their successful dramatic efforts, have turned many thousands of dollars into the fund set apart for that purpose by the B. I. S.

In 1908 he, as a colleague of Hon. M. P. Cashin, Minister of Finance, contested the district of Ferryland. Although comparatively unknown to most of the people along the shore he was defeated by only 56 votes. But the pleasing manner, and the manly way in which he fought the election, secured for him hundreds of friends in the District. In the General Election held in the Spring of 1909, he again contested the Ferryland District, and was returned with the handsome plurality of 200.

Mr. Moore is now in his prime; he is a successful mechanic; the representative of an important District; an Officer of the Benevolent Irish Society, and prominent member of many years standing of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society,



RENEW, SOUTHERN SHORE.



AT THE R. C. CHURCH GROUNDS, FERMEUSE.

and possesses great talents as an amateur actor. With all, he is modest and unassuming, but is possessed of all the qualities of head and heart, that go to make the successful business man.

The QUARTERLY hopes that Mr. Moore will live long, and will attain still greater triumphs in business and political circles, in the not very distant future.

M. JULES CHORAT,

Vice-Consul For France in Newfoundland.*

FOR many years the "French Consul" has been recognized, apart from his official duty, as an important factor in our rather restricted social system. He has been welcomed everywhere, and with the exception of the time when the question of French rights in our fishery became very acute, the representative of France has always been a *persona grata* with our people. The present Vice-Consul—M. Jules Joseph Augustin Chorat—bids fair to uphold the best traditions regulating the conduct of the "Gentlemen of France" who have resided in our midst. He is a gentleman of large experience in the diplomatic department of France. M. Jules Chorat is a Licentiate of Law of the University of Paris. In 1895 he was appointed as attaché to the French Consulate General at London; in 1897, Acting Vice-Consul at San Francisco, U.S.A.; Attaché to the French Diplomatic Agency at Cairo, Egypt, in 1900; Acting Consul at Malta; Vice-Consul of First Class to the French Legation at Bucarest, Roumania. He is one of the youngest officers of the French Consular Service, and some time ago was a *promoteur* of the *entente cordiale* near the English governments where he was in duty. At Cairo, he was officially in charge of the Tunisians "Protégés Français" residing in Egypt, and received from the Bey de Tunis the First Class Cross, and in Roumania the Cross-Medal of the King Carol I. He is also Officer of the French Academy.

* PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.—His Majesty the King has been pleased to issue His Exequatur approving Monsieur Jules Joseph Augustin Chorat, as Vice-Consul for France at St. John's, Newfoundland.—*Royal Gazette*.

The Albatross.

By L. Fred. Brown.

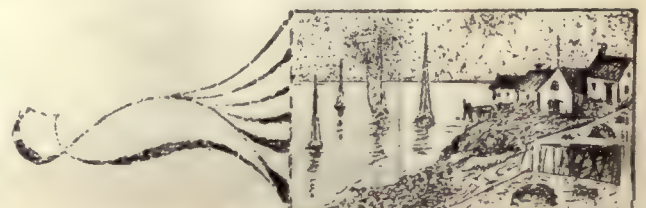
THE ocean wide is my joyous home,
Its waters my bed as I sleep,
My ever wet breast,
By the billows caressed,
Is happy out here on the deep.
The bright-rushing wave breaks o'er me in foam,
Or bears me aloft on its upreared dome;
And the spray and the mist as in flight I roam,
Are friends that I love and keep.

I follow the ship in her stately pride;
And I sleep on the wing as I go
In motionless flight
Through day and through night—
Slowly swerving in curves; while below,
The blue billows languidly dimple and glide
Under winds that are soft as the kiss of a bride—
And the cloudless sky and the waters wide
With sunshine or moonlight glow.

I am happiest when the dread hurricane's blast
Tears the crest from the angry wave,
And drenches my form,
As, in the wild storm,
The face of the mariner brave
Blanches white with a fear too intense to last,
While the rended sail and the broken mast
Go over the side 'mid the tumult vast,
And the wind and the waters rave.

Or I sleep on the deep amidst the surge
Of waves all wild and high,
That ruthlessly toss
Their albatross,
I rock to the lullaby
That fills the night with a lonely dirge,
As voices of winds and of mad waters merge,
And moan to all the horizon's verge
In an endless sob and sigh.

Remote, I float—a sea-hermit bird,
Where the wraith-like petrels fly,
Or I soar as the roar of the billows is heard
'Neath a stern or a sun-kissed sky.
I'm a child of the wild: and the solemn sea
Is a turbulent world of delight to me.
If I lived on the land an exile I'd be:
. And the wave is my grave when I die.





William Hazlitt.



By Joseph E. Ray.



AM glad that I never knew William Hazlitt in the flesh, for he was a most "unclubable" sort of fellow. To use a slang phrase, you never knew when you had got him. In spirit we are on excellent terms. When a man with no better moral credentials than his entered the front door of my life I suppose I ought immediately to have pushed him out through the back. Well, when you have given Swift a comfortable chair near the fireside, you cannot very well refuse to entertain Hazlitt, although Swift's moral delinquencies are in his works, and not, so far as we know, in his life. But, of course, if you decide to test your literary guests by a moral standard before entertaining them, you need not anticipate a very large company.

I wish with all my heart that Hazlitt had remained with Charles and Mary Lamb. Like Coleridge, however, he must tie himself to the apron-strings of the wrong woman. Do not ask me to name the right woman; I was never very clever at charades. Want of sympathy between them was the stumbling-block to their domestic happiness. Charles Lamb said he would like to see Hazlitt marry Miss Stoddart that he might enjoy the joke. Doubtless he did enjoy the joke, for he laughed so loudly at the marriage ceremony that he was several times on the point of being ejected. Lamb little knew that tears would have been more appropriate. According to Hazlitt's grandson, "Never was there a worse-matched pair. If they had not happened to marry, if they had continued to meet at the Lamb's, as of old, or at her brother's, they would have remained probably the best of friends. She would have appreciated better his attainments and genius, . . . but there was a sheer want of sympathy from the first set-out. They married after studying each other's characters very little, and observing very little how their tempers were likely to harmonise, I believe that Mr. Hazlitt was physically incapable of giving his affections to a single object. His wife had not much pretence for quarrelling with him on the ground of former attachments still lingering in his thoughts, and keeping his affections in a state of tangle, for she too had had her little love affairs, and had accepted him only when her other suitors broke faith." I think the secret of the rupture is to be traced to that "explosion of frenzy" as DeQuincey calls it, when the face of Sarah Walker, a tailor's daughter, set Hazlitt's brain in a whirl. A full account of this episode is to be found running through the lines of *Liber Amoris*. He once confessed that Rousseau's *Confessions*, and the *New Eloise* gave him the happiest years of his life, and the confession should be read into this truant of his passion. He was so overwhelmed by this insane passion that if he met twenty people in one day he would entertain their ears with a recital of the whole love story. In conversation with Barry Cornwall, he said "I am a cursed fool. I saw J— going into Wills' Coffee-house yesterday morning; he spoke to me. I followed him into the house, and whilst he lunched I told him the whole story. Then I wandered into Regent's Park, where I met one of M—'s sons. I walked with him some time, and on his using some civil expression, by Jove, sir, I told him the whole story. Well, sir, I then went and called on Haydon, but he was out. There was only his man, Salmon, there; but by Jove! I could not help myself. It all came out; the whole cursed story. Afterwards I went to look at some lodgings at

Pimlico. The landlady said very kindly 'I am afraid you are not very well, sir?' 'No, ma'am,' said I, 'I am not well,' and on enquiring further, the devil take me if I did not let out the whole story from beginning to end."

Naturally, a divorce followed this incident, only to be followed "a little month" afterwards by Hazlitt's marriage to a lady named Bridgwater, with whom he spent a year on the Continent, but who refused to return to England with him, preferring the quiet and beauty of Switzerland to the inevitable tumult of an irascible and uncompanionable husband.

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Hazlitt was as happy as it is possible for a man to be who has chosen to live to himself. His last words were—"Well, I have had a happy life;" and in spite of his being a disappointed man in many respects, we have every reason to believe him. He sought and found his happiness in his own heart. He was a sentimentalist, though not of the same type as Rousseau. His sensibility was so keen that every mood of nature struck in him a responsive chord; his intellect so refined that every form of art found in him a votary; his ear so delicate that every harmonious phrase in the classics seemed stored away in some corner of his memory. Painting, sculpture, philosophy, poetry, and nature were the only things for which he thought life worth the living. "I have loitered my life away," he says, "reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleases me best." On his way to Nether Stowey to spend a few days with Coleridge, he passed through the Vale of Llangollen, the delightful scenery of which left upon his senses an indelible impression. "The Vale of Llangollen," so he wrote, "was to me (in a manner) the cradle of a new existence; in the river that winds through it my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon." This was in his youthful days when he sighed for an utterance that would not come. Later, however, the utterance came, and with what effect can be gathered from his letter on *The Love of the Country*. He never sought the crowded city. "Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three hours' march to dinner, and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy." Happy Hazlitt!

"Whenever Hazlitt was stirred to his depth," says Augustine Birrell, "we may discern Wordsworth moving on the face of the waters." The criticism is just if it means that Hazlitt was as susceptible as Wordsworth to the beauties of nature; but it is unjust if it means that Hazlitt's source of inspiration was the poetry of Wordsworth rather than the poetry of nature.

HIS SUPREME GIFT.

Hazlitt was never certain of his vocation. He hardly dreamed of being an essayist. If he had any penchant to a definite vocation, it was that of a painter. But not even his studies at the Louvre, nor the hints from his brother John could prevent his painting Coleridge so that he looked "like a horse-stealer on his trial;" nor from depicting Wordsworth as "a man upon the gallows-tree deeply affected by a fate he felt to be deserved." The only portrait he left of any value is the one of his friend Charles Lamb, now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery. His supreme gift was that of criticism. His defects have been pointed out by Richard Garnett; but in spite of these there is

none bold enough to question his right to the eminence on which he stands in the sphere of criticism. Moreover, he wrote everything out of his own head. He would be the last to assume the authorship of the Rowley Poems, or to follow the example of James Macpherson. Only once was he guilty of plagiarism; that was when he cribbed from Coleridge for his character of Pitt. Not even Charles Lamb had a greater store of classic quotation. And a peculiarity of his is the expression of his own ideas through the medium of classic quotations. Coleridge's judgment did not betray him when he measured the interior of young Hazlitt's head by the appearance of the exterior. There was no head in literature in those days, either internally or externally, that he need wish to exchange for his own.

His criticism of Burke, and Fox are indispensable to those who wish to know the characters of these two great men. There is a vigour in his language that reveals a genuine eloquence; and every stroke of his pen informs us of the depth of his perception. There is no seeking after rhetorical effect; but an idiomatic, and masculine expression is the characteristic of his

style. His opinions on art, literature, and manners are deserving of a more numerous class of readers. Why he was never popular, and is still known only to the elect few is one of those mysteries that baffle solution. Heine thought his mind not only brilliant, but deep; a judgment still endorsed by those who are considered capable of expressing an opinion.

Mr. Alexander Ireland, one of the best critics of Hazlitt, writes of him—"His works are full of spirit and vivacity, and there is at the same time an intensity and vividness of conception which embodies ideas that are so volatile and fugitive as to escape the grasp of a slower, though even profounder intellect. He has fine sensibility, great imaginative power, remarkable acuteness of intellect, and a masterly gift of expression. His beauties are procured by a great expenditure of thinking, and some of his single strokes and flashes reveal more to the reader's understanding than whole pages of an ordinary author. He is the most suggestive of writers."

This last phrase I think conveys to us the pith of Hazlitt's worth. Not only does he think for us: he directs our minds to undiscovered avenues of thought.



SHOW-ROOMS ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT CO.



A FINE HEAD.



Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.]

GAULTOIS, FORTUNE BAY.

❁ Carnegie Medals. ❁



N esteemed correspondent in THE QUARTERLY Christmas Number, 1907, describing the wreck of the Norwegian ship *Snorre*, at Bonavista, concluded a graphic description with these words:—

“These plain fishermen, in a most trying ordeal, did their duty.

“They saw it and did it without any hope or thought of reward.

“But it is our duty to see that their noble act, will not sink into oblivion.

“If there be medals for distribution for conspicuous bravery, here is a chance for the donors to honour themselves, by pinning them on the manly breasts of those brave men of Bonavista.”

We are glad to record, that Sir W. McGregor, the then Governor, upon reading our recommendation, interested himself and secured Humane Medals for three of the most prominent of the rescue party.

Sir William journeyed specially to Bonavista to personally present the medals, and the whole town was *en fete* and a public holiday proclaimed. The only drawback was, that there were only three medals instead of three score.

If every man in Bonavista, who risked, or was ready to risk his life, on that memorable occasion, got his deserts, three score medals would not have been too many to reward them.

But these brave, simple folk were not working for medals that dreadful night; they were responding to what appeared to them as their clearly defined duty.

From the very nature of their avocations, they as a matter of habit, render that service to their fellows in distress, which they themselves would unsolicited receive, under similar unfortunate circumstances.

But all the same the presentation of the medals, was a pleasing recognition, those brave men fully appreciated.

There are hundreds of nearly similar cases happening every year, all around the coasts of the Island; some of them we hear of, and many others are never recorded.

Occasionally we read in the local papers accounts of touching incidents; one day perhaps a card of thanks from the master of a ship, to the inhabitants of some fishing village, who had rescued him and his crew, dried and fed them, and then sent them on their way rejoicing: another day it is that a boats' crew at the risk of their lives, had set out from the shore to aid a crew, whose ship was drifting from her moorings. They help the crew to secure their vessel and as the storm is increasing as the daylight wanes, they take the crew in their skiff at the imminent risk of their lives, bring them ashore to their homes, take care of them while the tempest rages, and rejoice with them in the morning to find the ship riding safely at her anchors.

Last fall several cases were reported where men jumped over the wharves to rescue people in danger of drowning, one in particular, where teamster O'Brien after walking down to Portugal Cove with a van full of goods for Bell Island, jumped off the pier at the Cove, and rescued a boy, who was just gone. He then unloaded his goods and drove back to town on his dray, and counted it all in the day's work.

The reward in all these cases, was a three line item in the evening papers:

But they do these things better in the United States.

We read in the official report, that at the regular fall meeting,

last year, of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, fifty persons in Canada and the United States, were rewarded with gold, silver and bronze medals, and with money to the amount of thirty two thousand dollars.

Twenty-two awards went to residents of Ohio for bravery displayed during a great flood that devastated a part of that State.

What is referred to as “probably the most sensational act of bravery,” was that of a merchant named Haley Woods, who during the floods in 1907, rescued two men and a woman from almost certain death, when he rowed a flat-bottomed boat through a wild current into the second-storey window of a half-submerged house, carrying his rescued fellow-citizens ashore and safely landing them.”

Mr. Woods was presented with a cheque for one thousand dollars and a silver medal.

Without knowing if there were any peculiarly dangerous circumstances in connection with this rescue, and without detracting from the courageous action of Mr. Woods, but judging from the meagre facts before us,—which may be incomplete,—and in comparison with the risks incurred daily on our coasts, Mr. Wood's adventure looks like the kind of thing that our young fishermen do, when they go a-sky-larking.

No doubt the judges satisfied themselves that the recipient did a brave act and thereby saved three valuable lives, and that he deserved the honours and emoluments awarded to him.

That was Mr. Carnegie's object in founding this fund, and when a man shows himself “ready to lay down his own life to save a brother,” no reward is too great for him.

If Mr. Wood deserved one thousand dollars for his act of bravery, how much did the men of Bonavista deserve, for going down over Canaille rock, one of the darkest and most tempestuous nights in the memory of man, and rescuing the crew of the Norwegian ship?

Our American cousins are great people for advertising, and if they do not get their share of any medals or money offered for heroism, it will not be for lack of publicity.

It is understood that the Hero Fund, is just as applicable to Newfoundland as it is to Canada and United States. The fund is there only awaiting meritorious claims. Our fishermen, hundreds of times, during the year, perform many acts of bravery that entitle them to the benefits of the fund.

The query arises then, why do they not benefit by Mr. Carnegie's generosity? The answer is because it is nobody's business to bring such matters before the Commission, and further it may be said of our average fisherman, as Kipling said of Bobs, “he doesn't advertise.”

Last year, as has been already pointed out, several rescues were recorded in the local papers, for which the participants were and are entitled to both medals and money from the Hero Fund.

We are of opinion, that some one should be specially nominated, say the Department of Marine and Fisheries, to investigate any conspicuous acts of bravery performed by our fishermen in the future, and be the official channel through which those eligible, who, like the generality of our country-men are too modest to blazon their own claims, ought to get suitable recognition, in the shape of medals or other rewards, that are going and begging for claimants.

And every member of the House of Assembly in whose district any heroic rescue is accomplished, should see to it that his constituents share in the honour and glory that come easily to other brave men in Canada and United States.

If fifty medals were awarded to residents of the United States for heroic deeds performed during a few months in one year, surely Newfoundlanders ought to be entitled to some also.

It is incomprehensible, if some of the many brave deeds that we see recorded in the local papers from time to time, do not come within the scope of the Hero Fund.

If we depend on our fishermen to come forward and claim rewards for meritorious deeds, performed while in pursuit of their ordinary avocation,—then for the future there will be no more medals coming this way, than did in the past.

By drawing attention to the Bonavista heroes, the QUARTERLY helped to get these brave men suitable recognition, and we now

respectfully call the attention of the authorities to the published awards of the Hero Fund, and urge, that if the machinery does not exist at present in the Department of Marine and Fisheries, for the systematic enquiry of the claims of our fishermen on this fund, that steps be taken to remedy the deficiency.

We are of opinion that if there were twenty-two medals awarded for brave acts performed by a river flooding in Ohio, there must be a great many medals due Newfoundland for acts of bravery performed on our coast from year to year, especially when the storm king rides the tempest on the unfriendly North Atlantic.

Now that the matter has been mooted, we hope the authorities will look into it; and further that THE QUARTERLY will be in a position, in the not distant future, to publish the photos, and record the deeds of the winners of the first batch of Carnegie Medals in Newfoundland.

❖ A Local Literature. ❖

By Cambriol.



OME references to a purely "local" literature, in recent numbers of THE QUARTERLY, show that we are beginning to wake up and get ambitious.

An eminent English man of letters, travelling in the United States last year, was greatly impressed with the dominant "American" tone that pervaded everything published, fiction, poetry and the drama, and confesses that at a leading theatre, where the rendition of a certain play, was given

by the greatest American artists, there were times when he did not fully understand what was being said, so different was the language from what he had been accustomed to.

The Canadians, too, are beginning to talk about their literature, and Professor MacMechan, of Dalhousie University, in a very exhaustive and learned essay on the question: "Have we a (Canadian) literature?" says:—

"The fact that this question is asked in my title for the hundredth time, the fact that it has been asked by many voices in varying keys of eager shrillness for thirty years and more are, to the judicious mind, strong proofs that Canada is still in the nervous, half-grown, hobbled stage of nationhood. A nation does not ask itself this question except in its salad days. When it attains its full stature and strength, the literature comes; for a literature is simply the voice of a people, the most sympathetic and complete expression of the national life. Like many other good things, it does not come with observation. The spirit that creates it moves like the wind when and as it lists. We cannot evoke a literature by taking thought. There is no spell to call it forth. Wealth, leisure, patronage, encouragement are one and all impotent to raise it up. Now, Canada, though growing, has not yet attained her growth, and she is perfectly aware that she cannot take her place among the nations by virtue of her natural resources and her material progress, her capacity for growing wheat, building railways, rearing cities. Before she can be admitted to her rightful throne among the Powers, she must come bearing in her hands the credential of literature and art. Therefore, with the ambition of youth, she has been looking rather anxiously in every quarter and asking herself with some agitation, "Dear me! where has my literature been lost or misplaced? Why does it delay its coming?"

This while dealing with matters Canadian, seems to answer pretty well, the question why we have not a local literature. Still when one comes to analyze the reasons, why up to date, we have no local literature, none with a purely and distinctly

characteristic note, as would naturally be expected from a race, who lives near and by the sea, it is not an easy question to settle.

We have had singers from the days of Quigley, over a century ago, down to the present time; and some of them indeed have sung songs of Newfoundland.

It may be that it is only the lack of proper selection and editing, that accounts for the absence from our tables, book shelves, and schools, of a book that would be typical of our Island home.

It is not for want of inspiration in our environment, for the contrary has been proved by Rudyard Kipling in *Captains Courageous*, one of the most powerful of his works, with the scenes laid in Newfoundland waters, with the personnel drawn from our fishermen. And later J. B. Connolly the talented American writer in his graphic tales of the fishers on the Grand Banks—many of them with "Newfoundland men and Cape Shore men" for their heroes,—rivals, and in some cases perhaps surpasses the most brilliant and thrilling descriptions of Kipling.

There are others who have written tales and sketches of the yearnings, emotions, adventures and romances of the hardy fishers, but while they have portrayed sympathetic and faithful pictures up to a certain point, the *tout ensemble* has lacked something,—that mysterious tone, note, colour, or other intangible *something*, that distinguishes genius from the common-place,—that makes a Briton of Newfoundland different from a Briton in Great Britain, Canada, Australia or New Zealand.

Two brothers leaving any part of the Old Country and one going say to Australia, and one to Newfoundland, would tend to illustrate this,—the sons of these men born in different climes, and being of the same blood, descendants of people with British customs and habits, would grow up as dissimilar almost as men of different races.

Their aims and ambitions, work and play, their habits of thought, their accent and even their very facial appearance, would in all probability be very dissimilar.

It appears that the Australians realizing this, have begun to establish a literature with a note peculiarly Australian.

Victor Daley one of their leading poets, has voiced the Australian sentiment in these lines:—

No vintage alien,
For thee or me,
Our fount Castalian
Of poesy
Shall wine Australian,
None other be.

The proof that the sentiment all over Australia, is in the fact, that the local literature is devoured, and gets ready market throughout the Commonwealth. Henry Lawson another Australian singer published a volume of poems called, "In the days when the world was wide"—within a few months, his publishers sold over six thousand copies, and of A. B. Patterson's "Man from Snowy River," four editions were printed in less than six months.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

"It is clear," says an exchange, "that the lays of this school of Australian singers touch the heart of the public. Their inspiration is drawn entirely from their own land. It is the dawn of the Golden Age in Australia. the first on-sweeping rush of the treasure-seekers, and the resulting struggles of the pioneers, which give them worthy themes, such as have a deep and very real significance to our brothers under the Southern Cross.

The stately ships came sailing
From every harbour's mouth,
And sought the land of promise
That beacons in the South.

The story of Eureka Stockade ("Roll up, Eureka's heroes, on that grand Old Rush afar," sings Lawson) is as thrilling for the true Colonial as is the Magna Charta struggle for us "at home"; the wanderings of Burke and Wills, of Leichhardt and the rest, are as moving for the Australian as the undying narrative of Sir Francis Drake's enterprise."

"GRAFTER" POETS.

"It has always seemed to me that Rudyard Kipling must have had in mind the deeds of such men when he wrote "The Explorer" and certain stanzas of "The Song of the English." Paterson touches the same note when he tells of "The First Surveyor":

He followed up and blazed the trees, to show the safest track,
Then drew his belt another hole and turned and started back.

The lays of the Commonwealth's laureates rouse an echo in the hearts of their brethren because they are so essentially human, because they tell of the work of men under a wide sky. And the men who write are real flesh-and-blood "grafters," not mystic visionaries. Brady, Australia's sailor-poet, has spent years before the mast; Lawson, a coach-painter by trade, is a born tramp, has worked at the gold-fields, and has "humped his bluey" in every state; Paterson has wandered all over the Southern Continent. And so the men scattered over the lonely "stations," the men on the solitary "selections," the men who have served their time far out from the towns, know that they are reading the real thing, and not the professional jottings of of the impressionist journalist on tour.

The bell is set a-ringing, and the engine gives a toot,
There's five and thirty shearers here are shearing for the loot,
So stir yourselves, you penners-up, and shove the sheep along,
The musterers are fetching them a hundred thousand strong.

Thus Paterson begins "Shearing at Castlereagh." Not inspired verse, perhaps, but just what will wake a responsive chord in in the hundreds of native-born who have been out for the wool-harvest. "A Bushman's Song," "Up the Country," "The Travelling Post-office," "Jack Dunn of Nevertire," "The Wal-laby Track"—these titles, chosen at random from the verses of Lawson, Ogilvie,—and Paterson, illustrate the argument that Australia's poets appeal to their fellows because they write tune-fully of the land of their birth and its everyday scenes and incidents."

MELANCHOLY AND HUMOROUS.

"Through all their volumes one may trace an underlying note of mournfulness almost; not despondency, not pessimism, but a feeling which owes its origin to the fact that the men have wandered over wide spaces of lonely land, and have imbibed something of that wistful melancholy which comes through camping under the open sky at night. It is the very bigness and mightiness of Nature which has left its impress on their hearts:

Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories,
The breeze in the myalls,
Are part of these stories.
The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever.

But do not let it be thought for moment that the Colonial poet lacks a sense of humour. Read Lawson's "Poets of the Tomb," for instance; or "Those Names," "An Idyll of Dandaloo," or "The Last Trump" of Paterson. The story of "Saltbush Bill" is in many a book of recitations, and nothing funnier, of its kind, has every been written. And how may Colonial farmers have echoed, half bitterly:

It's grand to be a squatter
And sit upon a post,
And watch your little ewes and lambs
A-giving up the ghost.
It's grand to be a rabbit
And breed till all is blue,
And then to die in heaps because
There's nothing left to chew.

THE HORSE.

"Ogilvie and Paterson, when they sing the steed, are without peer.

We're steering straight
For the Golden Gate,

And we may as well ride as walk,

is the way they express it. "The Silent Squadron," "A Draft from Tringadee," "The Riding of the Rebel," and such pieces show Ogilvie at his best—a lilt and swing to his lines, a picturesque colour and setting which carry the reader along with him and make him smile when he thinks of

My beautiful! My beautiful! that standest meekly by.

It is not the "beautiful steed," not the posed-before-a camera kind of quadruped, that these men love to extol. No; the blood pulses when "the colt from old Regret" is away up the hills:

He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—
There was courage in his quick, impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the carriage of his proud and lofty head."

THE MASTER SINGER.

"An encouraging factor for the native-born bard is that his work finds a ready market in a certain section of the Press. There are a number of weekly journals, of which the *Sydney Bulletin* is the best-known, which circulate through all parts of Australia and Maoriland. Journals such as the *Brisbane Boomerang*, the *Town and Country Journal*, and the *New Zealand Mail* are read not only in the towns, but they filter through the nearer settlements to far-away "stations" lone "selections," and prospectors' camps till they are thumbed to bits. This is the wide-scattered public to which the rhymes on the poets' page ring true. And is there a master singer who has served as model for these men of the Southland? Again and again, as one reads their lays, the truth is clear that, even if he has not set them agog, at any rate Mr. Kipling has shown them the measure."

It will be observed that if the "Singers of the Southland," strike a characteristic note and voice the varying sentiments and aspirations of a scattered people, they find ready at hand, an appreciative and sympathetic audience. The Australians not only read, but what is more to the point, they buy and pay for songs, and thus give practical encouragement to the makers of their local literature. With us, the day the writer appears, who will touch the hearts of the people, and portray with the seeing eye, and the golden voice, the mystery of the sea in its calm and anger; the emotions of the lookout or helmsman on a close-reefed schooner running for shelter, on the rising of a storm, or rounding one of the many dangerous headlands on a dark, dreary, foggy night, without accurate knowledge of his whereabouts,—trusting to that extra sense possessed in a large degree by our people, which is surer than science, and trustier than the magnetic needle,—or describe fittingly and truly, the thousand and one other striking incidents that happen almost daily in the lives of our fishermen in pursuit of their calling, that day will be the beginning of our enlightenment.

We will all then see the possibilities of the magnificent material, we have close at hand, and the interest thus aroused, will be exercised not only in the encouragement of a local literature, but will help to create a taste for literature in general.



The S. S. Florizel.

The S.S. *Florizel*, Capt. A Kean, arrived to Messrs. Bowring Bros. Friday, April 1st, having on board the greatest number of seals and the heaviest weight of fat on record. The *Florizel* have 49,000 harps. Her cargo will net \$96,000, and her crew will share about \$150. The *Florizel* left St. John's for the seal-fishery at 6 p.m., March 12, and had a number of passengers, including: Messrs. H. Winter, H. Outerbridge, E. Bowring, Chas. P. Ayre, H. Harvey, and Captain Winsor.



The S.S. Bellaventure.

As we go to press Saturday, April 2, the S. S. *Bellaventure*, Captain Knee, is reported to have 40,000 seals—the second largest load for 1910. The *Bellaventure* was in the ice with the *Florizel*, and is expected to arrive soon to Messrs. A. Harvey & Co.

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OUR SPRING NUMBER

is a fair specimen of our work; we have nearly doubled the number of last years issue, and **increased the number of pages.**

We propose, during the coming year, making an extra endeavour to place THE QUARTERLY in the **homes of all Newfoundlanders** both at home and abroad. To aid us in so doing, and to secure the co-operation of our many readers, we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1910:


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will be issued as under:—

- 1.—At the Registrar General's Office, Departmental Building, Duckworth Street, every day, except Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- 2.—At No. 128 Gower Street on Saturdays from 8 to 9 p.m., and on Sundays, in cases of emergency only, from 2 to 3 p.m.

E. DOYLE,

Registrar General.

Registrar General's Office, Feb. 18, 1910.

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Technical Education!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Government has arranged, with a view to encourage Industrial Education amongst the working men of this Colony, that Engineers, Artisans, Mechanics, and Apprentices may continue to be admitted, at specially reduced fees to study in the night classes of the School of Art, such courses of Technical Drawing as may be required in their various industries.

These classes will re-open October 6th, 1909. All information as to hours, fees, etc., may be obtained of Prof. Nichols, Hon. Secretary of the School. Early application is advisable.

A. W. PICCOTT,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
November 5th, 1909.

NOTICE!

THE ATTENTION of Schooner Owners are called to Sections 5, 8 and 9 of the Harbor Regulations, which state that vessels anchored shall have a person on board to take care of them by day and night, and shall also leave sufficient fair way for the movements of other vessels, etc.

If the above Sections are not complied with, action will be taken against parties violating the Regulations.

EDWARD ENGLISH,
Harbor Master.

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W. G. GOSLING,

Hon. Secretary, St. John's.



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A Salmon Fishing Trip to Newfoundland.

By J. G. Taylor.

[The following very interesting article, with illustrations, is published by the courtesy of the Editor of *Rod and Gun in Canada*.]



THE party consisted of three: Mr. Vanderpool from New York; Mr. Comyn, of St. John, N. B.; and Mr. Samson from Ottawa.

Mr. Vanderpool is a man of leisure and much lucre, who spends much of his time in the pursuit of pleasure. In person he resembles a lithe Othello. He is a keen sportsman who has travelled the world over, and knows all there is to know of salmon fishing, tarpon fishing and most other sports.

Mr. Comyn is a successful Hardware Merchant and Manufacturer, whose busy, prosperous life has left him little time for sport. This was his first essay at salmon fishing, but his enthusiasm, energy, perseverance and aptitude soon made of

A brief sketch of the journey of the two remaining fishermen from St. John may prove of interest to others contemplating a like quest. Starting from St. John, N. B., on the 17th of June, they arrived at Truro, N. S., next morning. There they had ample time for breakfast and a bath at a comfortable hotel near the railway station, before seeing their baggage, rod cases, etc., transferred to that portion of the railroad which runs to North Sydney, Cape Breton, which they reached on the evening of the same day. Finding they had miscalculated the date when that beautiful and comfortable steamer the *Bruce* leaves North Sydney for Port aux Basque, they spent one day at Sydney where, through the courtesy of Mr. Jones, the Manager, they were shown over the magnificent works of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. I shall not attempt a description of these works further than to say they employ some two thousand four hundred hands, and that the visitors saw the manufacture of steel

rails, wire rods, etc., from the molten metal to the finished product. What most struck them was the automatic way in which the huge machines did their work, with only a few men here and there touching an electric button or easily handling some large lever. The men just seemed to touch the buttons and the machinery did the rest.

The following evening saw the two fishermen and their baggage on board the *Bruce* on their way to Port-aux-Basque, Newfoundland.

The distance is 102 miles and this was covered during the night while they slept in the comfortable berths provided on board this magnificent steamship. Arriving at Port-aux-Basque about half past seven in the morning, they at once proceeded to "pass" their rods, whiskey, etc., at the Customs office on the wharf. The duty on the rods is refunded on the outward journey provided the rods are brought out. Not so that on the whiskey (30 cents a bottle) which is not usually brought out. These formalities having been disposed of, and their stuff on the way to the waiting Reid's Railway train, they started at half-past eight on their railway trip to Doyle's Station, which, by the way is

not a station but a platform with Mr. Doyle's general store alongside. This platform they reached after a journey of about an hour, breakfasting meantime on board on beautifully cooked, fresh codfish, coffee, rolls, etc., at a moderate figure.

The genial Doyle met them, and arranged for the transfer of their goods to his hotel, a mile away, from which it is carted then or later, as one may wish, to the river bank about a quarter of a mile further.

Samson, having previously arranged, through the courteous assistance of Mr. Doyle for the engagement of his old guide, Medric Aucoin, was told that Medric had just gone up the river to the camping ground with their tents which had preceded them. Arrived at Doyle's they awaited his return for the transportation of themselves, their rods and other chattels. At Doyle's which is a most comfortable place, they found Mrs. Doyle, hearty as ever with a beaming welcome, and a brimming pitcher of buttermilk for Samson's special delectation—and such buttermilk one seldom sees! Then Maggie, the maid, appeared on the scene, when the gentleman of Falstaffian proportions immediately succumbed to Maggie's charms, and



PLACID, JOHN, TOM, VANDERPOOL (IN THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR), COMYN, MEDRIC.

him no mean follower of the illustrious Izaak. In person and complexion he resembled his Scottish namesake, the Red Comyn of the days of Bruce.

Mr. Samson, the third member of the party, is of Falstaffian proportions and when at home pursues his peaceful way within the precincts of the Public Works Department at the capital of the Dominion. On several previous occasions he and Mr. Vanderpool had made successful visits to the great Codroy River, their present objective point. This time Mr. Vanderpool had preceded the party, taking with him a stock of supplies, tents, and a full camping outfit. Prior to the arrival of the other two members he had established himself, a guide, and a cook on the banks of the Cascade Pool.

In passing it may be mentioned that fishing in Newfoundland is free to all, but there is a sort of unwritten law, recognized by all comers, that a pool, or even pools, camped upon is the exclusive property of the campers during their stay. Thus Mr. Vanderpool secured a place for himself and his two friends on a charming spot facing the River and the then (20th of June) snow tipped Table Mountains, some three miles away.

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S.S. "ROSALIND"—RED CROSS LINE.

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COMYN AND HIS FIRST FISH, 13 LBS., JUNE, 1909.

developed a desire to have his boots blackened, which Maggie promptly avowed her willingness to do. This performance seemed to afford Comyn and other frivolous spirits then staying at Doyle's so much amusement that it was concluded behind closed doors to the satisfaction of Samson if not that of Maggie also. So well did Maggie's shine suit him, that on several occasions he showed a strong desire to desert the salmon pools, and seek the seclusion of Maggie's kitchen for a repetition of the performance. Needless to say, Maggie is a good girl, capable and pretty with a strong liking for innocent fun and frolic. The whole air pervading Doyle's is that of good camaraderie. Doyle's is the chief point on the lower portion of the Great Codroy where fishermen stop, before going to camping points further up the river. There also stay a number of the older sports, not wishing to undertake the more strenuous life under canvas; and from there they make predatory descents on the more adjacent pools at what is known as the Tidewater. The word predatory is used because usually some incautious or inexperienced fisherman camps on these tidewater pools; and if he is unwise, as he sometimes is, and endeavours to retain possession of the whole four or five pools, his rights under the unwritten law already mentioned, are apt to be disregarded by these old sports from Doyle's who have to get fishing within measureable distance of Mrs. Doyle's hospitable and well appointed board. The writer's advice to intending campers on the Codroy is, to go a few miles further up the river which contains many good pools, and so far has not been overcrowded. There was during this and previous years plenty of room for everybody. There are a few permanent camps on the river.

One at the Overfall pools is owned by a Mr. Whitman of Boston, who with his sons occupied it intermittently. Another is owned by Mr. Doyle at the Cascade or Rock Pools, but remained unoccupied this year. The Cascade pools are about two and a half miles above Doyle's, while the Overfall pools are about two miles above that again. At the latter a neat railway platform was built by its previous owner, that veteran sport the late Mr. J. de Wolfe Spurr, and there the train stops at the request of fishermen who wish to embark or disembark at that point. Good pools are situate above and below this, amongst the good ones below being what is known as Redbank.

After this digression (which some readers may find useful) we shall return to our Mr. Comyn and Mr. Samson, whom we left at Doyle's awaiting the return of Medric and his boat. The latter was so small, that when our friend Samson got seated therein, his companion Comyn compared him to Presi-

dent Taft in a pony carriage. It was an utter impossibility for this little craft to convey the dunnage and the fishermen at the same time. Therefore Medric again left with the bulk of the baggage. How he successfully "poled" such a load to camp remains a mystery. Returning he brought with him Mr. Vanderpool's boat and guide (Tom Ryan) a man of muscular proportions, who stands six feet two inches in his socks. While Medric took the remaining portion of their baggage, this giant started with Comyn and Samson up river, but Samson's 241 lbs. and Comyn's 180 proved too much in the rapids even for him. So Comyn was put ashore to await Medric and his cockle shell, while Samson was with some difficulty "poled" up to camp. Looking back he could see Medric's ineffectual struggle with the stream which ended in Comyn's disembarkation at the difficult spots and re-embarkation beyond them. Samson received a warm welcome from his old friend Vanderpool and in consideration of his usual exertions in reaching camp had to sample some of the "stream" accompanied by the inevitable "chin chin" toast of his friend, which is said to mean "May you have all you desire!" Weary and footsore Comyn, a little later, climbed the bank and was rejuvenated by a similar method.

Placid, the cook, and Vanderpool had succeeded prior to the arrival of Comyn and Samson in setting up their tents which, with the aid of some partially dry boughs, as a foundation for beds, were prepared for their first night in camp.

Justice being done to a dinner of soup, bread, bacon and eggs, potatoes and coffee served under the trees on a table made from box lids, etc., a huge camp fire was started, opposite which the three sat on rustic seats made from nearby material; Samson being especially honoured by the production of a huge rustic easy chair suited to his size, and into which he was ceremoniously installed as "President," and duly acknowledged the honor bestowed on him.

Somewhat later in the evening he recited "St. Peter and the Golden Gate" while Comyn contributed some lurid stories and Vanderpool broke into song. This was only a sample of succeeding evenings which usually ended with a "doch an doris" and a lantern to their respective tents late in the night, sometimes in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." But these late hours did not mean they slept late the following morning. They were up betimes, bathed, breakfasted, and on the river by eight or nine, sometimes earlier.

Suitable clothing for a stay on the Codroy may here be mentioned. Summer clothing even in June or July would be utterly useless. The thickest of thick winter underclothing will prove none too warm. As already mentioned, snow lies in patches on the nearby Table mountains and during the nights the thermometer frequently drops below the freezing point. On the morning of the 23rd of June one of the party getting up early broke the ice on a pail of water before performing his morning ablutions. It is true the ice was not very thick, but it was there.



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Sleeping bags add greatly to the comfort of campers on this river as the party discovered. Their sleeping bags were delayed on the way and only reached them after two nights in camp, during which time they suffered severely from the intense cold of the night. Comyn declared he froze one of his hands by leaving it outside the blankets. On that morning also Samson's portly figure shewed an increase in rotundity, which was caused by his encasement in no less than four flannel shirts, but he declared he was no more than comfortably warm when so clad.

Flies, outside of fishing flies, were not much in evidence this year, excepting during the few fairly warm days; and on these days a smudge made of crumbled paper inside of an empty tomato can, the crumbles filled with Dalmatian powder, lighted and placed in the middle of the tents so successfully disposed of the mosquitoes that nettings over the beds were unnecessary. "No touch-em" dope rubbed on the face, hands and arms afforded sufficient protection outside the tents.

Comyn's invention of a break wind made of cotton from Doyle's was a new feature. This wind break was useful for various purposes, one of which was a notable increase of flies immediately behind its shelter. Another was a distinct tendency to cause the smoke to back up on those about the camp fire.



SAMSON AND FISH, JUNE, 1909.

Various suggestions were offered as remedy for these slight inconveniences, amongst others, one that it be placed back of the fire, another, that it be set up on the other side of the river. But there were occasions when it did good service, and these were when the wind blew as it only can blow in Newfoundland.

No luck attended their first mornings' efforts on the river, and by invitation of Mr. Whitman, who occupied the comfortable permanent camp at Overfall, two and a half miles above, they dined at one o'clock with him, when John Getty, that veteran cook, put on a most appetising meal. Late in the afternoon they left and distributed themselves in the pools between the two camps. Redbank was faithfully fished without result by Samson, the rapids below by Vanderpool, where he secured a salmon which tipped the scales at fifteen pounds. Comyn waded the pools opposite the camp with no better luck than Samson.

After some days another guide and boat were secured for Comyn who then had an opportunity to either fish from the boat or wade as might be most convenient for the pools fished.

The three members of this fishing party occupied each a tent ten by twelve feet, while the three guides and the cook slept in

one of like size.

With varying luck the three, day after day, fished the various pools, Comyn's first fish being a fine thirteen pound salmon—of which Comyn was duly proud. In all the party secured only a fair catch with Vanderpool's record far in advance of the others. The river was alive with salmon but for some reason they were hard to get this year. Samson had the misfortune to lose no less than six good salmon, through defective gut and other causes, one being his neglect to make his bow speedily enough to a splendid fish when it jumped. On this occasion he threatened to decorate his guide with crape, so doleful did Medric seem.

One thirteen pound fish was hooked and landed at the end of a ten ounce rod, which on previous occasions had been regarded as a sort of mascot and was now set up by Samson to change the luck which it apparently did.

Another curious incident was the hooking and landing of a slink by Vanderpool in the rapids below Redbank. This slink put up such a vigorous fight that its sort was not ascertained till after it was gaffed. Then it was released and although it floated away apparently half dead, it, two days later, took Vanderpool's fly in a pool further down river, put up another stiff fight and on being landed a second time was identified by the two gaff holes. Released, it swam vigorously away. This is no "fish story" but can be vouched for by several of the party who saw it landed both times.

In the rapid water above the Overfall, Vanderpool hooked a fine fish, which made a rush for his fly and carried it over the Falls. Promptly Vanderpool followed it into the rough water below. Again and again the reel sung out while the salmon rushed and jumped. Turning several somersaults and more than once getting out almost all the line, it at one time got beyond some ragged rocks when the cutting of the line was only averted by the quickness and coolness of Vanderpool in lifting the line high and swinging it clear. An hour of alternate rushes and sulking pulls, and this gamy fish began to show his white sides and to thrash the water with his tail. Slowly he neared the gaff only to go off again at almost as lively a pace as at first, but at last the skilful hand of Vanderpool guided him within reach of the guide's gaff. In another moment Tom had him, gaff and all, safely under his arm carrying him writhing and spent ashore.

The only smokehouse on the river being at the Overfall camp, some of the fish taken by the party were sent there and skilfully salted and smoked by John Getty, then in charge of that camp during the owner's absence. Boxes for the transportation of these fish to the friends of Comyn and Samson in St. John and Ottawa were with some difficulty obtained and were made by the guides mostly of material found on an old raft on the river. The boxes containing the supplies were too short for the purpose, and were mostly used as storage cupboards, nailed against the trees adjoining the camp, and continued in use by Vanderpool for ten days after the departure of the other two.

Samson's holiday having expired, and Comyn's business calling loudly for his return, the two regretfully left the river in the afternoon of Friday, the second of July. Medric's cockle shell contained Samson's stuff. Comyn's guide rowed him and his belongings down river to Doyle's, while Tom Ryan, Vanderpool's guide, rowed him and Samson to Doyle's within one hour, which was considered good going.

Samson's boots of course again required blacking several times, by the charming Maggie, and the chaff this occasioned was not the least pleasing experience he had on the trip. A substantial dinner was provided at Doyle's for the fishermen and their

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one-twelfth of a page, \$2.50—for each insertion.



Published by Authority

ON recommendation of the Tuberculosis Commission, and under the provisions of Section 27, Cap. 46, Consolidated Statutes (Second Series), His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to approve the following Regulations respecting the Burial of Persons in St. John's:—

1. From and after the 15th day of February, 1910, no Sexton or other person or persons having charge of the Church of England, Roman Catholic, General Protestant or Salvation Army Cemeteries or Burial Places of St John's, shall permit the burial of any person without first having received a burial permit signed by the Registrar General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, under a penalty of Ten Dollars, or in default, Thirty days' imprisonment for each offence.

2. The Registrar General of Births, Marriages and Deaths shall not issue any burial permit without first having received a certificate, on a form to be issued by him, and signed by a registered Medical Practitioner, certifying to the death of the person for whom burial is required, and setting forth as far as is known the cause of death.

Note.—The Registrar General has supplied all Medical Practitioners with forms of Death Certificate. In the case of persons who have died without medical attendance, because of inability to pay for such services, the relatives or friends will apply to the Magistrate or Clerk of the Peace, who will arrange with a Medical Practitioner to issue the necessary certificate of death.

R. WATSON,

Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
February 8, 1910.



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VANDERPOOL AND ONE MORNING'S CATCH AT GRAND CODROY RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND, JUNE, 1909.

guides, and a smoke enjoyed on the Verandah, after Vanderpool bade a sorrowful farewell to his fellow fishermen and returned to camp with a fresh supply of "Mitchell" flies for which he had telegraphed Baillies, St. John, N. B., and with which he hoped successfully to tempt the occupants of the pools during the succeeding week.

The train was due at the station about eight in the evening, and about that hour Tom Doyle appeared at the door of the Hotel with an express bearing the baggage. So, waving farewell to Mrs. Doyle and Maggie, the two drove to the station or, more properly speaking, platform, where they waited the arrival of the train in a drizzling rain for two hours.

Tom Doyle obligingly opened Doyle's store and also the mail bag, the first as a shelter for those awaiting the train and the second to receive some letters from campers up river. The store is unique being a one story building with a floor space of about 12 x 18 feet, and is so crammed with goods on the floor, on the shelves, and hanging from the ceilings that little room is left for purchasers. Moving in one direction one encounters a suspended pair of boots, to escape which he probably collides with a rat trap, a hat, a can opener, a bunch of whips or any



OVERFALL PERMANENT CAMP, GREAT CODROY RIVER.

other of the multitudinous articles for sale. On the platform is a box something like a sentry box standing at an angle of 45 degrees. This angle was probably caused by the strong, winter winds, and in the rush and bustle at this busy place, no time had been found to set it straight. In this box is locked the mail and the Railway Mail Clerk having a duplicate key, there takes delivery of the letters. Before the weary wait was ended Comyn made several pilgrimages from the store to the platform where a lot of boys were congregated. On one of these pilgrimages the following colloquy was heard:

Comyn: "Boy, can't you tell if the train is coming by "placing your ear on the rail."

Boy, energetically and disgustedly: "No—o—o—!"

Comyn: "Well, when do you think she will get here?"

Boy: "Dunno, may be she's off the track, she often is."



PLACID WHITE, THE COOK.



MEDRIC.

At last the glaring headlight appeared. She stopped. Then the baggage was put on board; and with a hearty handshake and a wish expressed by Tom Doyle that they might return next year, they were off, swaying and pounding along the narrow gauge road on their return journey to Port aux Basque, well satisfied with their outing.

SYNOPSIS OF
GAME LAWS
OF
NEWFOUNDLAND.

Trout and Salmon.

NO person shall catch, kill, capture or take any salmon, trout, or inland water fishes, in any river, brook, pond, stream, lake or estuary in Newfoundland, by means of other than rod, hook and line.

No person shall use any appliance other than rod, hook and line to catch any salmon, trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

No person shall, by spearing, hooking, sweeping, jigging or raking, or hauling, with any net or seine, take, or attempt to take, any salmon, trout, or inland water fish within this colony.

The use of lime, explosives, or other deleterious compounds for killing or catching fish of any description, shall at all times be prohibited in all inland and coastal waters of this colony.

Any logs or timber of any description which may be placed so as to impede the passage of salmon or trout in a pond, river, lake, stream, estuary or water-course, shall be instantly removed; and no saw-dust or mill rubbish of any kind shall be cast into any pond, lake, estuary, river, brook, stream or water-course.

No net shall be used for taking salmon within the three-mile limit of this Island, the mokes, meshes or scales of which shall be less than five inches.

No person shall buy or sell, or have in his possession, any salmon or trout which have been taken contrary to the provisions of these rules, and every salmon or trout, bought or sold, may be declared forfeited to the complainant by any Justice.

A. W. PICCOTT,
Minister Marine and Fisheries.

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EXTRACT FROM

"An Act to Provide for the Establishment of a Fire Department for the Town of St. John's."

[PASSED JULY 4th, 1895.]

Sec. 9.—No person shall open any of the signal boxes connected with the fire alarm telegraph for the purpose of giving or causing to be given a false alarm of fire, or to interfere in any way with the said boxes, by breaking, cutting, injuring or defacing the same, or pulling the hook, handle or slides therein, except in case of fire; or without authority open, tamper or meddle with said boxes, wires or attachments, or any part or parts thereof, or with the telephone wires or anything connected therewith, under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Sec. 14.—Every person who shall carry any fire through the streets, lanes or any wharves in the town, except in some covered vessel, or who shall kindle or light a fire in any of the places aforesaid, or who shall carry a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette on any wharf where hay, straw or any combustible material may be stored, shall for every offence be liable to a fine of not less than ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 15.—No person shall use in any mill, barn, outhouse or stable a lighted candle or lamp, unless enclosed in a lantern, fire in any of the said buildings unless properly secured, nor a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 16.—No person shall light or have a fire in any house, workshop or outhouse unless such fire is in a brick or stone chimney, or in a stove of iron or other metal material properly secured, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 17.—No person shall light a fire or cause a fire to be lighted on any street, lane, wharf or public place, except in accordance with a permit of the officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Sec. 18.—No person shall light a fire, or cause a fire to be lighted, on any street, lane, wharf, public place, for any purpose, or in yard or in any private residence for the purpose of heating or boiling pitch, tar, sugar, molasses, varnish, or such inflammable substances, except in accordance with a permit of the Officer in charge of the Fire Department, under a penalty of ten dollars, to be recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate or a Justice of the Peace by any person who may sue for the same. In default of payment of said fine the party offending shall be liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

All Wharfingers and Store-keepers on the water front, as well as Coachmen and Stable-keepers generally, also Owners of Workshops, and Managers of Factories, are requested to do all in their power, **in the interest of public safety**, to see that Sections 14 and 15 are observed.

JOHN SULLIVAN,

*Inspector-General of Constabulary,
and Chief of Fire Department.*

Customs Circular

No. 15



WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Troutng Gear, Fire-arms, and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Troutng poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
ASSISTANT COLLECTOR.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1910.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

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ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.
Newfoundland Penitentiary, March, 1910.

